

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY

APRIL, 1928

FROM THE KNOWN TO THE UNKNOWN

BY ROBERT KEABLE

'THOSE who demand new forms of belief most noisily are, as far as I can judge, intrinsically a-religious. When they have become more mature, even they will recognize that they are not concerned for a new faith, but for a new formation of being; that such a struggle does not necessarily mean religious strife, and that they will find themselves much more rapidly if they make up their minds to try to express their being in the world of appearance without any side-glances upon God.'

— COUNT KEYSERLING, *The Travel Diary of a Philosopher*

I

It is almost impossible to avoid making of this story a personal narrative, and indeed, seeing that it is peculiarly personal, it is perhaps best to be as honest as possible, even though it is a process from which one shrinks. I might tell the whole thing in the third person, or even write it up as something that happened to some friend of mine, but that would smack of unreality, at least to me — and if to me, why, then, probably also to my readers. Besides, if the thing is worth telling at all, it is valuable only as a personal reminiscence.

It happened to me in November, a year ago, in England, when I one day received an invitation from the secretary of a well-known Scottish literary society to give a lecture in the biggest town in Scotland upon any subject that I liked. The invitation pleased me, not only because there was a sufficiently big honorarium attached, but

chiefly because the secretary was a clergyman and the literary society was closely linked with the Church. Now it was indicated that a lecture was wanted upon some subject connected with my work, and I confess that I have found recently that the subjects discussed in my novels do not usually recommend themselves to the orthodox. So I replied to the secretary that I should be glad to come, that there were a large number of subjects upon which I should like to speak, but that I did venture to wonder if he himself had read my books, and if I should be as acceptable to the society as he expected. Once before, I had been asked to contribute to a London quarterly, and, in making much the same reply, had been politely told that there had been a mistake.

My Scottish clergyman, however, was of different metal. He wrote back at once that there had been no mistake

whatever, that not only did he repeat the invitation, but that he and his society desired that I should speak whatever was in my mind without fear or favor. He said that they had especially asked me because they imagined that I should not give a purely literary address. And then he added what was to me a most moving paragraph. He said, with an unmistakable kindness and brotherliness, that he knew I had been a clergyman and had left the Church, and that if I could see my way to arrive on Saturday instead of the Monday of the lecture, and preach on Sunday evening in his church, he would be delighted. It chanced that it was the commemoration of Armistice Day, when the Roll of Honor would be read out and the church packed. He believed that I should have 'a message' for them. Would I come?

Now it is not easy to say how moved I was by that request. It was seven years since I had voluntarily left the Church, not because I was discontented with the life of a minister, and not because I hoped to make more money as a novelist, but merely because, in my state of mind, I did not think it was honest to stay. I had increasingly found that my old colleagues and friends did not, apparently, think that it had been loyal to go. I had increasingly found the gulf between us widening, and I had increasingly regretted it because, while we differed in so many things, I could not help thinking that our ideals remained the same, though we saw the approach to them through such different spectacles. At any rate, the loneliness of my position, and possibly the sadness of being misunderstood by new friends and foes, had become very hard to bear. And now unexpectedly, out of the blue, an ordained clergyman of a well-known, influential church had

offered me his pulpit. I immediately accepted.

The first five minutes of that Sunday evening service was one of the most affecting five minutes of my life. The church was large, beautifully furnished, and packed to the doors. There were nearer two than one thousand people present. The beautiful altar, an outstanding artistic work given by the members of the congregation as a war memorial, had been decorated entirely with scarlet Flanders poppies rising from a field of corn. One of the finest organs in the North was pealing a pæan of victory as a voluntary, and there was about the whole place and audience an air of expectancy which was most moving. It was an unorthodox church and congregation, independent in a real sense; but it was a distinguished congregation, and its very independence made possible a richness of simple ceremonial, and a service in which could be incorporated the best of music and literature of a kind not often heard in a Christian church. Opposite me my friend, the minister, stood, one whom my old profession of faith had taught me to regard as outside the apostolic succession, and there stood I, in lay dress and merely academic robes, who last had ministered in priestly vestments. There was a feeling that I had come back home after seven years, but the realization that the home had changed. There was a knowledge that many before me either regarded me triumphantly as a convert, or thought of me as a renegade, or had come out of mere curiosity. And there was a growing wonder in my own mind as to whether I really had anything to say worth saying.

It was after a service of marked restraint that I entered the pulpit. The roll of some score of church members who had fallen in the war

had been called by the minister, and, while they had been commemorated with honor, they had not been extolled without discrimination as saints; still less had they been looked upon as dead; still less as men who had given their earthly lives in a cause for which there was nothing to be said for the other side. Yet it had been a most moving service. The remembrance of those years of war, of suspense and loss and deprivation, was markedly in all our minds. That great congregation had sat down introspective, awed, and not a little sad. In the silence they waited for me to speak.

I said that I had no text to give them and that it was from a somewhat peculiar point of view that I wished to speak. They had commemorated a score of at least nominal church members who had fallen in the war, but we had to remember that at least seventy-five per cent of the million British dead had not been church members at all. I, who had been through it, knew only too well that the majority of the boys who had gone over the top had not gone inspired by any heroic dream of being Christ's soldiers fighting in a crusade of right against wrong, but they had gone either because they had to, or because the war was a desirable adventure compared with their previous humdrum existence, or because they had been swept away in a wave of unreasoning national enthusiasm. They had died, not with a prayer, but with a curse on their lips. Religion had meant nothing to them in their agony and their trial; some such thing as a sweetheart's letter, if it had not been the surgeon's merciful drug, had helped them across the River of Death. Many names of men hung on rolls of honor, even in the stateliest churches of England, who had thought no more of the church in life than that it was a conventional

place to be married in, and, in the end, to be buried from. That was the fact which the Church really ought to face on any Armistice Day.

Moreover, while it was a magnificent sight to see so many people assembled in a religious spirit to commemorate the fallen, we had to remember that that congregation was not, probably, twenty-five per cent of the population of the district. Seventy-five per cent of it would commemorate Armistice Day over a glass of beer or around the gramophone. In a word, seventy-five per cent of the living, as the seventy-five per cent of the fallen, were deliberately outside the boundary of orthodox religion of any sort. If any cared to investigate, they would find that I had probably put the percentage too low.

And, still again, the preacher who preached to them that night was one who had deliberately gone outside the Church to join the army of the seventy-five per cent. It did not interest him in the least to speak of the men who had died with a prayer on their lips; he would rather stand as representative of those who had died with a curse. He was not there as one of the orthodox to instruct the orthodox in their faith and duties; he was there as one of the unorthodox to speak for the unorthodox and to tell the true believers why he thought it was that he and they were outside the Church.

It would, of course, be tedious and uninteresting if I were to attempt to reproduce my sermon in these pages. I remember that I was enormously moved, myself. Constantly in my mind and before my eyes was a war-time picture which, for some reason or other, of the many I had seen, I had never been able to forget. Imagine an enormous French barn, retaining a roof by a kind of miracle, and lit fitfully by half a dozen lanterns. It was shaken every few minutes

by the sound of exploding shells. It was crammed to its limits by I do not know how many men, lying on straw and even on the bare earth, groaning in every degree of pain, if not mercifully unconscious. Stretcher bearers poured continually in, to the increasing despair of the doctor-officer in charge. And there stood I in the midst of them, the only padre, who should have been a consolation and a strength to those men in their hour of need, and who was not idle only because I was useful now and again for jobs which had nothing whatever to do with my profession. I could shift a bundle of straw or light a 'fag.' If I had been a trained nurse I should have been more useful. I think in all that night of horror I was only once asked by any one of the wounded to supply the consolations of religion, and that was by a black Catholic soldier from Senegambia.

I think I told that congregation that it was because they and others like them had dimmed the image of the Christ that he was not known or wanted by that barnful of wounded men. When Garibaldi went to the conquest of Italy, he spoke to his soldiers in these words: 'Men, I have much to offer you. I can offer you disease, starvation, nakedness, and death. If you are taken alive, you will be shot as traitors; if you fall on the field, I have practically no medical corps to attend you. I can offer you neither uniforms nor modern arms nor adequate ammunition, but I call you to the conquest of Italy.' His audience rose as one man and shouted themselves hoarse for Garibaldi; the majority fell, and counted themselves well consoled if, in dying, the beloved general stood for a moment beside their bed; and the small remainder achieved a victory that the world will never forget. Christ was meant to be a Garibaldi, but the churches had made of him a name for blasphemy, or a senti-

mental kind of Mother-Jesus, hymns to whom, of the rudest composition, might bring tears, especially if they were sung in a sentimental and slightly drunken mood. That was why I thought seventy-five per cent of the men who died in the war, and seventy-five per cent of the population of the Kingdom, had no need for Christ's religion. I did not myself believe that there was anything lacking in the Christ.

II

When we got into the vestry the senior deacon came forward with his hand out, to ask me to remain and take the ministry of the church for a year. To say that I was overwhelmed was to put it mildly; I remember the only adequate answer I had to make was that I wanted to go back to Tahiti. Then we got into the waiting automobile and returned to the manse.

After supper, in the minister's comfortable study, as we sat in a couple of chairs round the fire with our pipes lit and human drinks handy, my new friend returned more seriously to the charge. He said: 'Look here, you've just got to stop and help me with this church for at least six months. We will divide the salary, you can share this house, you will have adequate time to write, and you can give your message. Think it over.'

Said I: 'My dear fellow, you don't know what you ask. There was never a more monstrous absurdity than that a man like me should take up again the ministry of the Church. You don't realize what you would let yourself in for. The whole place would become a boiling pot of righteous indignation. The majority of respectable people would see me advertised to preach, would go home and read one of my novels, and would be absolutely scandalized.'

He said something to the effect that it would be good for the sale of my novels, and, since that was probably true, we left it at that. I went on: 'But honestly, I just could n't do it. I am not what these people would even call a Christian. Frankly, I don't even believe, orthodoxly, in God. My views on Christian morality they would call the most desperate immorality. I don't know what your church organization is, but your bishop, or whatever corresponds to that dignitary, would not stand for it for a moment. You would probably lose your job as well as I.'

'We have no bishop,' he said, 'and the only possible thing that could happen would be that the congregation would not pay their church dues and in consequence there would be no salary to divide. I am willing to take my chance on that, for I don't think it's the least likely.'

I moved restlessly in my armchair. In the vestry, the thing had seemed too monstrous for contemplation; in this brave man's study it was not so easy to escape it. I fell back on my much more serious second defense. 'But,' I said, 'I quite honestly have no message to give. I have what amounts to a set of negative beliefs, but actually no positive ones. When I told you that I did not believe in God, I really meant it. I do not see in existence any evidence whatever for a Being who is fatherly, almighty, the creator of heaven and earth, without whom not one sparrow falls unheeded to the ground. I do not believe that there is any really historical evidence that Christ was the incarnate Son of that God, or even that one tenth of what is said about him in the Gospels is actually true. I cannot imagine how I could conceivably marry people when I think of the orthodox teaching on marriage as monstrous, or baptize their children when I do not believe in the Church, or bury their dead when I

doubt the existence of either heaven or hell. How, conceivably, could I preach, when I think that the majority of what you call sin is not sin at all, and the majority of what passes for virtue is not virtue at all? You've read my books; if I stayed here I should be preaching those things of which I have written; and, while I think that they are chock-full of ideas, I do not even pretend to have any practical programme. Perhaps I may have one day, but I have n't it yet.'

He got up and paced the room. Then he stopped and faced me. 'You have far more of a message than you know,' he said. 'I am willing to set on one side all your negations. Preach us for six months the kind of sermon that you have preached to-night; that's all I ask. And I think you have no right to refuse.'

So then, as I sat in the chair, there came over me a remembrance of Tahiti. I thought, first, of obvious things: of the long, quiet, peaceful days there; of the noise and bustle of a modern city here; of the books that I could not read for the number of newspapers that I should have to scan, whether I liked it or not; of the few old friends there that I should have to give up for a host of acquaintances here; of my own personal life which would be shattered. I dare say it seems foolish, but I thought of my own soul. I thought of the temptations that beset a popular preacher — or even an unpopular one if he is sufficiently unpopular, for the matter of that. I knew that I was not strong enough to bear them, and not even approximately clever enough to play a part in the social and municipal politics which would inevitably follow. I think I thought it through honestly, and if I could have felt that my friend spoke with the voice of the Lord God to a new kind of shivering Jonah, I think I should have assented. But

I did not really feel that. I could only say, frankly, 'I must go back to Tahiti.'

We argued it out till long past midnight, and at least in that hour I found a friend and a brother. In the end we compromised, and it is because of that compromise that this article comes to be written. Short as the time was, for my return passage was already fixed, I agreed to return for two Sundays, preaching morning and evening on each, and along the lines that my friend suggested. The sermons were to be perfectly frank and without any prejudice whatever. He had striven for years to make his pulpit a place for the expression of ideas, with the one proviso that they should be honest. Roughly speaking, the first Sunday should be devoted to saying what was difficult and impossible to the modern mind in the old Christianity, and the second Sunday devoted to the expression of what I, personally, thought the modern mind might find to help it in some development of the Christianity of Christ. The first Sunday would be easy enough, I thought; it was the second from which I shrank. It was only what was, to me, my friend's wonderful conviction and faith that I was not, fundamentally, without religion, that I did not despair of humanity, and that I could not have preached as I had preached that night unless I had had a greater hope than I knew, that braced me to undertake it. And he was right: the mere fact of having to think through one's convictions brought them home to me. The sermons were advertised under the conventional title of 'Christianity and the Modern Mind,' and the best part of it was the couplet printed beneath that title:—

New occasions teach new duties, time makes
ancient good uncouth;
They must upward still and onward, who would
keep abreast of truth.

III

The simplest Christian creed of the most simple Christian congregation commences with 'I believe in God the Father Almighty, Creator of heaven and earth.' The first words of the first book in that Bible which is the Holy Book of every Christian denomination are these: 'In the beginning God created the heaven and the earth.' To this latter statement the modern mind inevitably and quite rightly rejoins: 'Who wrote these words? We do not know, nor when, nor where, nor how. But we do know, at least, that whoever wrote them knew less about the earth than the average modern schoolboy, that he believed a farrago of nonsense about the heavens, that he had entirely antiquated views on the subject of time and space, and that he was merely guessing about God. He said that God created the heaven and the earth because, knowing nothing about it, he made what seemed to him the only reasonable guess.' The Christian creed is based upon that guess, and, despite the passing centuries and the unending controversy, it remains a guess. It may be rather a good guess; it may be a right guess; it may be the only reasonable guess of which we are capable; but it remains a guess. Increasingly, it appears a dubious guess. While the question of how the heaven and the earth came into existence is still unanswered, we are increasingly feeling that, until we know something satisfactory about the nature of the heaven and the earth, it is absurd to guess about their origin. We are increasingly feeling that, the more we do know of the nature of heaven and earth, the less likely it appears that they either originated with or are controlled by anyone to whom we can give the attributes of personal being in any sense at all. Some people still feel that the invention of

God in this regard is the only probable answer, but an increasing number of people are coming to feel that it remains an improbable solution.

In any case, a religion based on a guess is inadequate. Vital religion has to cope with real conditions; it is wanted by a man at the most vital moments of his life, and it is precisely because it is in those moments that a mere guess is inadequate that the old religion is breaking down. So, in the days of the Apostles, the Creed was not a theological document which required laborious argument to sustain it. It was nothing more or less than a triumphant war cry, an irresistible slogan, the inspiration of even boys and girls to heroic living and not less heroic dying. It commenced with what seemed to them a certain statement, and it flowed majestically and irresistibly on through all its statements to a glorious hope. It was rightly the backbone of the Christian Church.

The whole process, in our day, has been reversed, a reversion of which the Christian churches have become yearly more conscious. They have tossed like a ship in a storm under this realization. The older ones have gradually given up or reduced in importance the creedal forms; thus the Athanasian Creed is printed as a supplementary document, and that in a revised form, in the new Prayer Book of the Church of England, which still, however, clings to the Nicene and the Apostles'. The newer Protestant churches have long ago relegated the Nicene Creed to the top shelves of libraries. It is now even fashionable for a church to say that it rejects creedal standards and that it asks of its members that they should be men of good will, believing what they please.

All this is a tendency which destroys the vital background of religion. It is almost better to stick to an increasingly

dubious creed than to have none at all. In moments of trial and in the hour of death, a man must feel that his religion is a rock beneath his feet or it will be of no use to him at all. Thus the success of the Roman Catholic Church is not really questionable. While intelligent men are finding that it is difficult to believe in the dogmas of that Church, it still holds its place in the world, and even gains influence, because the mere fact that it professes to be based on great and eternal truths is attractive not only to the simple but even to others. In the Great War, the almost unanimous chorus of unprejudiced consent would admit that the Roman Catholic padre was wanted as the others were not. He was wanted to administer religion, not merely as a Y. M. C. A. worker.

If the Christian religion is to become a power in the world in any real sense, it must begin with a certainty and not with a guess. It must begin with something which seems as obviously true to people as the old assertion of the creation of the universe by God Almighty seemed true to the early Christians. From some such irresistible and glorious truth it can sweep on to some enabling hope. Men who have lived on a certainty will die happy on a possible guess. Men who have lived on a guess will not die with any ease on what they realize is but another.

Still less generally accepted, but for all that increasingly making its way, is the conviction that the historical story of Jesus Christ is likewise a guess. There amounts to what would be a conspiracy, if it were not honest and unorganized, to keep the historical truth about Jesus Christ withheld from men. The facts are that we do not know with any measure of historical accuracy where he was born, or when, or how. The documents which profess to attest the story are of increasingly dubious merit, and

anyway, at least, not what they were to the founders of Protestantism. The Christians of the sixteenth century believed that the historical facts of the life of Jesus Christ were attested to by four independent witnesses who knew him or at least knew his friends, and were as much a matter of history as, let us say, the life and death of Julius Cæsar. The delusion has been maintained by the publication of innumerable Lives of Christ which set forth the main incidents as if there were no question of any of them and no doubt of, or disagreement in, the original Gospels. The very cinema has even been called into the battle. The average man is taught in his childhood a simple, unconflicting, straightforward Life of Christ as if there were no doubt in the world about it. Much worse, the average minister is approached by his theological professors in this way: 'There are a number of irreligious and willful men in the world who dare to suggest that such and such a passage is doubtful. We shall now devote the morning to showing how willful and how malicious they are.'

This, too, is penetrating the consciousness of intelligent men. They hardly like to say so, but it does not seem to them adequate authority for a divorce law that such and such chapter and verse of Matthew should contain such and such a statement by Christ. They know enough to ask: 'Are you sure he said it? If he did say it, are you sure he had any authority for saying it? Is there any reason to believe that the Being whom you have guessed into the position of Almighty God really instructed him to say it?'

Just as it is of no use for the Christian Church to found its creed upon a guess, so it is of no use for the Christian Church to go on upbuilding the Christ of a myth. It would, of course, be an enormous loss if research into the

origins of the Gospel and the historicity of Jesus were to come to an end. It is possible, even if not probable, that new writings may be discovered or new discoveries made which may, for example, render it as historically sure that Jesus raised Lazarus from the dead as that Napoleon was imprisoned at St. Helena. Should that take place a hundred years hence, it would do us no harm; meanwhile there is a glorious and inimitable Christ whom the Christian churches are neglecting.

Like a magnet the name of Christ has drawn to it during two thousand years all the most beautiful and all the best in European thought. By an almost inscrutable process there has been erected a majestic figure in the world whom we call Christ. So overshadowing is he to-day that every noble movement automatically shelters behind him. The emancipation of slaves was carried forward in the name of Christ, although the traditional record of him does not contain the vestige of an attack on slavery. When humanity tried to alleviate the horrors of war, it was his symbol that was inevitably taken for its badge, though the historical Christ, in face of the horrors of Roman war, had not a word to say upon such subjects as those which we think of under the symbol of the Red Cross. Heathen men in India and China and Japan offer him the tribute of their praise to such an extent that an intelligent man in those countries would hardly dare say that he was not at least among the first three or four noblest of men.

As for the stories in the Gospels themselves, it is indeed an almost miraculous thing that they ever came to be written. There is nothing in legend or poetry to excel them. From that distant misty age have come down to us these incomparable gifts of beauty. Whether or not it ever happened, the

picture of Mary and Jesus and Joseph in the stable at Bethlehem is the greatest the world has ever painted. The story of the Wise Men following the star and offering the most precious of their gifts to that baby is poetry of the most exalted order. Were we robbed of that legacy, we should be robbed of our best, and we are being robbed of that legacy because the churches will insist that it is all historically true. What in the world does it matter whether or not it is historically true? It is in fact a gem of beauty, and the souls of men need the purifying and strengthening power of beauty and imagination, when they will only shrivel and die on the bare facts of history.

Now the Christian Church has at its disposal an irresistible battle cry of a creed. It is just enough in doubt, popularly, to make it worth while crying. It has behind it, in its naked simplicity, the increasing consent of every science that we know. It has in it an irresistible appeal to the spirits of men and makes them ripe to follow. The wonderful leader, also, the Christian Church has it peculiarly in its power to proclaim. It would take a long argument, much longer than is possible in this article, to commend either, adequately, to serious readers who are inclined, naturally, to be a little skeptical and contemptuous. But the slogan battle cry which can sweep the world, I believe, is this: 'I believe in Life Everlasting.' And the popular leader who can lead the masses is no other than Christ himself, if the Christian Church would only ask men to say: 'I give my allegiance to the beauty and honesty and simplicity of that figure who is symbolized among us as Jesus Christ, Son of the Virgin Mary, crucified under Pontius Pilate, who rose again the third day from the dead.' Maybe then, in the extreme end of life,

wearied by much thinking, but buoyed up by the creed and stimulated by the beauty of that almost mythical figure, men might be found who would breathe with perhaps their last whisper, 'I believe in God.'

IV

If there is any living man who can say, in the face of the living world around him, that he does not believe in the irresistible, enabling, marvelous certainty of Life, he can be left to his own devices. It does not in the least matter that Life is inexplicable and incomprehensible. The fact is that, the more a man is alive, the more he knows that he's alive. The more he thinks and reads, the more he is struck by the achievements of Life on the earth. The higher he lifts his head and the clearer he looks out on things as they are, the more he is conscious of the miraculous powers within him. The baby in the cradle has always seemed to those standing by to be in the possession of wonderful possibilities — possibly an Alexander the Great or a Julius Cæsar. But what of the baby in the cradle to-day? It is actually possible that he may, ultimately, be conversing with intelligences in the stars, or passing through the door that Einstein has pushed ajar. If to believe in Life is not a creed, I do not know what is; and, curiously enough, it is the one indisputable thing that the modern world is tending to despise. It is actually an age which is delighted when its sons are 'devoted to machinery,' which thinks it has achieved something when a factory of a thousand men has become a factory of a thousand machines. The incredible inefficiency of a perfect machine! It cannot hate; it cannot love; it cannot dream; it cannot think.

Life *everlasting* seems more difficult, but the adjective is one upon which

science, however reluctantly, is being more and more desperately driven. How other can you describe radio-activity? What other word is good enough for the motion of an electron in an atom? There are those who are even beginning to wonder if matter itself must not be without beginning and without end. We have long known that it is indestructible, and it would take a deal of argument to prove that the one and only thing in all this universe which can be annihilated is Life.

Christ himself was not annihilated, whatever happened on the third day after the crucifixion. His life has not merely been continuous — it has been ever-increasing. His thoughts, his message, his spirit, are enormously more alive to-day than ever they were when he lived on earth. When he died, a few thousands only had ever even heard of him; to-day as many millions think of him as a living personality. That he is a living personality I do not doubt. One need not be a spiritualist for that. It is literally true that that insignificant change which we call death has had no dominion over him. It will have no dominion over any of us, and less still has it had dominion over the finest of the sons of men.

If once, of course, we are led astray into any definition of Life and any

attempt to explain its continuation after death, we are out of our depth. Whether personality survives death it might be possible to know could we, with any satisfactoriness, define personality at all, say whether there is any such thing as a single personality, or be absolutely sure that we are not multiple personalities with their beginnings lost to sight in the past. The act of faith, if such there be, is fairly easy now when we know that space-time is merely a condition of this odd existence of ours. As for harps and crowns of glory, as for emerald thrones and glassy seas, as for endless anthems and never-changing days, all these are of the stuff of a fairy story — that it would be a thousand pities if we lost.

Such is the known. And the unknown? It is wonderful how the perfect simplicity and matchless rhythm of the old words chime in one's head. Despite the temptation to paraphrase them just that little which would make them more intelligible to modern minds, I shall not do so. 'Beloved, now are we the sons of God, and it doth not yet appear what we shall be: but we know that, when he shall appear, we shall be like him; for we shall see him as he is.'

What if Life is God?

JEFFERSON AND HAMILTON TO-DAY

THE DICHOTOMY IN AMERICAN THOUGHT

BY JAMES TRUSLOW ADAMS

I

'We hold these truths to be self-evident, — that all men are created equal; that they are endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable rights; that among these are Life, Liberty, and the pursuit of Happiness.'

— JEFFERSON

'The People, your People, Sir, is a great Beast.' — HAMILTON

Rhetoric and sentimentalism have always appealed almost equally to the American people. 'Waving the flag' and 'sob stuff' are the two keys which unlock the hearts of our widest publics. It is not, therefore, perhaps wholly unfair to take the most rhetorical and emotional of the utterances of Jefferson and Hamilton with relation to their fundamental political philosophies to head this article. The complete divergence of the two men could be shown in many quotations more carefully worded, but would appear only the more clearly. That divergence was sharp-cut and complete. Their views as to the relation of the people at large to government were as far asunder as the poles. For quite other purposes than this article, I have recently had to examine with care practically every word which has been printed of the writings of both statesmen, and it has been borne in upon me that if, as Lincoln said, a nation cannot live half slave and half free, neither can it live half Hamilton and half

Jefferson, especially when the two ingredients are mixed, as they now are, in the blurred mentalities of the same individuals.

The two men themselves knew this well in their own lifetimes. Each fought valiantly for his own beliefs. Each felt that one or the other, and one philosophy or the other, must conquer. Neither believed that the two could lie down together, lion and lamb, in that curious and conglomerately furnished mental apartment, the American consciousness. That this has come to be the case merely shows for how little ideas really count in modern American political life, a life which is almost wholly emotional rather than intellectual. Ideas are supposed to be explosive. In America, apparently, they are as harmless as 'duds.' Even the Civil War, our greatest 'moral' struggle, was largely a matter of emotion; and as for the last war, anyone who, like myself, was in a position to watch the manufacture of propaganda can say whether it was directed to the heart or to the head of the multitude.

There are certain ways in which conflicting ideas may be held in the one community without hypocrisy. In every age, for example, there has been one set of beliefs for the learned, the cultivated, and the sophisticated, and

another for the mob. The mob in the past was never educated, and even 'the people' to-day, in spite of a smattering of 'book knowledge,' are not educated in the same way that the cultivated and, in an univindious sense, the privileged classes are. Here and there one may find a case of a mechanic, a farmer, a saleslady, or what not who really uses his or her mind, but how rare the cases are I leave to anyone who is not afraid to come out and tell the truth as he has found it, speaking broadly. Merely reading a newspaper, even if not of the tabloid variety, or tucking away unrelated bits of information uncritically, is not thinking. Between the man who critically analyzes, compares, and thinks, and the one who merely reads, there is a great gulf fixed as to ideas.

Such a case has always been common in religion, from the medicine man or the Egyptian priest down to the Archbishop of Canterbury or a cardinal in Rome. The dogmas of the Christian religion, for example, as held by the two latter are quite different 'ideas' from the same as held by a person who has had no philosophical training and who could not if he would, and would not if he could, undertake the course of study necessary to get the point of view of the bishop or the cardinal. In this sense, ideas which are so different as to be almost, if not quite, contradictory may nevertheless live on side by side in the same society without hypocrisy. They may, indeed, be considered as expressions of the same idea merely attuned differently to be caught, as far as possible, by minds of different 'pitch.'

Again, we may have ideals which apparently conflict with the practice of society, but they *are* ideals and, however far practice may fall short of attainment, there is no real conflict, because in fact a certain amount of effort,

however slight and however sporadic, is made to attain them. The conflict is not between clashing ideas or ideals, but between thought and act.

Once more, contradictory ideas may exist in the same society without hypocrisy if they are held by different individuals or parties who openly avow them and who either honestly agree to differ in peace or who struggle to get one or the other set of ideas accepted by all.

But the odd thing about the Hamilton-Jefferson contradictory ideas is that they are not held by different social classes, — the one set of ideas as a sort of esoteric doctrine and the other publicly proclaimed, — nor are they any longer the platforms of two parties, as in the days when the two statesmen themselves fought honestly, courageously, and bitterly for them in the open. And I say this even though the portrait of Hamilton may adorn the walls of Republican clubs and that of Jefferson those of the Democratic ones. The present situation is anomalous.

Hamilton and Jefferson each had a fundamental premise. These were as utterly contradictory as two major premises could possibly be. From each of these each of the men deduced his system of government with impeccable logic. Yet what of these men and their philosophies in our politics to-day? There is scarcely a politician of any party who would dare not to preach Hamilton's main deductions, while not a single one could be elected to any office if he did not preach Jefferson's premise. The Republicans claim to be followers of Hamilton, yet they would not dare to preach Hamilton's most fundamental assumption, that on which his whole structure was based. The Democrats claim to be followers of Jefferson, yet they have departed far from some of his most important

deductions. On the whole, I confess I think they show the greater intellectual integrity of the two parties, yet, so far, I have always voted Republican, which is a sample of the intellectual muddle our politics are in.

II

Before going further, let us examine very briefly what the ideas of the two men were.

Jefferson's fundamental idea, his major premise, was an utter trust in the morality, the integrity, the ability, and the political honesty of the common man of America, at least as America was then and as Jefferson hoped it would remain for centuries. He made this point again and again, and from it deduced his whole system. Based on that belief, he wrought out the doctrine that the only safety for the State depended on the widest possible extension of the franchise. 'The influence over government must be shared among all the people. If every individual which composes their mass participates of the ultimate authority, the government will be safe.' 'It is rarely that the public sentiment decides immorally or unwisely.' 'It has been thought that corruption is restrained by confining the right of suffrage to a few of the wealthier of the people; but it would be more effectually restrained by an extension of that right to such numbers as would bid defiance to the means of corruption.' He dreaded the power of wealth, the growth of manufactures, the development of banks, the creation of a strong central government, a judiciary which was not elected and readily amenable to the will of the majority. He wished for as little government as possible, with few hampering restrictions on the individual expression of the citizen. He was for free trade and universally diffused free education. He

wished to preserve the state governments in all their vigor, which, at that time, meant practically independent and sovereign commonwealths. To the Federal government he would allot the most meagre of functions, merely those dealing with foreign nations and concerning such acts in common as it would be impractical for the states to perform individually. His ideal was 'a wise and frugal government, which shall restrain men from injuring one another, shall leave them otherwise free to regulate their own pursuits of industry and improvement, and shall not take from the mouth of labor the bread it has earned.' 'This,' he added, 'is the sum of good government.'

On the other hand, let us turn to Hamilton. The remark prefixed to this article, although made in a moment of vexation, expresses his attitude toward the common people, whom he never trusted. In his writings for the public, he had, of course, to be more discreet in his utterances, but his statements, and still more his acts, are clear enough. 'Take mankind as they are, and what are they governed by? Their passions. . . . One great error is that we suppose mankind more honest than they are.' 'It is a just observation that the people commonly *intend* the *public good*. This often applies to their very errors. But their good sense would despise the adulator who should pretend that they always *reason right* about the *means* of promoting it. . . . When occasions present themselves, in which the interests of the people are at variance with their inclinations, it is the duty of the persons whom they have appointed to be the guardians of those interests, to withstand the temporary delusions.' 'The voice of the people has been said to be the voice of God; and, however generally this maxim has been quoted and believed, it is not true

to fact. The people are turbulent and changing; they seldom judge right or determine right.' 'Can a democratic Assembly, who annually revolve in the mass of the people, be supposed steadily to pursue the public good?' 'The difference [between rich and poor] indeed consists not in the quantity, but kind of vices, which are incident to the various classes; and here the advantage of character belongs to the wealthy. Their vices are probably more favorable to the prosperity of the State than those of the indigent, and partake less of moral depravity.' 'It is an unquestionable truth, that the body of the people in every country desire sincerely its prosperity. But it is equally unquestionable that they do not possess the discernment and stability necessary for systematic government.'

As a corollary from this fundamental assumption, Hamilton devoted all his great abilities to the development of as strong a central government as possible. He would remove power as completely as might be from the hands of the common people and place it in those who had inherited or acquired wealth and position. For this purpose he deliberately set about to tie the wealthy classes to government by his Funding Act, by the creation of manufactures, by a protective tariff, by the establishment of banks, and in other ways. He felt that human nature had always been the same and would not change. Public education did not interest him. His one interest was the establishment of a strong government in strong hands, and he evidently felt that a smattering of book knowledge, such as our people even yet get in grade and high schools, would not alter their characters and make them safe depositaries for political power. In fact, and this is an important point to note in his system, the development of the industrial state would tend to

make the people at large even less capable than in his day by creating, as it has done, a vast mass of mere wage earners, floating city dwellers, on the one hand, while it built up his wealthy class on the other. The great mass of the people, he reasoned, would always have to be governed in any case, and the more powerful and influential the wealthy could be made, the stronger would they be for governing. Out of these simple assumptions, the banks, the vast 'implied powers' of the central government, the funding of the national debt, the rise of a manufacturing industry, and the formation of a tariff designed not merely to protect infant industries but to create a dependence of wealth upon government favor, were developed as clearly and logically as a theorem in Euclid.

Thus, very briefly, and perhaps a trifle crudely, we have stated the real bases of Jeffersonianism and Hamiltonianism. Their whole systems of government sprang logically from their differing premises. Jefferson trusted the common man. Hamilton deeply distrusted him. That was a very clear-cut issue from 1790 to 1800, and both men, and the people themselves, recognized it as such. Stupendous consequences would follow from the success in practical politics at that time of either of those theories of human nature. For the first decade of our national life Hamilton beat Jefferson in practical politics, and in a very real sense created the United States as we know it to-day, a vast manufacturing nation with its Federal government eating up all the state governments like an Aaron's rod, with its trusts and its money power and its Chinese wall of a protective tariff, and all the rest. There is no doubt of the strength of the present government. There is no doubt of the support it derives from

the wealthy classes. There is no doubt of the colossal success of the industrial experiment as a creator of wealth.

The Republican Party may well look back to Hamilton as its High Priest, but the odd thing is that Hamilton created all this heritage of strength and power and banks and tariffs for a very simple reason, and that reason the Republican Party would not dare to breathe aloud in any party convention, campaign, or speech. 'The People, your People, Sir, is a great Beast.' Imagine that as an exordium of a keynote speech to nominate Calvin Coolidge. Hamilton deliberately set about to create special privileges for certain classes so that those classes would in turn support the government and control the people. What does the Republican Party do? It hangs on for dear life to all those special privileges, it preaches Hamilton's corollaries as the one pure political gospel, and then it steals Jefferson's major premise, and preaches the wisdom and the nobility and the political acumen of the common people! One feels like inquiring in the vernacular, with deep emotion, 'How did you get that way?' As when watching a prestidigitator, one's jaw drops with amazement as the rabbit pops from the one hat we could not possibly have expected it from.

On the other hand, how about the Democrats? They too preach Jefferson's major premise — the wisdom, the ability, and the political acumen of the common people. But what have they done with most of Jefferson's deductions? They certainly do not evince any strong desire to reduce the functions of government and bring it down to that 'wise and frugal' affair their leader visioned. They are more inclined to increase government bureaus and supervision and interference with the affairs of the citizen. As to the

tariff, I have still to hear any very straight and manly declarations on that point from the Democratic candidates as yet in the running. They preach their founder's major premise and hurrah for the common people, but beyond that I cannot penetrate at all through the murky fog which hides all real political issues in the United States to-day. There is the vague sense of expectancy one has during the entr'acte at the theatre. There is nothing to see, but eventually the curtain will go up again. Meanwhile the scene shifters are supposedly busy. I have an idea that before long the scene shifters will not be our spineless politicians, but the Fates.

III

And now, lastly, let us consider one more curious thing about this preaching and living of Hamilton's conclusions illogically from Jefferson's premise.

Is that premise really valid to-day for either party? Would even Jefferson believe it to be? There is no telling what he would say if he came back, but it must be remembered that he did not believe in the common people always and under all circumstances. He drew a distinction many times between those living in the simple agricultural America of his time and those in the crowded cities of Europe. In a long and interesting letter to John Adams, he wrote: 'Before the establishment of the United States, nothing was known to history but the man of the old world, crowded within limits either small or overcharged, and steeped in the vices which that situation generates. A government adapted to such men would be one thing; but a very different one, that for the man of these States. Here every one may have land to labor for himself, if he chooses;

or, preferring the exercise of any other industry, may exact from it such compensation as not only to afford comfortable subsistence, but wherewith to provide for a cessation from labor in old age. . . . Such men may safely and advantageously reserve to themselves a wholesome control over their public affairs, and a degree of freedom, which, in the hands of the *canaille* of the cities of Europe, would be instantly perverted to the demolition and destruction of everything public and private.' Again he says that our governments will surely become corrupt when our conditions as to crowded cities shall have approximated those of the Europe of his day.

Without here attempting to pass any judgment on the success of Hamilton's work in its human rather than its financial and governmental aspects, we shall have to admit that it has brought about the very conditions which Jefferson feared and under which he feared that his common man would become corrupt and incapable of self-government. The tremendous demand for labor resulted in our importing by the millions those very *canaille*, in Jefferson's phrase, — people from the lowest classes of overcrowded Europe, — in whom he had no confidence whatever as capable of self-government. We have ourselves developed overcrowded conditions. There are three times as many people in the metropolitan area of New York to-day as there were in the entire United States in Jefferson's day. Over fifty per cent of our population now live in cities and are beginning, in the larger ones at least, to develop the vices of a city mentality. In fact the corruption is worse here than in Europe in many respects. London has a larger population than New York, yet it costs \$180,000,000 a year to run that city and \$525,000,000 to run New York.

Even making all allowances for difference in prices, there is no escaping a most unpleasant conclusion from those figures.

Yet Jefferson claimed that if he was right in his assumption that the common man was honest, able, and capable of self-government, the governments most honestly and frugally conducted would be those nearest to him, the local rather than the Federal. Jefferson's whole philosophy was agrarian. It was based on the one population in the world he thought worthy of it — a population of which ninety per cent were farmers, mostly owning their own homes. He hoped it would remain so for many hundreds of years. It did so only a few decades.

How long are we to go on preaching Jefferson and practising Hamilton? Jefferson's philosophy develops from his premise and hangs together. So does Hamilton's. But the two do not mix at all, as both men recognized in deadly earnest. We have been trying to mix them ever since, oratorically at least. We practise Hamilton from January 1 to July 3 every year. On July 4 we hurrah like mad for Jefferson. The next day we quietly take up Hamilton again for the rest of the year as we go about our business. I do not care which philosophy a man adopts, but to preach one and to practise the other is hypocrisy, and hypocrisy in the long run poisons the soul.

Personally I prefer Jefferson as a man to Hamilton. In his spirit I believe he was far more of an aristocrat than Hamilton ever was, with all his social pretensions. I prefer the America which Jefferson visualized and hoped for to that which Hamilton dreamed of and brought to pass on a scale he never could measure. On the other hand, I believe that the future will

be, as the past has been, Hamilton's. His hopes and Jefferson's fears have come true. The small farmer, the shopkeeper, the artisan, — safe in their old age, — are being more and more crowded out as to any possibility of becoming more than wage earners. A Hamiltonian philosophy or government cares nothing for them as compared with the large manufacturer and larger trust.

If we want to know why they should not be helped or protected as well as corporations which can declare hundreds of per cent in stock dividends and then cash dividends on the stock dividends and so on ad infinitum, we must go back to Hamilton and the beginning of his system. I do not see now that any other system is possible. Perhaps some day we may secure a lowering of the tariff to less swinish levels and certain other reforms, but as a whole the system must stand. Jefferson's dream of a new and better world at last opened to men, with a whole continent at their back over which as freeholders they could slowly expand for ages, has passed. We have swallowed our heritage almost at a gulp. We have become as a nation colossally rich. But if anyone thinks we have become more honest or more capable of self-government, let him study the records.

If we are to accept Hamilton's conclusions and system, why not be honest and accept, instead of Jefferson's, his own premise, the only real basis for his conclusions and, as he believed, the only real buttress for his system? That system was based upon the deep, honest, and publicly avowed belief that the people could not govern themselves. That they do so, except to the extent of sometimes impeding action at a crisis, is, I believe, far less true than they believe, unpalatable as that remark may be. Of course, 'public

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opinion' has to be considered, but anyone who knows how public opinion is manufactured can take that at its real value. Of course, again, there is a lot of bunkum talked, but that can also be taken at its real value. There are two passages in 'Uncle' Joe Cannon's *Autobiography* that, taken together, are very amusing. In one of the chapters he describes how Mark Hanna had the nomination for president of the United States absolutely in his own hand. The sole choice 'the people' had was to vote for or against Hanna's man. Yet Cannon ends his book by saying that America is ruled from the homes and the firesides! As for public opinion, it is far from always being salutary. I have good reason to believe that, had it not been for public opinion in the Middle West, Wilson would have entered the war long before he did; it would have ended far sooner; and the world would have been saved much of all that has happened since. Had it not been for public opinion, which really meant popular emotion, in about twenty countries after the Armistice, the men gathered at Paris to make the Peace Treaty would have been able to make a far more sensible one than they did.

One last point. Hamilton believed in giving special privileges to certain classes so as to secure their adherence and support. That is understandable, and is good Republican doctrine today. But those who did not get those privileges were to be kept as far as possible from any control of government. That may sound a bit cold-blooded, but it also is logical and understandable. Jefferson believed in privileges for none and a voice in the government for all. Again, given his premise, that is a logical and understandable position. But where is the logic, and what will happen, when you

give the power to all and still try to retain special privileges for some? For a while the patient may be kept quiet with strong doses of 'hokum,' but some day we may find that the opposing views of the two statesmen of 1800 cannot be fused as carelessly as we have tried to do.

Hamilton and Jefferson. Honest men both, and bitterest of foes in a fight which they knew was fundamental. How amazed they would be could they return and find us preaching the one, practising the other, and mixing their clear-cut positions together! Hamilton might be pleased to see the stupendous growth of all he had dreamed, but would

ask why, when all had gone so perfectly according to his plans, had political power been transferred to the people at large? Jefferson would say, why preach his fundamental assumption and then do all and more than his bitterest foe could do to nullify it practically? Both might say, hypocrites, or addle-pates.

Our apologetic answer for the last century might be — democracy. The answer for the next century is hidden, but is deeply troubling the thoughtful or the wealthy of every nation except the prosperous class in America, which is too gorged with profits to think about anything.

ENGLISHMAN, FRENCHMAN, SPANIARD

BY SALVADOR DE MADARIAGA

I

TELL a man that the three angles of a triangle are worth two rights. If he answers, 'Prove it,' and, when satisfied, adds, 'Very well; I know now how all triangles behave in all circumstances,' he is a Frenchman. If he answers, 'That may be *more or less* so, but when I come up against a triangle I will see for myself,' he is an Englishman. And if he answers, 'The triangle will be worth what I want it to be,' he is a Spaniard.

I have been looking at the English, the French, and the Spaniards these twenty years. I have been looking at *them*, not at the facts about them. Facts are carcasses of dead ideas thought by others. I have turned away from facts, my hand on my nose.

Three nations — by which I mean three peoples fascinating to watch. No three clearer types could be found on the face of the earth. This distinctiveness of their respective natures was the first hint which I received from them as I observed their movements. What was it exactly which made them to me like three mutually independent, mutually equidistant samples of human nature?

My instinct told me that England, France, and Spain were like the three points of a psychological triangle. The ignorant, the superficial, or the 'fact'-bound observer would talk to me about the 'Latin' and the Anglo-Saxon peoples; more keen-eyed persons would ask, 'Don't you think

there is more affinity between Spaniards and Englishmen than between the French and either of them?' My instinct answered, 'Just as much — that is, just as little.' And with that intimate conviction I resumed my watch.

What is the spontaneous attitude of each of these three peoples toward life? What is the spontaneous criterion which determines their actions or abstentions? This question called forth three answers, represented by three untranslatable terms: *fair play*; *droit*; *honor*. These words describe three psychological entities as clear to the intuition as the elm, the wolf, or aluminium.

Fair play is an instinct which manifests itself in action, and, determining action, is determined by it. The fair play of a cricket match is not the fair play of a parliamentary election. Fair play is simultaneous with action, consubstantial with it. In fact, fair play is action.

Droit — so pitifully translated (?) as 'law' — is an abstraction, a diagram, an idea. It is a map of the possibilities of the citizen in a world of citizens, a network of definitions and limitations drawn out beforehand. *Droit* is an idea. It is of the stuff of thought.

Honor is a more evasive species. The word is also untranslatable. For neither 'honor' nor *honneur* conveys what the Spanish word *honor* means. *Honor* is a subjective criterion. It is admirably illustrated in the old ballad of the Count of León. Courtiers and ladies are conversing in a gallery of the Royal Palace overlooking the yard in which can be seen the lions presented to the King of Castile by the King of Morocco. Doña Ana lets fall her glove in the lions' cage, wishing to test the valor of the men present. The Count of León rescues the glove from the lions' cage, but, before giving it back to its

owner, he strikes the fair face of the frivolous lady with her glove in order to teach her not to play with the good name of gallant men; then, turning to the knights present, he adds, 'If anyone disagrees with what I have done, let him come out to the field of *honor*, where I shall maintain it.' Such is the criterion of *honor*. Synthetic and subjective. The individual may do what he likes — violate even that supreme law of chivalry which forbids striking a woman; but he must be noble in his own subjective standards; and, as a pledge of nobility, he must be ready to give his life. *Honor* is, therefore, essentially individual and synthetic. It is of the nature of passion.

I mean by 'action' the exercise of the will, and by 'thought' that of the intellect. I mean by 'passion' the state in which man lets the life stream flow through him in its wholeness and spontaneity, without interfering with it.

II

Let us, then, risk an hypothesis. The Englishman is above all a man of action, the Frenchman a man of thought, and the Spaniard a man of passion. By which, of course, we do not mean that each of the types is devoid of the faculties which are typical of the other two, but merely that the typical faculty in each case rules the others and makes them serve its ends. Thus Cromwell, by no means lacking in intellect or in passion, was preëminently a man of action; Voltaire, certainly an active man and one who knew what passions are, was nevertheless a man of thought; and Saint Theresa, a prodigy of action and an intelligent woman, was nevertheless a woman whose life was lived in the realm of passion.

This submission of two of the primary human tendencies to the third

has been observed in one only of our three cases — that of the Englishman. It goes in English psychology by the name of utilitarianism. This uncouth word really means that the Englishman expects fruits of action from every investment of vital energy. Thought for the sake of thinking, passion for the sake of experiencing, are mere 'indulgences' which the Englishman spurns. Thought and passion must yield results in terms of action. English utilitarianism, therefore, is but the direct outcome, indeed, the very definition of the type as a man of action.

Such an argument suggests a line of thought along which utilitarianism can be generalized in order to cover the other two types. Just as the Englishman, man of action, subordinates thought and passion to action, so the Frenchman, man of thought, must be expected to subordinate action and passion to thought; and the Spaniard, man of passion, will be found to subordinate action and thought to passion. French utilitarianism will, therefore, consist in exacting a yield in thought from action and passion, and Spanish utilitarianism in exacting a yield in passion from action and thought.

What each type seeks in life is the satisfaction of his main tendency. Outside this tendency the type becomes 'utilitarian.' But within his own tendency the type is disinterested, since, living his own life, he lives it for nothing, as we all live. Hence what is naturally disinterested in the English is action — sports; in the French, thought — culture; in the Spaniards, passion — contemplation.

A man of action may be thinking; a man of passion may be acting. We have, therefore, to consider nine cases which, for purposes of comparison, could be grouped in table form.

1a Action in the man of action	1b Action in the man of thought	1c Action in the man of passion
2a Thought in the man of action	2b Thought in the man of thought	2c Thought in the man of passion
3a Passion in the man of action	3b Passion in the man of thought	3c Passion in the man of passion

This table shows a number of symmetries and analogies. The line crossing it from the left top corner to the right bottom corner is its axis of symmetry. The three cases on this line — namely, 1a, 2b, 3c — are analogous. In each of these cases, the type is in his own element. They are cases of satisfaction, cases without inner strife, cases of success. They lead us to anticipate that, in each of them, the type will be found at his best. Then there are three groups of two cases each which are symmetrically placed, both in geometry and in psychology: 1b and 2a; 1c and 3a; 2c and 3b.

Too often parallels between any two of these three peoples fail through an insufficient understanding of the position as revealed by the above table. It is evident that a comparison between French and English action must fail, as unfair to the Frenchman, since in action the Englishman is in his element and the Frenchman out of it. Similarly the parallel between French thought and English thought is unfair to the Englishman, since in thought the Frenchman is at home while the Englishman is an uncomfortable and shy guest.

Self-control in the individual and the spirit of coöperation in the community are two psychological features of the tendency to action in the Englishman. By means of his self-control he keeps his will fit and apt to command the forces of the individual. The spirit of coöperation is a collective virtue acting in each individual for the benefit of the group. It explains the genius for spontaneous organization which is the greatest asset to the British nation. Every Englishman carries in him the spirit of the community, the living voice and inspiration of the racial group. A discourteous wag has said, 'One Englishman, a fool; two Englishmen, a match; three Englishmen, the British Empire.' The first term of this epigram is as foolish as it is discourteous, and yet it is not altogether without justification, as may be shown hereafter; the second term is good, in as much as a match, living example of the working of fair play, is an apt symbol of English life; as for the third, it only sins on the side of modesty: contrary to what the author of the epigram seems to think, three Englishmen are not necessary to make up the British Empire — one is enough.

While the Englishman is bent on doing things, the Frenchman seeks to understand them. His main preoccupation is with truth. He wants to see. He treats himself as an optical apparatus and often speaks and thinks of *mise au point*. This expression describes the operation whereby the object is placed at the best distance for vision. The Frenchman, therefore, places himself instinctively at a certain distance from life in order the better to see it. Clarity and intellectual courage are his mental virtues. No prejudice is allowed to interfere with the free working of his mind. Thought values attain in France a national scope. The natural abode of the Frenchman's

mind is in the universal and abstract. His aim consists in establishing a scheme of the world appealing to the intellect.

The Spaniard is neither moved to action nor on the watch for thought. He simply waits and contemplates. Passively letting the life stream flow through his being as on a river bed, he acquires experience by living. His virtues are spontaneity and the sense of wholeness. The 'sense of life' which is the subject of Miguel de Unamuno's great work is the ruling factor in the Spaniard's existence. It means union between life as a whole and the individual. The individual is thus the ultimate aim for the Spaniard. It takes the place which the community occupies for the Englishman and the mental scheme of the world for the Frenchman.

So much for the Englishman in action, the Frenchman in thought, and the Spaniard in passion — states in which they are each in his own element, happy and apt. All other phases are out of balance and give rise to inner conflicts due to the fact that the type is no longer in his element. The inherent symmetries which link together every two of these six cases into three groups provide a reliable criterion of comparison. The most illuminating parallels that can be made between these three peoples result from a comparison of the Englishman in thought with the Frenchman in action; the Frenchman in passion with the Spaniard in thought; and the Spaniard in action with the Englishman in passion.

III

The Englishman in thought is not at home. His home is in action and, while thinking, he is homesick. He is supposed to be unintelligent and inclined to be proud of it. Yet his mind, needless to say, is of the very first order.

Even if we were to admit — as Englishmen sometimes seem to suggest — that the British Empire is due to a series of fits of absent-mindedness, the mind, though absent, exists, and the fits in question could hardly be those of a half-witted people. The fact is that the English have a mind but do not like to use it. They spare it for action. They do not plan beforehand, lest thought might cripple their freedom of action. They do not prejudge — that is, they do not imprison future action in present thought. The Englishman's thought must be applied to action. It is, therefore, the brightest, not before or after action, but on that very spot of the present when thought and action touch.

His thinking, moreover, is not done in his head. 'Brainy' is not a word of praise in English. 'Clever' is positively insulting. 'He is so clever,' says the Englishman, and he shakes his head. When he must think, the Englishman thinks with his whole body. He emits a cloud of thought through his knees, elbows, chest, and abdomen. And the curious thing is that, unless his head meddles with it, his thought is generally sound. Sound, please notice — that is, healthy. For he judges thought, not on dialectical principles (Is it correct or erroneous?), but on vital grounds (Is it sound or unsound?). He therefore refuses to grant to all thought an equal right to expression. There are zones of thought which the Englishman does not explore, thoughts of a corrosive nature which might undermine the springs of action. The Englishman guards against such mind adventures by means of inhibitions, reservations, prejudices, and all kinds of devices which may prune thought of its more dangerous growths.

The Frenchman in action is no more at home than the Englishman in thought. He is apt to consider action

as an excellent opportunity for setting problems before his mind. Hence that sense of elaborate preparation which prospective action tends to produce in him. We have seen English thought weakest before and after the spot on the present where action and thought touch and live; symmetrically, French action is at its best before and after that spot — when action, unborn, has not yet emerged out of thought, or else when, dead, it is being devoured by thought in that vulture-like operation known as criticism. Just as the Englishman judges thought not on dialectical principles but on vital grounds, so the Frenchman judges action not on vital grounds but on dialectical principles. The question debated is not so much what is to be done as how, and in the name of which principles, it is to be done.

The Frenchman, moreover, premeditates, foresees, and preregulates his action; he endeavors to catch future action in a network of present thought. The Englishman does not foresee, because he trusts action but mistrusts thought, while the Frenchman foresees, because he trusts thought but mistrusts action. Similarly, while the Englishman, by inhibitions, reservations, and prejudices, prunes thought of all the growths which might be dangerous to action, the Frenchman, by abstractions, definitions, and limitations, prunes life of all irrational elements dangerous to thought. Finally, just as the Englishman muddles through, — that is, succeeds in action while keeping a confused mind, — the Frenchman, bent on seeing everything with a clear mind, is apt to lose his temper while engaged in the throes of action.

The Frenchman in passion is not, of course, in his element. We know that as an intellectual he places himself at a distance from nature in order to look at

it. Distant, he is cool. Intellectual, he is reasonable. He governs his passions, not in order to act, but because in him the hierarchy of the faculties is safely established with reason at the head. He thus remains outside his passions and watches their play, as a man the play of his favorite dogs, knowing he can always bring them back to order when he wishes. The Frenchman analyzes his passions and dissociates the animal and the intellectual factors in them, losing, however, in the process, all the imponderabilia of irrational and ineffable elements which are, perhaps, the very essence of life. He excels in the chemistry of the passions.

The Spaniard in thought presents features in symmetry with those of the Frenchman in passion. For the wholeness and the spontaneity of the man of passion check all tendencies to split and fracture the life stream. And therefore thought in the Spaniard is wholesale, integral, intuitional — a feature in contrast with the analytical and dissociated character of French passion. The Spaniard is, so to say, sunk in his thought, while the Frenchman is outside his passion. To the coolness of the French passion corresponds the human warmth of Spanish thought, which springs from the recesses of the being in which it is formed. And the intellectual consciousness which distinguishes French passion is symmetrical with the subconscious character of Spanish intuition, true form of Spanish thought.

The Englishman in passion is hindered by his self-control and by his group sense. Group sense is the corollary of his genius for spontaneous organization, which presupposes the existence of the group. That is why all English collective virtues are, so to say, 'refracted' on crossing the racial border, just as a ray of light is broken when it passes from air to water. Self-

control and the group sense penetrate deep into the life stream of the individual Englishman, canalizing it toward the mills of social service, dividing it into all kinds of currents and sub-currents. The life stream in the Englishman is, therefore, neither spontaneous nor homogeneous. The pressure of the group forces on individual passions the stamp and color of the group. It drives underground all those passions which resist the group action. Thus, under the armor of self-control, the strong passions of the Englishman live a secluded life — if anything, stronger for their seclusion.

Just as the Englishman keeps off passions for fear of lowering his value as a unit in the group team, so the Spaniard keeps off action lest through action the group enslave him as an individual. His apparent laziness, his passivity, his indifference, his contemplation, are but forms of a selective instinct which evades all action dangerous to individual liberty. It is, therefore, an instinct in strict symmetry with English self-control. So that, to the pressure inward wherewith the group enslaves the Englishman and drives deep trouble into his life stream, corresponds the pressure outward which the Spanish individual exerts on the group, depriving it of its order and efficiency. Spanish actions are ultra-individualistic, just as English passions are ultra-collective. (Hamlet and Don Quixote might be considered as the two characters which personify this contrast. Hamlet — despite incomprehensive critics — is a man of action. His swift decision in everything but the main problem he has to solve is evident. But he feels the strong pressure of the group in the tradition which bids him avenge his father. He is sick with group pressure. Don Quixote is a man of passion — a lover, a reader of books — who goes out and imposes his own

individual visions on the outside world. He is mad with an excessive individual pressure outward, which he exerts on the world.) Under Spanish indifference, stores of human energy are accumulated by time, and now and then the feat, the exploit, is accomplished when they are released. Similarly, under the cold crust of self-control, the heat of English passions rises unseen, and now and then bursts into exceptional flames. Thus the true symmetrical types of the great Spaniards of action — Hernán Cortés, Balboa, Pizarro — are the great English poets — Shakespeare, Shelley, Byron — rising above English calm as the *conquistadores* rise above Spanish indifference. The true parallel of the English genius for spontaneous organization, which guarantees the full life of the group, is Spanish spontaneity of the passions, which guarantees full life to the individual.

Faithful to action, the Englishman is empirical. Faithful to thought, the Frenchman is theoretical. Faithful to passion, the Spaniard is individualistic. The first rules his life by moral-social standards; the second by intellectual principles; the third by individual experience. The Englishman's virtue is wisdom; the Frenchman's is reason; the Spaniard's serenity. A gap between standards and behavior is covered by a bridge of fiction called hypocrisy. Hypocrisy is, therefore, an English vice. Yet it can be generalized by extending it to other than moral standards. English standards are moral; so is English hypocrisy. French standards are intellectual; so is French hypocrisy. Spanish standards are of the passions; so is Spanish hypocrisy. The Englishman feigns when he does not behave; the Frenchman when he does not understand; the Spaniard when he does not experience. But, as hypocrisy is proportional to the

strength of the group, the three hypocrisies differ in intensity as well as in quality.

IV

The structure of the community is aristocratic in England, bourgeois in France, and popular in Spain.

In the people of action, the community is spontaneously organized in a natural hierarchy. The aristocracy is not a self-appointed leading and privileged class, but the outcome of a traditional evolution. All Englishmen rejoice in their aristocracy. When the Duke of Devonshire gives his daughter in marriage, all English homes enjoy the taste of wedding cake; when the Duke of Richmond rides with his hounds, all Englishmen blow their horns.

French social structure is built on a theoretical conception of intellectual order. It is superimposed rather than grown, architectural rather than natural. Rather than a nation, France is a state. The French hierarchy rests on an intellectual criterion. Not pedigree but intelligence is what gives prestige and authority to men. The respect and public admiration which are bestowed in England on dukes and princes go in France to *membres de l'Institut*.

In Spain there is an instinctive rebellion against all social structure. So far as there is a social structure, it is based on the all-pervading influence of the popular element in the country. The standard in England is the aristocrat, and so English charwomen do their best to dress like duchesses; in France, the bourgeoisie, and every Frenchwoman dresses like a bourgeoisie; in Spain, the people, and when a Spanish duchess wants to look smart she imitates the dress and manners of a Seville cigarette maker.

England is a political but not a social democracy; France is both a

political and a social democracy; Spain is not a political democracy, but she is the most democratic of the three in actual life. English political life is built on liberty, but neglects equality and has no conception of fraternity.¹ French political life is built on equality, but tends to overregulate liberty and to understand fraternity as a theoretical idea rather than to feel it as a cordial fact. Spain is such a fanatic about individual liberty that she is unable to evolve the adequate conditions for ensuring it, and her sense of equality is so profound that it amounts to cordial fraternity.

Politics are regulated in England by ethics, economics, and fair play; in France by intellectual creeds and theories; in Spain by the free play of individual ambitions judged by the remainder of the nation in virtue of dramatic standards. In England an increase in the income tax or a private scandal may ruin a political career. In France a lively episode of the *cherchez la femme* type would, if anything, add distinction to a public man, but a difference in political creed will suffice to drive anyone from office. In Spain a prominent man, a *prohombre*, has an inherent right to appear on the political stage whether he is a good or a bad statesman, just as in a novel the hero and the villain are equally interesting for the reader.

A parliamentary debate in England is like a cricket match. Good humor and coöperation on both sides; enjoyment of good batting and bowling, whatever side be the winner; and an all-round respect of the wiggled umpire, the Speaker — so called, of course, because he is the only member who

does not speak. The parliamentary system is run for business and not for ideas and opinions. In France, on the contrary, ideas matter in themselves and business must wait till the battle of principles has been fought out. It is a fierce battle, in which arguments are hurled with fury and seek the political death of the adversary. Yet the passion of French debates is not an original source of energy — it is the by-product and waste of intellectual strife. In Spain a parliamentary debate is a show.

The English language is an empirical chaos. Words are monosyllabic; for the present, tense of the man of action, leaves no room for more. Verbs, nouns, adjectives, have all one shape, which means that the Englishman does not prejudge their function and meaning before actual use calls for them. By themselves, moreover, words have not much personality, and it is the phrase accent and stress which give them their true value, just as society gives his true value to the Englishman. The language is led by the upper classes. Hence its chaotic spelling and mannerisms. The language of poetry and letters is artificial, and popular language has no value. English has but one vowel, a cloud of a vowel which remains indefinite and changeable, ever ready to compromise, as reserved and reticent as the Englishman himself, and so successful in the art of dodging that it can remain unrevealed for several syllables, hidden behind screens of consonants — for instance, in the word 'particularly,' which is pronounced 'p't'c'l'y.'

The French language is a black-and-white image of Latin. Every Latin word, in passing into French, collapses like an opera hat, losing its mass, color, and relief. Most words, whatever their vowels in Latin, take a French shape dominated by the letter *e*, the middle

¹It is, however, rich in charity. But charity differs from fraternity in that charity is active and fraternity may or may not be active, and, moreover, charity looks downward, while fraternity looks level. — AUTHOR

vowel, the vowel without color or mass, the vowel which suggests moderation and measure. Thus all the Latin words of the *honor* family pass into *eur* endings, — *couleur*, *douleur*, — forms which suggest moderation and measure; all except *amour*, in which case, of course, moderation and measure would be evidently out of keeping. French grammar is rigid. It does not admit inversions. It follows strictly its own rules. The literary language differs from the language of the people, but less than in the case of England. The ruling form in France is the language of the middle classes, and the immense majority of Frenchmen write it well.

The Spanish language is spontaneous, energetic, and popularly led. It retains the mass and the color of the Latin, but makes it more luminous by dropping the *m* endings and by increasing the number of full vowels, particularly *o* and *a*. It is rebellious to rules, apt to produce its sentences synthetically rather than in logical order, and contemptuous of grammar. Its most exquisite flowers of poetry are often grown on pure popular soil.

Art begins as a passion; it is formed and refined by the intellect and consumed and absorbed by society and convention. Spanish art is therefore strongest in its first impulse —

inspiration; French art in the middle phase — formation; English art in the last phase — actual production and consumption. Subconscious in Spain, art is conscious in France and self-conscious in England. Purely æsthetic in Spain, it is apt to take on intellectual prejudices in France and ethical prejudices in England. In Spain it is free and individualistic; in France it is classified in 'schools' and 'generations'; in England it is aristocratic and conventional.

Religion is in Spain an individual passion, and the Spaniard is apt to absorb into his being the divine beings he worships. In France religion is mainly a school of thought, often leading to incredulity; in England, mostly an ethical force devoted to social service. Individual and concrete in Spain, it is abstract and universal in France, national and racial in England. The world is covered with English churches and English churchyards, so that Englishmen, no doubt, when the parting signal comes, sail in English coffins and land at last in an English eternity which is but another dominion beyond the seas of death.

The man of action; the man of thought; the man of passion — so different and yet so identical. Their existence is a brilliant proof of the delightful imagination of the Divine Artist.

SQUALLS

BY ISABEL HOPESTILL CARTER

I

SUSAN PENNELL had been having some difficulty in persuading her usually docile husband to take her brother John as mate. Why was he still so stubborn!

'But I've had Duffy for five years,' he continued to protest. 'I've always intended if ever I got a better ship to turn this one over to him.'

'You never promised him, did you? And he doesn't know that you're going to have the Marr in the spring, does he?'

'No. But I owe it to him to treat him decent.'

'I don't see why you'd do more for him than for Johnny, your own brother-in-law. Mr. Duffy would understand. People *always* make places for relatives. . . . I have n't seen Johnny since he left home. He's awfully *smart*, Josiah.'

Josiah Pennell listened.

'He took out his second mate's, first mate's, and captain's papers all at once the second year he was at sea. Hardly anyone can do that.'

'He had more education,' murmured her husband.

'You know he could n't have gone as second and first with a thousand papers unless he'd been capable!'

'Oh, o' course not.'

'Oh, *Josiah!* Could n't you at least take him for one voyage, and then, if you don't like him, get Mr. Duffy back again?'

'I might lose track of Duffy in the

meantime.' He did not say that the business of discharging his wife's brother might be painful. He did not say that the very number of vessels John Richmond had sailed in as first or second officer made him dubious.

'Mr. Duffy's always wanting to stay home for a trip.'

Josiah smoked placidly.

'Or he could get another job easily enough.'

'But not one as promising as this.'

'Oh, I do think you're mean! I never, never interfered in your business before, did I? And you know how I feel about Johnny.' Her voice — the debate had been running for days — quavered and blurred, and Josiah, who loved his wife, weakened fatally.

'Well, I'll see what I can do,' he muttered hastily.

It was arranged. Mr. Duffy, with a hurt look in his blue eyes, shook hands politely with Mrs. Pennell. Resentment tingled in his heart that this ship, faithfully served, should cast him off. He could not miss the brightness of Mrs. Pennell's face and that of young 'Siah, too, who could hardly wait to see in the flesh an uncle of whom he had often heard. But Louis flung herself upon Mr. Duffy and wept on his vest, threatening to write to him; and he, touched by that demonstration, gave her a carved oak box with an intricate fastening which the carpenter had made him. The exposition of how to open this box by deftly adjusting the

little knobs seemed to relieve her grief, though as he looked back forlornly he saw that she still watched by the rail, wiped her bleary face with a rag of handkerchief, and anon waved with it violently. The old man stood beside her, and as often as Louis brandished her handkerchief he too gestured widely with his old felt hat.

Susan induced the steward to clean the mate's room thoroughly. She asked the carpenter to put up a little shelf for Johnny's accommodation. For the cheap mattress, flat and hard, she substituted that in the upper berth in young 'Siah's room; a plump pillow, also, she found. She selected a few blankets, in case, as was quite likely, Johnny brought some of those shoddy things that ship's officers affected. She laid down a little round braided rug. She was as thrilled as in the old days when Johnny was expected from college for vacation and mother and sisters vied with one another for his comfort.

As she bustled around she chattered incoherently to Josiah, who soberly watched her journeyings to and fro. Did Johnny still have that ring she and Julia and 'Lizabeth had shared in buying him? That was the first money she had ever earned. And the fraternity pin? It had been an expensive thing, considering its size and the length of time Johnny had continued in college. It was a shame Father had been so angry that time, though to this day she was not certain why, for the trouble had not been discussed with her sisters and she herself had been away teaching at the time; it did not seem possible that it could have been about *women* or *drinking*. He had always been such a good-natured boy — good-looking, too, and gay. Anyway, Johnny had run off after Father refused to send him back to college and had shipped on the Katahdin. Sometimes

he had written to her; twice when he was in hospital she had sent him some money for the little luxuries that are never lavished in those bleak places on poor broken mariners. His letters were so charming and affectionate — and grammatical. Bill and all the sisters except her had stopped going to school after the eighth grade; it was so long a trip to high school in town every day and the dairy farm needed many hands. That long walk! Fall and winter and spring, in good weather and bad, deep snow and mud and dust, in her horrid clothes and worn-out shoes she had plodded the two miles; she wondered now how she had done it. Well, no; actually she had liked school, and the family felt also that someone must keep an eye on Johnny. He never looked shabby like other country boys; he was naturally neat. She used to swell with an elder sister's pride when she noticed him in the corridors or classrooms, and she was glad that all the nicer boys and girls talked to him and asked him to parties. Father had been so unreasonably harsh! It was going to be lovely to have him with them, and she must try not to call him 'Johnny'; 'John' was more dignified for his position. John. John. 'Your uncle John, 'Siah —'

In due season John Richmond arrived, a little shiny, a little pale, bright eyes a little tired, but cheerful. He dropped into the big chair in the after cabin and talked at length to his eager sister, his taciturn brother-in-law, and his hovering niece and nephew. From first to last his career on the sea, it seemed, had been a series of misadventures, in spite of which he had mounted rapidly at first; he had gone only one voyage before the mast, and only four as second officer. But he had spent nine scorching days in an open boat in the China Sea. He had been on the Venture when she took fire and

was beached on the west coast of Africa, where he had lived for three months. There had been a mutiny on board the Peter Kelly when he was first mate under Starvation Blaisdell, and the after guard had fought off the mutineers with guns and brought them to Liverpool in irons; he had made another trip with old Blaisdell after that, but left the ship in Sydney. He had had malaria in Aspinwall. The penny-pinching ships that he had sailed in had discharged all hands in port — witness this last time when Cap'n Brown had laid off everybody but the steward.

'Cap'n Jim Brown?' said Josiah Pennell. 'But he keeps his mates by the ship generally.'

'Well, yes, generally. But I was n't specially in favor and he wanted a fella he'd had before for several years. That's the way it always is; they all have some pet they want to boost. At this rate I'll never get to be skipper.'

'Oh, but here, Johnny — John, I mean — we —' From the tail of her eye she saw that Josiah had turned an attentive head in her direction and she bethought herself. 'We'd do anything for you we could, John; you're *my* favorite, anyway!' She beamed at the young man draped comfortably in Josiah's big chair.

'Then I got this last whiff of malaria in Boston and ended again in the hospital. Lost most of my goods and chattels; all I've got's this suit.' He picked at it frowningly. 'Somebody stole my sextant. I'll have to have an advance, I guess,' — he grinned at Josiah, who nodded pleasantly, — 'to get some duds and blankets and things. Hunt up a secondhand sextant somewhere.'

'Oh, we've plenty of blankets,' cried Susan, 'and Josiah's got an extra sextant. Though maybe it's not any

good?' She turned questioningly toward her husband.

'I can lend you my new one, I guess.'

'Oh, no, sir. Let me use the old one.'

'I kind of prize the old one more. Cap'n Delano's wife gave it to me with his chronometer after the old fellow died.' Then, 'Why, I went boy and able seaman and second and first with him until he died that time, and I brought the ship home using his sextant and chronometer. She said that the night he died — it was blowing a gale and I was on deck — he told her he wanted me to have 'em.'

'Well, it's kind of you, sir! It'll save me some money, too.'

'Don't call him "sir"! ' exclaimed Susan. 'It sounds so stiff.'

The young man laughed. 'Well, it's been great to talk,' he yawned. 'I'll go out and get settled and have a nap.' Susan followed him to his room, with Louis and young 'Siah tagging behind, and she pointed with pride to the things she had accomplished in his behalf. She tucked her hand under his arm, where he squeezed it fondly, and everything was just as it used to be when he came home from school; it was simply delightful to see him once more.

By means of an advance on wages he supplemented his wardrobe so that when he walked abroad he less resembled the seaman; his coat fitted him neatly and he had indulged in a velvet vest and even a pair of light gloves, though the latter item he was at some pains to don at a distance from the ship. When in his new elegance he escorted Susan to the theatre she felt like a girl with a lover.

'I hope we'll get a long charter,' Susan said to her husband. 'We can have such nice times with Johnny — John, I mean — and he'll enjoy our reading, too. He reads much better than I do,' she dreamed adoringly.

'Yeah,' said Josiah, 'but I think we'll take coal from Baltimore to the West Indies.'

'Oh, I thought there was a prospect of going out to San Francisco?'

'I don't favor that one so much.'

'But I have n't been to San Francisco for six years!' Her tone was aggrieved.

Josiah laughed. 'We don't pick our charters for pleasure, Susy! This is n't any yacht.'

'I bet you're trying not to get out of reach of Mr. Duffy.'

'No, really, Susan, I'm not. I may find John is exactly as good —'

'Of course he is!'

'And we ought to be coppered before a winter voyage round the Horn. The longer we can stave it off, the better for us, if the freight is as good.'

They left New York for Baltimore to load coal for Matanzas.

The trip was everything Susan anticipated. She patched John's clothes, darned his stockings, knitted him two pairs of stout woolen socks, abstracted various articles from Josiah's wardrobe, cutting them down, when possible, for her slimmer brother. She washed socks and shirts for him. Though twelve years or more had passed since John had basked in that atmosphere of loving-kindness, he readily adapted himself to it.

In dogwatches and parts of his watches below he stretched on the red sofa or in the big chair and was ministered to with cups of tea and entertained. He did not, it developed, care much for the *Decline and Fall*, so presently Susan laid aside that work for *Henry Esmond*.

Yet, he was a good-humored chap, John was. When Josiah rebuked him very, very mildly for coming to table without his coat, he laughed and fetched it. 'First ship I've ever had to wear my coat to meals,' he remarked.

'Kind of silly, I think, to wear a coat when it's so warm. But what you say has to go.' Susan wished that Josiah had not blurted out such a personal criticism to John, as if John had no manners! If John had n't been so easy-going he might have been offended. Josiah could have asked her to speak to John and she could have explained tactfully how insistent Josiah had always been on that point and how he had had to speak to every mate about it, and so on and so on; it was much more ticklish to correct a relative about a thing of that sort than just any mere officer.

Louis, meanwhile, whom Susan was trying to bring up to good-housewifery, practised darning on John's socks — as well as on young 'Siah's — with a grim countenance. She had to crochet, too, and had evolved a bright green tie for her father that stretched to the proportions of a jumping rope; then she had unwillingly made another for young 'Siah; and now she had been badgered into a similar labor for her uncle. She *hated* crochet! Always she prefaced the undertaking with dire whispers in her room.

'I'm going to give this to the carpenter, anyway,' she said defiantly one day when the hour for neckties was upon her.

'The carpenter!'

'Yep.'

'The *carpenter*! Really, Louis, what an idea! Don't you want to do something for Uncle John?'

'No, I don't — not much. Anyway, I do; don't I have to mend his old stockings? The carpenter made me the cradle for Jane and he made me the puzzle and he mended my cart and I never made him nothing.'

'Anything,' corrected her mother.

'Well, anything, then. Uncle John never did nothing for me. Well, anything, then.' She tightened her wide

mouth obstinately, dropped her crochet hook, caught the thread under her foot as she stooped, and raveled out two or three rows of hard-won work. 'There!' she said triumphantly.

'But you do things for people because you love them, Louis, not because they do something for you.'

'I love the carpenter,' retorted Louis, 'and he's teaching me to carve.'

Susan gazed at Louis in dismay; how could the child at her age be so calculating! She had noticed her selfishness often in the last two years. Louis allowed young 'Siah to play with her little cart only under parental duress, and young 'Siah, and in fact Susan herself, thought that carts were boys' toys rather than girls'; the little drawing board which a second mate had given her with some crayons, and which was greatly coveted by young 'Siah to do his arithmetic on, Louis did n't like him to use. Susan could recall numerous incidents where Louis's selfishness had had to be curbed. Why, even now there was a continual squabble over the carved box! And to have adopted a like grudging attitude toward her uncle John and an outspoken disagreeableness! What did she say only yesterday when, coming in for her lessons, she had found John stretched on the red sofa? She had regarded him as coolly as if he were the ship's cat.

'We always sit on the sofa for school and Mama sits in the big chair.'

John had laughed and tweaked one of the long sleek braids, but Louis had braced herself back, pudgy and fat in her outgrown, made-over purple dress. 'Well, we do, and other times Papa sits in the big chair and Mama sits in her rocking-chair.' As if a mere chair or sofa made any difference!

'Louis!' Susan had exclaimed. 'You can sit on the cushion on the floor just as well. I'm ashamed for you to be so rude. Where's 'Siah?'

'He's out on deck.'

'Did n't he hear the bell?'

'I did,' observed Louis piously, and her brown, doggy eyes lifted to her mother's face.

'Well, he'll be here presently, I guess. We'll wait a few minutes.'

'If you heard me now, then I could go out to the carpenter shop.' This was Louis's usual plea, and useless.

'Louis!' Louis subsided to blow and flutter idly the pages of her reader. Her mother turned to John. 'Siah's rather inclined to be lazy about his lessons and I find that competition keeps him more interested.'

'Do they have the same lessons?'

'Oh, yes. Louis's very quick. I think girls must develop earlier than boys. Louis helps 'Siah a good deal with his arithmetic; he is n't patient at all, and it's good for him and for her, I think, to —'

'I do the examples,' volunteered Louis, 'and then I explain 'em and then he does 'em. And I hear him say tables and things and divide.' Again her soft eyes flickered toward her mother.

'Pretty smart, that,' grinned Uncle John.

'Siah just can't pin himself down to figures. His history and reading are better than Louis's.' Louis fluttered the pages of her book and let it slide from her fat knee to crumple face down on the floor. 'I wonder what he can be doing.'

'Hear me now, Mama,' murmured Louis. She propped old Jane, with the chipped arms and the ineane white face, against the carved box beside her on the floor; the ship rolled and Jane doubled acrobatically and laid her face on her shoes. Louis erected Jane again tenderly. 'Hear me now,' she droned. 'I want —'

'Do be patient, Louis. We have to wait for 'Siah.'

'I'll get him,' said John, heaving himself up and out of the cabin. In a moment he ushered in the truant, who hurriedly ransacked his bunk for books and sat down on the floor with his back to the sofa, where John reestablished himself.

Lessons proceeded. Susan did not like visitors; John interrupted with frivolous remarks, welcomed and echoed with loud laughs by 'Siah. 'Siah, thought Susan, never used to be so parrotty; perhaps it was a stage small boys passed through, or maybe it was just that he admired John. Louis bolted through her recitations and hopped to her feet, gathering books, Jane, and box in her arms.

'Now may I go, Mama?' she urged. 'I want to carve. I was just cutting with the darling little chisel.'

'All right, but only for half an hour.'

'Lemme take the box while you're gone,' cried 'Siah. 'I bet I can open it.'

'No!' shouted Louis from her room.

'Don't be a pig. Lemme take it. Mr. Duffy only gave it to you because you bawled when he went. He probably was going to give it to me — it's more for boys.'

'He would n't either.'

'Go on, lemme take it.'

'I won't. It's mine.' But 'Siah clutched her hurrying skirt.

'Don't be a pig. Mama, can't I take the box while Louis is n't using it?'

'Why don't you let him take it, Louis?'

'I don't want to. He'll break it.'

'Break it! I won't either.'

'I think you might let him take it, Louis. I don't like you to be selfish.'

'Piggy, piggy,' added 'Siah tactfully. Tears sprang into Louis's eyes and she looked distressfully cornered.

'It's my box,' she reiterated.

'Louis, I'm ashamed of you. Let 'Siah play with the box.'

Louis relinquished it, blinked, and ran out of the cabin, Jane's aged legs kicking under her arm. John looked up from the history he had impounded. 'What's the row?'

'Louis won't let me look at her box,' answered 'Siah. 'She's a mean old thing.' He was moving the big knobs round and round, pushing and pulling at them, prying at the unmoving cover, shoving the small knob in the middle across and back, peering at the radiating lines on the knobs for distinctive marks.

'Let me have a look.' John took the box in his long brown fingers and puzzled over it. He listened to the faint rubbing of wood on wood as the buttons slid around. 'Does she know how to open it?'

'Sure she does. Duffy told her.'

'Mr. Duffy,' corrected Susan suddenly. She loved to watch John and young 'Siah together.

'Well, Mr. Duffy. Can't you open it, Uncle John?'

'Not just yet. Curious thing, this is. Did this carpenter make it?'

'Um-huh. Let me try now, Uncle John.'

'He's German,' added Susan. 'He was a cabinetmaker and left home, I gather, to avoid military service. He does beautiful work.'

'Let me take it, Uncle John.'

'Just a minute. I thought I had it then.' Minutes passed.

'Do let me take it! Louis lent it to me! Nobody ever lets me do anything! Did n't you say I could take it, Mama?'

'Now, 'Siah, in just a minute.'

'Do your 'rithmetic while you wait,' said John cheerfully.

Susan could see that 'Siah was getting into a temper. It really was too bad of John to tease him so; she wanted them to be friends and 'Siah did so dislike being thwarted — his cheeks were growing redder and redder.

'Oh, let him have it, John,' she interceded.

'All right. Curious, though.' He handed the box to the angry boy, who flung it violently on the floor, where a table leg gouged a piece from one of the knobs.

'There!' he cried.

'My, my!' John pretended to cower.

'Don't, John,' murmured Susan pacifically. 'Be a good boy, 'Siah, and pick it up, and when Louis comes in I'll have her show you how to open it, if it's not broken.'

Later, after a sulky Louis fumblingly revealed the secret to 'Siah, he in turn demonstrated to John, the steward, his father, the second mate, the man at the wheel, and the carpenter, how nimbly he could operate those screws; most of the recipients of the information then dutifully learned how from him. Louis, it is sad to say, snipped into bits 'Siah's crocheted tie, though that effort at retaliation was a total loss, for 'Siah asserted loudly that he despised the rubbery old thing anyway, and moreover such wanton destruction brought punishment in its wake — Louis was confined to the cabin and the poop for three days, glimpsing the carpenter only when he came to the forward cabin for meals or brought the binnacle lantern to the poop. It was a bad time; John produced a succession of giant cockroaches for her to tame, offered to get her a rat for a pet, advised her to cut a hole at night through her partition into the pantry and to freedom, and 'Siah repeated these dull jokes maddeningly. Consequently it was a joy when 'Siah himself fell into disgrace.

Susan was reading to the steady deep roll of the bark and Louis was crocheting as slowly and as badly as she possibly could when the skipper, who had just gone out the companionway door, entered by way of the forward

door with a hand on young 'Siah's shoulder; there was apprehension upon that youthful face.

'But Uncle John went, too,' he was explaining. Susan glanced at them.

'What's the matter?'

'Siah's been up aloft.' He urged the boy toward the bathroom and Susan started erect.

'Oh, Josiah! But did John go with him?'

'Yes, he did, Mama. I —'

'Come along.'

'Oh, but — but if John was with him, Josiah!'

'Disobedience is disobedience.' The last word was muffled by the firm closing of the door, and immediately the sharp cracks of a strap rang in the still cabin. Susan's hands clenched in anguish and even Louis's delight turned to dismay at this dreadful calamity to 'Siah. When John came to intercede for the culprit it was too late; in any case, the skipper stated curtly, 'Siah was quite well aware of the enormity of what he had done. 'When I was a young man,' added Josiah, 'I saw a boy of sixteen fall from the topsail yard to the deck. Go to your room and stay there till suppertime, 'Siah, and don't be a baby. Isn't it your watch on deck, John?'

John flushed and spun on his heel.

Susan, already provoked at Josiah for whipping the boy, was incensed at the rebuke to John, who had come below only to take the blame for the affair. She moved to a straight chair, better adapted to prolonged indignation. Louis, who could just see 'Siah's feet, began again to feel pleased. Josiah stalked into his room and sat down, leaning his elbows on the desk and trembling.

II

During their short stay in Baltimore John borrowed five dollars of Susan,

again and yet again; but he took young 'Siah to the zoo, which, Susan explained to Louis, was to make up for 'Siah's recent punishment. After the third loan had been cordially made, Susan discovered that she was short of cash, that Louis's summer clothes were utterly outgrown, that 'Siah's underwear was in need of replenishing, and that she herself needed a thin dress for the hot weather in Matanzas. Well, she and Louis would just have to get along without anything new, unless — Should she speak to Josiah? That twenty-five dollars she had told him would do for their summer clothes. And now she really felt guilty a little, though Josiah always assented to everything and said what was his was hers. Josiah was n't mean; he would n't object, she was sure, and yet perhaps it was different from lending Johnny her own money as she used to. Still, in a way this was her money — it was her thin dress, anyway, and Louis's. Luckily Louis never noticed whether her dresses stopped at her waist or her ankles. But it was n't respectable for 'Siah to go any longer without new underclothes and shirts, and she had enough money on hand for that. But John should have known better than to ask; it takes money for a family — oh, well, he naturally would n't know that. It was good-natured of him to take 'Siah to the zoo and the natural history museum and the big market; she must try to find time to do the same for Louis, though the cargo was pouring in very fast. She smoothed Louis's silky head and hugged her gently.

'You like 'Siah to have a good time, don't you, Louis?'

'I like to have fun, too,' sulked Louis.

'Boys, you know, when they grow up have to work all the time, and it's nice for them to have a good time when they're small.' There was, Louis felt, a

counter to that somewhere, but as she could n't grasp what it was she grunted disagreeably. 'You worked in the carpenter shop all the morning when he was away and we did n't have any lessons, either.'

They had good dispatch in Baltimore and set out with variable light winds. At sea again Susan forgot her lingering grievances; a pleasant group of three, they began *Pendennis*.

'Let's try something else,' proposed Josiah unexpectedly one day.

'Why, I thought you liked it!' Susan laid the book on her lap and stared at him.

'Oh, yes, pretty well,' he nodded. 'But —'

'And John likes this, I think, and I do. Don't you like it, John?'

'Sure. It's great.' He rolled his head, embedded in a red sofa cushion, to rest a speculative eye on the skipper.

'Oh, well — I thought John did n't. I thought he'd gone to sleep over it.'

But John laughed a denial, so *Pendennis* continued to be their literary fare.

One morning Josiah turned out of bed, gave a casual glance at the compass overhead, started, took a step backward, and stared upward again squintingly. The ship was lunging in a strong swell that rolled up from the southward, and Josiah's sudden alertness dragged Susan from her drowsiness.

'Is anything the matter?' she asked in alarm. West Indian hurricanes flitted across her mind.

'Oh, no,' he replied slowly. He dressed without further comment. His deliberation and the recollection that this was not the hurricane season reassured Susan and she dozed again. Remotely she heard Josiah murmur to the steward over the early mug of coffee, dimly she recognized his thuds on the stairs, as if indeed there were no

hurry and nothing to fear. She was almost asleep when low familiar voices spoke outside the starboard windows, Josiah talking softly to John. Could something be wrong after all? She rose on her elbow and looked tensely at the closed shutters, but she could distinguish only an occasional word. *What* was Josiah saying? It sounded like his reprimanding tone.

' . . . Changing the course . . . call me . . . master here . . . change the course . . . to know . . . '

If John had changed the ship's course on his own hook, that would certainly annoy Josiah — men are so difficult, so fussy; what difference would such a trifle make, particularly when it was in the family? She hoped John might not be mad. The voices ceased. Josiah padded down the companionway and a succession of creaks presently proclaimed that he was settling in the big chair; a waft of tobacco and the rustling of stiff paper followed. If he were reading the *Mas-terpieces of Poetry* he was really provoked. Susan rolled over cautiously and leaned a dangerous distance beyond the edge of the bed, the board cutting into her waist like a knife — yes, he had his old red-covered treasure in his hands. She rolled back, rubbing her side.

What had she better do? If she were specially nice to John so that he would not harbor resentment — then, when Josiah had soothed himself with rhymes and had his breakfast and maybe his dinner, she might have a talk with him about being more lenient with John. Were n't men difficult! John should have realized from that other affair that Josiah was inclined to be strict, but John was so amiably competent himself that it would n't occur to him not to take any necessary measures; and evidently, since Josiah had not changed the course back again, it must

have been a suitable manoeuvre. A mate should be allowed to exercise some judgment.

Breakfast racketed with Susan's determined chatter. She insisted that John smoke his after-breakfast pipe in the cabin before turning in, an invitation which Josiah seconded. And the stiffness wore off in an argument as to whether young 'Siah was ready for the high school. Susan held that he knew enough, but was far, far too young; John maintained that age had nothing to do with it, and the younger the better; Josiah listened to one and to the other worriedly, saying nothing, until finally Susan turned to him for reënforcements. 'Is n't he too young, Josiah?'

'What do they do there besides study?' he said almost shyly. 'I don't know anything about high school. In fact, I don't know about any schools practically. I went to sea, you know, when I was thirteen — I was big for my age, as tall as I am now, but not so heavy, o' course.' As he sucked at his pipe his blue eyes probed dreamily into the past; Louis came and pressed against his thigh with athletic Jane hanging head downward between his knees. 'Why, I almost had no schooling at all; I went to district school four winters. I never even realized I was ignorant, either, till I was seventeen, about; in a fo'c'sle you seem all right. Nobody ever bothered about me until, when I got to be second mate, Cap'n Delano took kind of a fancy to me and he and the old woman used to lend me books until I got so I liked to read. Mrs. Delano used to take me sight-seeing in port. She and the Cap'n used to argue like time about those books and it made it exciting. After a while I began to notice she was trying to correct the way I talked, — very carefully, you know, — but I pretended I never guessed what she was doing; she was

such a polite woman that she would n't ever have told me outright where I was wrong even if I asked her to. I was seventeen then, though I was on the articles as twenty-three. They did n't have to be as good to me as they were. One voyage we had a passenger, a young fella related to the managing owner, who was taking a sea voyage for his health. I was awful shy with him for a while. He was a teacher in some high-class boys' school round Boston, and we used to talk about this and that; he was older than I in everything but hard knocks—I'd taken all the advanced courses in those myself. Well, he laid out for me a list of the things boys study in high schools and got me the books some place and I studied them for years, dogwatches and fine weather and so on. I got on pretty well except for that Latin. You folks don't understand, o' course, how hard Latin is. I was encouraged at the outset because the first word I learned to—learned to—now what was the name of that business?

'Decline?' suggested Susan breathlessly, almost in a whisper. Hardly ever did Josiah talk like this; things had to be extracted from him piecemeal. Something had jarred him from his rut.

'Yeah, decline. I learned to decline *nauta*, "sailor"—*nauta*, *nautae*, *nautae*, *nautam*, *nauta*. So I concluded that eventually I should get my teeth in nautical affairs.' He patted Louis's hand. 'But I never ran across anything more maritime than the roses the farmer's daughter gives the sailor in the garden; I never saw a sailor with roses, either. As a matter of fact, I could n't make much sense of the sentences generally; I did n't know grammar,—objects or clauses or predicate nouns or anything,—and at last I hove to. So, o' course all I know of high schools is some of the plain subjects that they

teach there. What else do they do? What has age got to do with it? It seems foolish to me to wait till you're a certain age before you advance. Still I would like to have my Louis go shipmates with me a couple of years more; if we got short of proper lessons I could teach her navigation.' Again he smoothed Louis's hand and sat Jane up primly on his knee. 'It's a great handicap to be ignorant.'

'Of course Louis is much too young. But so is 'Siah.'

'If they know just as much, Louis should go to high school along with 'Siah,' persisted John.

'But that's ridiculous! They'd laugh at Louis. She's only a little girl, two years younger than 'Siah.'

'I don't believe,' John twinkled at Louis, who was listening as if her very life depended on this discussion, 'that one should be penalized for being a little girl.'

'Any more than can be helped,' muttered Josiah.

'Well, who's thinking of such a thing? I just believe they'd both be better off in different classes, considering everything.'

'I'm better in 'rithmetic than he is,' offered Louis excitedly. 'Why could n't I be ahead, then?'

All three regarded her and laughed. Louis blushed. 'I am,' she repeated, and Josiah gave her a hug.

'Why not?' asked John.

'I would n't want anybody to waste a year of schooling.' Josiah's voice was as anxious as if they were not then a thousand miles from any likely school. At that moment the clap-clap, clap-clap of a bell startled John to his feet.

'To be continued,' he said. 'Got to get a little snooze. I did n't have any idea it was so late.' He disappeared.

'We'd better have those lessons,' said Susan. 'Where's 'Siah now? I felt

almost as if we had to decide this minute whether he should go to high school to-morrow morning.' They laughed. 'You had a hard time when you were a boy, Josiah.' All the awkwardness and temper had been talked away and read away and breakfasted away, she was pleased to see.

In a few days everyone tingled with the thrill of nearing land. Soon they might catch sight of a blur on the horizon or of a dark speck at which to strain excited eyes. Josiah shifted from the big chart to one peppered with the islands and lights and buoys and soundings, and, though their position was still well toward the outside edge, it was much more stimulating to be there than on a plain chart of water, water, water.

Josiah had been on deck continuously from eight till noon and later from eight to midnight. John had not visited the after cabin at all; Susan had seen him only at meals, and he had been rather abrupt. Making port was a delicate piece of work, Josiah explained to Susan when she complained of the indefatigability of her men-folk; she, reflecting on his reply, concluded that making the West Indies must be more perilous than other landfalls. The children had been promised a week's vacation from lessons in Matanzas to begin the instant the anchor chain clanked out, and their impatience was tiring. The book, *Pendennis*, had been neglected.

'Let's finish it to-night,' proposed Susan after supper on the day land had been sighted.

'Well, I dunno,' demurred Josiah. 'I'm kind of busy. But why don't you finish it? I can read it myself another time.' As it was the second mate's watch, Josiah was likely to go and come in spite of that reliable young Scot with the three gold teeth.

'That's not much fun.'

'But it's only a chapter or two.'

'Well, I'll see.' She heard the steward clattering in the pantry. 'Oh, steward! Would you mind asking Mr. Richmond if he wants to read awhile?'

The steward came to the doorway, bowing and grinning, a privileged character of several trips' standing; Josiah from time to time was wont to paean his honesty, his cookery, his faithfulness and general virtues. Now his rolling eyes questioned the skipper, who nodded agreement. The steward bustled back from his errand immediately.

'He says he's got a headache, ma'am. He a-lyin' down.'

'Headache! A headache! Is he sick? Josiah, you must take a look at him. No, I'll go myself.'

'I don't believe I would,' remarked her husband. 'I've seen him. He's all right, and if he's lying down I should n't disturb him just now. We've had enough sunshine and chart work to make a man's head ache.'

'Well,' hesitated Susan. Poor John. He should have a cold wet towel on his head; a little drink of weak tea, too, would be refreshing. Josiah vanished up the companionway, a black blot against the darkening sky. The steward's voice came to her faintly. 'Yessir, he sent me hisself.' He must be talking to John. 'Yessir, on deck, sir.'

John lounged to the door, his hair rumpled and his face red. He looked sullen, as if he had not wanted to read, but had felt obliged to come, and he swept a glance about the room before he entered. Susan, remembering the words she had overheard, was hurt.

'Gracious, you don't have to be read to if you don't want to, John! Josiah did n't order you to come. You do look sickish. If your head aches, Johnny,

why don't you lie down on the sofa and let me make you a cup of tea and read to you? Lie the other way, so the light won't torment you.' She hurried into the bathroom, lighted the stove and arranged the kettle, gathered cups and sugar, condensed milk, and the last three crackers; meanwhile John sat on the sofa, rose restlessly, leaned in the bathroom door, tried the big chair, moved back to the sofa. He took the teacup and stirred the sugar moodily, his elbows on his knees. Louis, who was established on the floor with the big dictionary, from which she was copying a flowering plant later to be carved on a cigar-box cover as a present for her mother, had looked up when John entered and was watching him with fascinated round eyes as if she had never seen him before.

'Don't stare, Louis,' rebuked her mother, opening *Pendennis*. Aroused by her words, John turned his head in time to note the astounded expression on the little girl's face, and a burning red surged into his forehead. But Louis turned obediently to her drawing, and Susan took up the story. An hour, two hours, drifted by in the quiet hot cabin. The tale ended. Louis had gone up on the poop. John still leaned his elbows on his knees, chin in hand, and Susan too pondered a few minutes on the history of *Pendennis*.

'Well,' said John with a sigh. 'I guess I am like that.'

'Like what?'

'Why, like *Pendennis*. Did n't you ever think that? It occurred to me at first and then I forgot it until that day — you remember? — when Josiah asked why we did n't read something else. Then I suspected that the old boy thought so, too. I don't see how you could miss it. When I was a boy — I can see it now, though I was used to it then — Mother and you and 'Lizabeth and Julia waited on me and, when there

was any extra money, spent it on me. Why, when we were in high school I used to be ashamed of your clothes! I did n't see why you wore such looking things!' A flush at the reminder of a long-past mortification overspread Susan's face; she had never imagined that anyone but her had minded those clothes. She opened her lips to speak, but John was rushing on. 'When you taught school you gave me money and presents. And Julia did and so did 'Lizabeth. I always thought I borrowed it, but I never paid back a cent. I got suspended from college for gambling, and now I think I would n't feel so worthless if it had been for drunkenness; it does n't cost much to get drunk. I borrowed of you again in New York. If this had been some other ship, do you think I could have got a penny when I'd had a big advance already? I'm a cheap skunk, Susan. All the same, I don't believe it's entirely my fault. I notice you indulge young 'Siah at Louis's expense. So I suppose all women play favorites.' His voice was dreary.

'I favor 'Siah!'

'Gosh, Susan, you don't mean to! Think, for instance, of — well, of Louis's box. And I bet you worked Josiah for this berth for me — when I wrote you I thought you might — and made him get rid of Duffy. The steward and everybody liked Duffy and probably you did, too, until I turned up. No wonder Josiah does n't like me.'

'But he does, Johnny!' she wailed. These things could n't be true that John was saying. 'He said you were smart.'

'Smart!' It was like the bursting of a dam. 'Yes, he told me so yesterday at five o'clock in the morning — he said I was too damn smart. He told me exactly what he thought of me. He asked me if the other skippers had fired me,

and when I told him yes he said he'd fire me, too, when we got back. *Smart!* He said I might, if I ever got a chance, be a good master, but I was a damn poor mate, and he would n't tolerate disobedience or carelessness. He called me a bloodsucker.' His laugh was harsh and forced.

'John! What in the world —'

'Oh, I changed the course again; I'm always doing things like that. I could n't see that it made any difference at all, and it's a bother waiting. I've been in my room ever since, though we agreed not to tell you because you'd be so troubled. So I'm telling you. To tell the truth,' the truth was acid in his mouth, 'I thought I was all right, but I'd made an error in my sight — I almost never do, Susan, so I hardly ever check it over — and if we'd gone on that course I set another two or three hours we'd have been hard aground. He flayed me alive — and I hit him.'

'You *what!*'

'Yes, I did. If he'd wanted to he could ha' killed me, I guess; he's big enough. I've done nothing but mull over things ever since. Anywhere else but here I would have been knocked down and put in irons in the lazaret or somewhere, but you or Mother or Julia or 'Lizabeth have always protected me and you're doing it still. I dare say at this very moment you're thinking that Josiah was too severe.' He did not lift his eyes to see the quiver that twitched across her white face. 'I don't remember another skipper who led a sinner to a place out of earshot before he ripped the hide off — and I ought to be a judge of that.' He laughed loudly and rose. 'I wish I had n't told you. I wish you would n't tell Josiah that I did, Susan — please. I intended — If I only had n't hit him or if he had hit me back —'

Susan tossed and turned all that interminable hot night.

III

Matanzas was a fiery furnace. Every afternoon the heat reached a climax in a few minutes' terrific thunderstorm. Louis was a scarlet spectacle of heat and undiminished energy in her old woolen dress, and — wonderful! — Mama took her to a store and bought her a pongee dress all ready-made that she wore right home; and, getting caught in the shower, the red embroidery ran down in little streaks very prettily, Louis thought, as she made a double chin and cross eyes in the effort to admire the effect on her chest. Moreover, she and 'Siah went ashore every single day with Papa or Mama or both, and every single time they had ices of a different color and flavor. There was no school for a week! And she had a secret with Uncle John, who promised to have her box fixed again another way so that only she and he and the carpenter would know how to open it; she even knew from the carpenter's explanation and picture how it was going to work, though he had n't begun on it yet.

But all nice things have to end, alas, and the morning came when only Papa went ashore. He was sorry, he said, but he had a great deal of business about the sugar cargo to attend to, and he would have to go alone this once; it was the day, too, when the lessons were to be resumed, and he advised having them that morning while he was away.

The usual routine was preserved in his absence. Whenever, full of a haunting anxiety, Susan peered out of doors, she saw John idling on the after hatch, whittling and whistling and full of cheerful talk; he had recovered his spirits in the last day or two. The unfortunate sailors had begun this morning to work on the coal along with the gangs of half-naked negroes, but they

were very slow in the heat. Louis wanted, of course, to go to the carpenter shop, but John told her the carpenter was busy forward and she would have to stay aft, and he distracted her with a long, long story. 'Siah, who tried to sneak past and even got as far as the galley, was discovered and haled back by a sailor; and John shook him thoroughly in an unexpected white fury and ordered him peremptorily to remain on the poop.

It was dull on the poop; no one came aft to scrub or hose off the black dust and it was quite unfit to sit on. Susan, noticing its condition, wondered if it would have continued like that with Josiah aboard; but, after all, the men were working the coal. Even the second mate was invisible, bossing the gangs down in the hold, John said, where, he added, it was a lot hotter, though not so glaring. Susan herself preferred the hot stuffy gloom of the cabin to the deck.

Josiah returned just before dinner. She heard his voice in low conversation with John outside, and then he came in, very serious, fumbling in his pocket.

'I've brought some bad news, Susan,' he said directly, handing her a crumpled telegram. 'Your mother's very ill, it says, and they want you to come home if you can. So I engaged your passage on that steamer over there that's sailing at three, you and the children. I thought you'd want to go.'

Susan gazed at the terrible message. Yes, that was what it said. She must go and see her mother before she died. 'How long will it take?'

'Three or four days to New York, I suppose, and then a day on the train. I told John to get the big trunk up.'

It was thrilling for the children. Susan packed efficiently and Josiah got underfoot, bringing shoes and things and some presents he had bought for

good-bye gifts that very morning — a pretty water color of the Havana Cathedral for Louis, two great old Spanish silver spoons for Susan, and a wicked West Indian cutlass-thing for 'Siah. But Susan was hardly aware of the presents for her busyness and her sad thoughts. Johnny made little visits, would stand around helplessly, assure her foolishly that their mother might be well by the time she arrived, and presently hurry out again to sit on the hatch and smoke nervously. Then it was time to get in the boat. The steward shook hands all round and Louis displayed in his honor her talent for weeping on beloved stomachs, and she made a scene, furthermore, because the carpenter was n't there and did n't come to say good-bye to her, and she had to be restrained forcibly from seeking him out. John hugged the children and Susan. The sailors, so covered with coal dust by now that they could be distinguished from the negroes only by the completeness of their raiment, waved from a distance and smiled; Susan, in a dim, hurried way, felt wounded because not one came to shake her hand or the children's. But the whole affair of departure was very vague and unexpected. At the foot of the gangway bobbed a strange boat with the big trunk perched in the bow and two great black men to row — not even the ship's boat or sailors. John stood by the ladder waving his hat, and suddenly the crew lined the rail in apparent defiance of discipline and labor, flourishing caps and arms. The carpenter bounded from his shop and Louis sprang up in the tossing boat and waved more wildly still. At the steamer Josiah kissed them all and hugged each one long and tightly, and then he too faded from their sight, standing lonely on the wharf.

Their rooms were directly over the engines, and as the sea was rough, and

they were not accustomed to the perpetual jiggle-jiggle-jiggle of machinery or the smell of hot oil, the whole family forthwith fell sick and occupied those shuddering berths the entire way to New York.

With a pale and shaken brood behind her, Susan waited her turn before the doctor at quarantine. The ship's doctor was there also, chatting with a passenger, an acquaintance evidently, just ahead of her. 'Yeah,' he was saying, 'we're looking them over carefully, particularly in the steerage. Yellow jack had a good start down by the waterfront when we left. There were two-three cases on those ships you could see as we came out. Not likely to be any in this crowd, of course.' Susan grew slowly cold. On those ships, he said. That opportune telegram. The sailors had n't come near them. Those presents from Josiah. The earnest way Josiah had said good-bye, which she thought was sympathy. Josiah standing on the wharf alone. ...

She was going back to Matanzas.

It was her turn. The doctor was not communicative, and neither was Susan. Louis, agog with interest, put her head under her mother's arm. Yes, they felt all right. They had all three been terribly seasick, though — the engine shook so and they were n't used to steamers. They had been in Matanzas a couple of weeks. They had stopped at the Reina Hotel. Louis gave a start under Susan's arm and was strangled mercilessly. The children had no temperatures; they felt all right now. The doctor was forced to grin at the absurd fat Louis, who hung her head when he said Louis was a boy's name; it always teased her when people were surprised at her name. Susan trembled lest Louis blurt out her whole queer name with its flavor of the far seas — and oh, were n't the children just dreadfully tanned!

'You look pretty healthy, Louis,'

said the doctor. 'How did you like Matanzas?' Susan held her breath again. Would this man never finish?

Louis raised her bashful eyes and smiled sheepishly. 'I liked it.' Then, with enthusiasm, 'I had a different kind of ice cream every day!' she announced. The doctor shouted. Susan said a prayer of thanks that that fatal word 'ashore' had so fortunately been omitted in Louis's brief speech. They were through.

Limply Susan escaped from the boat to the dock; she hustled the children into a cab and directed it to 18 Pearl Street, mapping out a swift campaign as they jolted along. She would leave the children at the broker's, find Cousin Lida, have her take the children down home, buy the three tickets for them, see them off if she had time, catch the next steamer herself. She must n't forget to reassert the hand baggage. It was no matter about the trunk; it could go down home.

A steamer left that evening with Susan on board.

An accident to the steamer's vital parts made it a couple of days late in arriving. Susan was frantic. Josiah — who cooked up that scheme to get her and the children out of harm's way — Josiah would take care of John, but who was taking care of Josiah? Josiah was the kind of man to watch over other people, but — The steward might look after Josiah; but, though he was a faithful, good steward, he was only a poor ignorant colored man. Oh, if only Mr. Duffy were there!

She rushed from the steamer to the familiar landing place. There was the bark; yes, and there was the yellow flag. A negro man was dawdling in a boat; she beckoned him and he came lazily. In a trice she was in his boat. She pointed to the bark. 'Buque!' she cried. 'Pronto, pronto!' All the Spanish she knew was all she needed.

The negro shrugged and commenced a lengthy tale of which she did not understand a word, and she continued to point and 'pronto' until at last he shrugged again and began to pull on those sluggish oars. He grinned at her amiably, however, and, tossing his head back over his shoulder toward their goal, 'Muertos,' he observed concisely. The stark word, uncluttered with verbs, prepositions, ejaculations, adjectives, and polite phrases, sounded what it was; a white-faced woman impressed a third word forever on her memory. 'Buque, pronto, muertos; buque, pronto, muertos; muertos.' Dead men.

But the coal was still being delicately removed by the glistening negroes; there was not a white face to be seen, not one. As the boat crunched on the gangway she sprang to the grating, dropping a careless bill in the boatman's palm. Another black face rose above the rail, a face that became a mottled gray at sight of her, a welcome face. She reached him and clutched his shaking arm.

'Ma'am! How come —'

'The captain, steward! Where is the captain?'

'Oh, ma'am,' he gasped. 'He's sick. Everybody most's died here. The mate die, the second mate die, the carpenter, he die too — five men dies; I got four in the hospital now. Them two men gittin' well,' he waved an arm at two pallid exhibits on the after hatch.

'Where is he, steward? I must go to him.'

'Yes'm. Yes'm. Now you here again you might's well go. This minute I jus' make my 'rangements.' He shouted at the departing boatman to return. He vanished in the cabin, whence he emerged without his apron and with his coat on and his hat in his hand. He locked the cabin door and bade the tottery seamen, who were trying to grin at Susan and still not look at her

ghastly face, to keep on the watch like hawks.

'Like canary birds,' retorted one, 'that's us.'

'Step careful, ma'am. The cap'n, when he went ashore the last time, he lef' me in charge. He says, "I trust you, steward." I tend to everything. The cap'n — yes'm, very sick, but I think he's goin' to git well. He done never lef' Mr. Richmond, ma'am, all the time Mr. Richmond was sick. He puts him in a clean house — hospital all full — and hires him two nursery men and he never leaves him hardly; he watches them nursery scalawags constant to see they did n't forgit nothin' the doctor tol' 'em. Yes, ma'am. But Mr. Richmond's only sick three-four days and he — he dies.' The steward turned his eyes away to the sea hurriedly, but Susan was n't crying at all, just sitting very erect and pale. 'Then the cap'n he sees to the buryin' and he comes off to the ship and he looks round and finds everybody's gone but me and Frenchy, so he locks up and gives me all the keys; he puts me in charge, he says. He felt very sick then himself and he's goin' back ashore to where he tol' them nurseries to wait for him. He instructed me to cook good cabin food for the men if they comes back from the hospital and then he goes down inter the boat again, ma'am.' The steward's voice trembled.

'I been ashore every day to see him,' pleaded the steward, as if Susan's icy composure accused him. 'I got a friend ashore that speaks English very influential and I puts her in that house to watch them lazy nursery men. The black folks don't git yellow jack, ma'am. I go ashore when I can leave my responsibilities. I think the cap'n's goin' to git well, I do.' The flood of talk faltered as the boat ground against rickety steps. 'Here, ma'am, careful.'

'Will he know me?'

'I reckon so. He's awake all the time. It ain't far now.'

Josiah, recognizing Susan, thought she was a dream; was n't she in Maine by now? But she would hardly have known him with his sad face and that hideous drawn smile on his mouth. She put her hand against his bristly cheek and said, 'Josiah,' and he knew then she was real and miraculously not in Maine at all. The swollen scarlet tongue clogged his whole mouth, but he essayed to whisper thickly, painfully. 'Th-yon. Th-yon. . . . Yon,' he achieved, and tears ran from the corners of his eyes back into his hair. 'Yes, yes, Josiah,' she murmured, 'don't worry about it, dear.' There were red specks like blood on the pillow. The room was full of the reek of vomit and of brandy. It needed to be cleaned.

At dusk the steward insisted on fetching Susan back to the ship; and, as Josiah seemed unmistakably better, she docilely resigned herself to the steward's direction. After supper he showed her the skipper's gold watch, which he had taken away one day, fearing for its safety; he had locked it in a drawer in the desk. The steward left her fondling the smooth shining thing, but soon he was hovering in the doorway again with a carved wooden box in his hand.

'Mr. Richmond was took after the carpenter, ma'am. He tol' me how to open this-here box in case Miss Louis forgot how, and he and the carpenter should n't git well. He said the carpenter put inside a little gif' for Louis and he put one in, too. You open thisaway, ma'am. One little turn to here on this one, and a little turn to here on this one, and you pushes the middle one over and uppish. Then she comes off.' He lifted the cover. They both peered interestedly inside. Within, on top, there was a neat chamois roll containing in pockets a set of marvelous tiny carving tools; a paper pinned to it said, in a slanting foreign handwriting, 'Louis from her freund the cappinter.' Under the tools was a very small parcel in a square of white letter paper, inscribed, 'Louis, from Uncle John' — a bright new twenty-dollar gold piece. Tears began to crowd Susan's throat and eyes, and one dripped on to the coin.

'I heard Mr. Richmond ask the carpenter to carve her name on the box, too. He wrote the letters all out nice for the carpenter, who could n't spell English very good. See there, ma'am.' The steward, radiant with his importance, held down the lid; in an oval around the knobs the letters ran — LOUIS MAURITIUS PENNELL, HER BOX.

ELEPHANTS

BY F. J. DEFOSSE

I

ELEPHANTS are found nearly everywhere in Indo-China except in Tonking. They are similar to the Indian elephants, and although they have been divided into several subspecies, on very slender ground, they all belong to the same race: *Elephas maximus*.

Not so tall as their African cousins, but very nearly as big, they differ from the latter by a good number of points. Their ears are much smaller and differently shaped. Their trunk is absolutely flexible and not made of numerous segments, but rather like a big rubber tube with only one fingerlike process at the tip. Their back is convex from the shoulders to the root of the tail and their forehead is slightly concave. Also the brain capacity is larger than in the African species, thus making the head shot far more deadly. An Asiatic elephant charging is easily stopped with a bullet in the forehead. To my mind, the elephant deserves the name of King of Beasts more than does the lion or the tiger. He fears only man, and that not always. He is the unchallenged master of the jungle and, confident in his enormous strength, leads among its denizens a peaceful existence, fearing none and attacking none.

As a rule the elephants spend the day in the shade of the thick jungle, coming out in the evening to feed in the clearings of tall grass and sometimes in the native plantations. In the morning they walk slowly back to the jungle and

keep going until about ten o'clock, when they stop and rest. Some of them may lie down, mostly the young ones, but the old ones doze standing on their big pillars or leaning against a tree, lazily flapping their ears. After a few hours' rest they walk about, breaking a branch here, digging up a root there, or picking some fruits they are fond of, then rest again, and toward the end of the afternoon stroll slowly back to the clearing. In dull weather they may stay out in the open all day, and even in the dry season I have occasionally seen small herds standing still in the middle of the Lagna plains at the hottest time of the day. Now and then they would go down to a pool, throw water over their backs, then come out and stand still again under the broiling sun.

The small herds include only females and young animals, usually from five or six to twelve or fifteen individuals. Bigger herds may have one or two bulls nearly full grown, while very large herds, a hundred or more, are sure to contain a few big bulls with good tusks. Old bulls are solitary and are found sometimes at a great distance from any herd. Two of these patriarchs may go about together.

Very large herds are seldom found. They usually are just a temporary collecting of small troops and they break up again after a few days.

I once saw a great gathering of elephants. They were moving in a big

front line nearly a mile wide. I counted one hundred and twenty different trails, and most of them had been made by several elephants walking in Indian file. I cannot estimate the exact number of animals, but that herd numbered certainly more than two hundred. However, the next day they had broken up into small bands and scattered in every direction.

The most common herds met with number between thirty and fifty animals. And even these are separated into small family groups, walking in the same direction, some distance apart. In case of alarm, they all gather together to escape.

Of all big game the elephant is the easiest to approach if the wind is right. His sense of smell is extremely keen, while his sight is rather poor. His sense of hearing is fairly good, but as a rule a herd makes so much noise that he does not pay any attention to the slight sound the hunter may make. On the other hand, a solitary elephant, if not feeding, will hear the sportsman if the latter is not very careful. In the open, an elephant seems to be able to detect a moving man up to about three hundred yards. Beyond that distance he does not pay any attention to moving objects.

Even after scenting man, the elephant does not always run away. He will stand still with his trunk aloft, very often letting out a low rumbling noise at the same time. The hunter must then stay perfectly motionless and wait. If the animal does not catch any more tainted air, he will regain confidence and start feeding again. If, on the contrary, he gets the scent a second time, he will run away with a scream or a roar, taking all the others with him.

With a few precautions one can easily approach him at a very close range. In the forest the hunter must

approach with circumspection, not forgetting to look right and left. Although a large animal, an elephant is hard to see in thick jungle. Of course, when getting close to a herd, one hears, here and there, animals betraying their presence by the breaking of branches, the never-ceasing flapping of the ears, and the intestinal rumblings; but there are also some elephants standing motionless, resting or dozing, and one becomes aware of their presence when only a few paces away. Once I was following a herd in very thick stuff. I could hear the animals at about fifty yards ahead of me, but could hardly see one yard in front. I had to crawl through the soft vegetation, brushing it aside with my hands, and this was only possible where the elephants had already passed. Suddenly I heard a slight noise very close and, looking up, caught sight of a black object waving to and fro about two feet from my face. It was the tail of an elephant who had stayed behind the others and was standing quite still. I stepped back as carefully as I could and that elephant never suspected that a human being had walked within two feet of his rear end.

II

When I first left the army on pioneer leave I was put in charge of a small lumber camp in the An Loc territory. It was then a splendid big-game country. Elephants, sladang, and bantings were very plentiful, and quite a few rhinoceroses were also to be found. Now the place has been given over to extensive rubber plantations, and the game is gone. But twenty-three years ago it was a true hunter's paradise. I became very anxious to hunt the big beasts, and had plenty of opportunities; or rather, the opportunities were forced on me. My work took me through the jungle in search of valuable trees in

every direction. Almost daily I crossed elephants' trails and very often I heard the animals quite close. However, I had no rifle with which to tackle them, and I was forced to leave them alone and sometimes to make a detour to avoid running into them. Incidentally this going about in the jungle taught me to find my way under any condition as nothing else could have done. The thing to do was to get a proper rifle. I remember that once — I still shudder when I think of it — I followed a rhinoceros in thick jungle with a single-barrel sixteen-bore shotgun loaded with a round lead ball. Luckily I did not find the rhino.

At that time, elephant hunters in Indo-China used an eight-bore rifle with an enormous charge of black powder and a heavy conical lead ball with a sharp steel point, but the price of such a gun was prohibitive for me at the time. Then I met a forest ranger who had killed several elephants with a magazine Winchester, using the .30 U. S. A. ammunition, and this fact gave me the idea of getting a French military rifle. I finally succeeded in securing one and I started on elephant and rhino shooting.

Of course I did not know much about tracking yet, but I had in my employ an Annamite who was a born tracker, a sort of human hound. He had never hunted game before, but he had been employed in the Cochin China rural police to track down cattle thieves, and when put after game he took to it like a duck to water. He had been dismissed from the police force for letting cattle lifters escape for a consideration, but all the same he was a splendid trailer and I learned much from him. The first time we went after elephants we did not find any fresh tracks, only two- or three-day-old ones. Nevertheless we followed those on the chance of finding a fresher trail crossing them.

We did not see any and when night came we camped where we were. The next morning we went on and at about eight o'clock came on a much fresher trail. Apparently the elephants were moving very slowly, feeding as they went. Grass and branches were strewn everywhere, roots had been dug up and chewed, young trees had been stripped of their bark, and droppings were plentiful, a sure sign of slow moving.

At nine o'clock we heard them in front of us. They were feeding at the edge of a large clearing of tall grass. The wind being right, we crept up straight toward them. Right in front of me, about thirty yards away, some bushes were moving violently. Getting nearer, I saw through the intervening foliage a large bull elephant with gleaming tusks. He was pulling down a bunch of rattan vines. This was the first elephant I had ever seen in a wild state, although I had heard them often, and I was a bit excited. Instead of waiting to have a clear view of the animal, I fired at what I could see of his head and, to my disappointment and disgust, he wheeled round and was immediately engulfed in the tall grass. Then pandemonium broke loose in that clearing. The rest of the herd, roaring and trumpeting, rushed about this way and that in the ten-foot-tall reeds. I could not see anything, but just stood there tense and ready.

Finally the noise decreased as the huge beasts got to the opposite side of the clearing and out into the forest beyond. I thought they were all gone, when suddenly a big cow with a half-grown calf came out of the grass, heading straight toward me. I shot her in the forehead and she went down dead in her tracks. The calf stopped by her side, screaming; another bullet through the head quieted it forever. This was my first elephant hunt and, although disappointed at not getting the bull, I

was very well pleased. It also showed that my rifle was all right for elephants if the bullet was placed in the right spot.

It was about fifteen days later that I had my first exciting adventure with elephants. Early one morning I had started with my Annamite tracker and a coolie carrying food and water. We had not seen any fresh signs when, passing near a swamp, we heard some trumpeting not over two hundred yards away. We immediately went toward the spot, but the animals got our wind and ran off. As it was only seven in the morning we decided to follow them on the chance that they would stop sometime in the day, since I did not think they had been badly scared.

Outside the swamp, they had all come together and started in Indian file. They were going south and apparently at a quick walk. They did not stop anywhere to feed, but kept straight on through all kinds of ground, tall timber, thick, thorny jungle, reedy swamps where their big feet made nasty pitfalls hidden under the dark water, and, occasionally, small patches of bamboos or tall grass. Nothing can teach a man to know the jungle like elephant hunting. At about noon we crossed the railroad and then followed on through very much the same kind of country. It seemed that they would never stop and I was for giving up, as we were walking certainly much more slowly than the elephants were. But the tracker seemed confident. At about three in the afternoon we came to a spot where they had stopped to feed, and the abundance of signs, torn grass, broken branches, dug-up roots, showed that they had stayed there quite a while. They had then moved on slowly, feeding as they went, and the droppings were still warm. The forest was not thick, and we hoped to get a good chance of a clear shot. But

we were to be disappointed, as the animals got into a great patch of nasty interlaced thorns many acres in extent. These thorns are called by the natives 'cat claws,' and it is a good name for them. Although not quite so bad as the wait-a-bit thorns, they are so leafy and so twisted together that a man can move only where an elephant has broken a trail, and even there is unable to see five yards ahead.

After all our day's work we did not want to give up when apparently within reach of our quarry, and we followed on through one of the worst kinds of bush to be found in Indo-China. The elephants had been feeding on the soft tips of the thorns, and their trails crisscrossed in every direction. Now and then we would hear some of them in front of us, at other times on our right, then on our left, but we had to stick to the tracks, as any other way of approach was impossible. We had been for about half an hour in that thick stuff when suddenly there was a great commotion ahead of us, and a mass of huge gray beasts, seen only dimly through the foliage, came running back over the trail we were on. I tried to get out of the way by jumping to the right; but the bush was too thick and I fell on my back. I had my finger on the trigger, and as I fell my gun went off. At the sound of the shot the elephants turned back and crashed away, except the big cow that had been in front. This one was standing right over me and her left hind foot was on my right foot. She seemed absolutely nonplused, her trunk hanging down, her ears spread, quite motionless. Lying on my back, I fired eight shots into her belly. It was lucky that I was using a short rifle that day. As it was, the muzzle of the gun was so close to the body of the animal that there was a circle of skin burned by the powder one

inch in diameter round every bullet hole. My Annamite tracker had jumped to the left and I could see him kneeling and firing with my Savage .303 at the elephant's head. I shouted to him: 'Don't fire at her head! She'll fall on me!' Finally the elephant slowly turned round to her right, and in doing so freed my foot. I jumped up and, as she was going off, fired a ninth shot behind her ear, and she went down for good.

I felt a great relief and breathed freely. Of course those elephants were not charging, merely stampeding, and the one that stood over me never seemed to realize the situation. But if the Annamite had killed her when he was firing at her head she would have crushed me with her fall. And when she at last turned to go, if she had turned to her left instead of to her right, she probably would have stepped on me. As it was, I escaped with only the upper part of my foot bruised and slightly skinned, thanks to my heavy military boots. All the same, it was an experience I do not wish to repeat.

We were standing over our victim when, not fifty yards away, an elephant roared. I thought at first that the rest of the herd was coming back, but as the roars kept on always at the same spot I crept toward the sound and found a small calf, not over three feet tall, yelling for all he was worth. The volume of noise these little fellows can make is astonishing. This one evidently belonged to the cow I had just killed, and, being left behind by the rest of the herd, was lost and letting the jungle know it. This youngster was too small to fare for himself and I shot him.

The next day I came back with a lot of men to cut up the elephants. On approaching the carcass of the cow, we found that some tigers had eaten her whole trunk. As for the calf, it

had been completely devoured. What would have happened to me if I had been pinned down to the ground by the elephant's fall!

III

The Moïs have a number of superstitious beliefs about the elephants, as they have about other animals. They will seldom give any information to hunters, as they are afraid that the big beasts will take revenge on them by destroying their crops or pulling down their houses. But sometimes their patience is pushed a bit too far.

One day an old Moï came to my house to see me. His two rice fields had been ruined by elephants and he had come to ask my help, as they kept coming every night. For four days this had been going on. 'Why did you not come before?' I asked, and this is the explanation he gave me. The first day that the beasts came into his fields, he offered prayers and sacrificed a chicken to the forest gods, but the next night the elephants returned. Then he offered a goat and more prayers, but to no avail; the elephants still came. He then called the witch doctor to sacrifice a pig and offer prayers, supplemented with a gallon of rice alcohol. The witch doctor got gloriously drunk, so there is no doubt that the alcohol was good and the gods ought to have been pleased, but the elephants refused to listen to reason and came again a third night. So in desperation the old Moï went down to his ruined fields and, standing in the middle and facing the way they had departed through the jungle, solemnly notified them that he was going to get a white man with a gun and that he was not responsible for any mishap that might befall them. And that is how he came to visit me.

His house was about seven miles

away from mine and, as it was already two in the afternoon, I immediately followed him there. His fields were not near his house, but in the jungle, about one mile farther. Toward evening he took me down there to have a look. The two fields were utterly ruined. What the elephants had not eaten they had trampled, and it was hard to realize that rice had ever grown in the place. Round the fields there were some banana trees, and most of these had been torn down and chewed. I had grave doubts about the elephants coming back again. There was nothing for them to come for. But that night, as I was lying in the Moi's house, I heard them trumpeting.

Early next morning the old Moi and I were on our way. There were no fresh signs in the fields and we pushed on through a large bamboo belt. There we found fresh tracks. They led us to a muddy pool where the elephants had been wallowing. They had then started toward a small conical hill. We followed. The animals, forcing their way through the bushes, had left fresh mud on all the twigs and leaves and we were soon as muddy as they were. I had to be careful not to let any mud get into the mechanism of my rifle. At the foot of the hill the herd had separated into two bunches, one group going round the base, the other one going straight up. We decided to follow the latter. After one hour of hard climbing we finally reached the top. There we found a small crater, about fifty yards in diameter, surrounded by a steep wall of rocks twenty feet high. This wall was broken in two places, thus forming an entrance and an exit. Inside the crater were some tall trees and some small underbrush, not very thick. Four elephants were there, resting or lazily pulling at branches. The nearest one

was shaking a small tree, apparently in fun, for he could have broken it easily. Climbing up on a rock, I killed him with a bullet in his ear. The other ones started running in a circle, trying to find a way out. A big female passed broadside near me and I fired twice in her shoulder, but she kept on, followed by the other ones, and went out through the exit at the other side of the crater.

After making sure that the first one shot was really dead, we followed the wounded one. We soon found blood, — a little at first, then a continuous stream, — and after a hundred yards or so I caught sight of her lying on her side, dead. As we were slowly approaching her there was a scream, and a young bull came out of the brush beyond the dead cow. I slipped behind a rock and the Moi went up a tree like a monkey. The bull had stopped near the carcass and was looking around. I shot him through the head and he went down, stone-dead. When he fell, one of his tusks pierced his trunk right through. The old Moi was well pleased — he had had his revenge. The next morning about a hundred savages, men, women, and children, followed by a host of yellow dogs, were on the spot to cut up the elephants, and they spent several days drying the meat. I took only the feet and the tusks.

Elephants seldom charge without provocation. Even when wounded they usually go off, and it is in the process of following up that the danger comes. When shooting in the open, after killing one or two, the hunter may be attacked by some other members of the herd. That is because they see him and realize what is happening. Also, a female with a young calf may charge if she thinks her offspring is in danger. Often, when stalking elephants, the hunter comes on some calves playing

on the outskirts of the herd. If he is seen by one of them, the little fellow may get scared and scream. Then, of course, mamma will come at once to inquire and will attack the intruder if she can spot him. I have never heard of a rogue elephant in Indo-China.

One should never rush out after the shot. Not only may the animal be simply stunned, but some other elephant may see one and charge. A single shot does not scare the elephants badly, and often they mill around for a while or come to look at the fallen one. Several shots in the air may be needed to drive them off.

While hunting in the Gia-Huynh country, early one morning we caught sight of a herd of elephants passing on top of a grassy knoll in Indian file, nearly one mile away. The country is formed of rolling plains interspersed with small woods, and a large forest lies to the west of it. There were seventeen of the huge beasts, not counting the small calves, and the four last ones were bulls. They were moving toward the forest and we tried to head them off, but we were too late. I decided to follow them. It was hard tracking; the ground was very dry, covered with a thick layer of dead leaves, and it was not until one in the afternoon that we caught up with them. The underbrush was not thick and there were no thorns, so stalking was not difficult. I finally caught sight of one of the bulls and I managed to creep up to within thirty yards of him. I was getting ready to shoot when the Annamite tracker touched me on the back and whispered that he could see another bull to our left. Looking where he pointed, I could see an elephant partly hidden by some foliage, but could not distinguish any tusks. As he insisted that the animal was a male, I said, 'All right; you shoot him at the same moment I shoot the one that is in

front of me.' We fired practically at the same time and both elephants dropped.

Excited at having killed an elephant all by himself, the tracker rushed toward his victim, shouting, 'It is dead! It is dead!' But suddenly the animal got on its feet. It was a female, and with a scream it charged the man. He turned and fled toward me with the infuriated cow close behind him, her trunk extended ready to grab him. I had stayed behind the tree from where I had killed my bull. Turning round, I immediately fired at the coming cow, who pitched forward, dead, with a bullet through her forehead. As she fell, the Annamite caught his foot in a creeper and fell at the same time, and there he lay with the elephant's trunk across his legs. But except for a bad fright he was unhurt.

At night elephants, like many other animals, are much bolder than in the daytime. Very often, when they come in to feed on the crops, they refuse to be driven out by shouts, the beating of tom-toms, firing of firecrackers, and so forth. Curiously enough, one or two shots from a gun will make them move when firecrackers have little or no effect.

Only last year a herd of elephants came after dark into a rice field guarded by two Annamites, who were on a platform or machan. These two men yelled and beat on empty kerosene cans, but the animals did not pay the slightest attention to them. Finally, in desperation, one of the guardians picked a bunch of straw from the roof over the platform, tied it to a long pole, set fire to it, and started after the elephants. That made them move away. The Annamite was making his way back to the platform when an old cow that had not followed the herd, but had remained motionless in the field, caught him and trampled him to

death. After killing him, she slowly followed the others into the jungle.

A man killed by an elephant is not a nice sight. The body is trampled out of all recognition, and the identity of the victim can be guessed at only by what remains of his clothes, or by his gun if he had one.

IV

I have already said that big bulls are solitary. But only very old ones are really so and never join any herd. The ordinary adult bulls usually feed by themselves, but join the cows occasionally. They may stay with the herds for a few days or just pass through.

I once killed an old bull which happened to die in a curious fashion. We had picked up his trail early one morning. After following for over two hours we ran upon a herd of cows standing in tall timber with no underbrush, so that they were easy to see. Although the bull's tracks had led right up to the cows, he was nowhere in sight. We circled round at a distance and finally picked up his trail again, going away north. Leaving the cows behind, we followed him and, after a few hours more of walking, found him in a small stream, drinking. He was just turning to retrace his steps when I fired, aiming at his head. He rushed forward blindly; I fired again and he stopped, standing absolutely still; I shot three times more and yet he did not fall or make the slightest movement. It was like firing at a rock. I crept nearer and then understood what was the matter. His head was drooping and a stream of blood was flowing from his trunk; his eyes were shut. But his body was firmly wedged between two trees growing three or four feet apart. He was quite dead, but could not fall. In his blind rush he had catapulted between

those trees without seeing them, just at the time my second bullet reached him. The three other shots had been quite useless.

When getting close to a herd of elephants, if it is too thick to see the animals plainly enough to pick a good one, it is sometimes advisable to circle and get ahead of them, take a stand in a better spot, and let them come up as they feed — always provided the wind is right.

It is prudent to hide behind a stout tree, because the elephants are apt to stampede right ahead after the first shot. Besides the risk of being run over, the stampede may degenerate into a real charge from one or two members of the herd if the hunter is seen or scented.

Three years ago I was camping in the rolling country north of Gia-Huynh with a Belgian sportsman. One morning at five o'clock we were having our breakfast when the silence of the jungle was broken by a loud trumpeting close by. Going to the tent door, we saw dimly in the early light of dawn about a dozen large gray shapes stalking majestically across the small plain in front of the camp. They were walking toward a small wood half a mile away. By the other side of that wood there was another clearing, at the end of which the real forest began. Evidently the elephants were going to spend the day there. Thinking that they might loiter a little while in the small wood before crossing the last open space, we started immediately and, circling quickly round, got beyond the small wood and took our stand near the edge of the forest behind a large solitary tree. We were hardly there when the elephants came out of the wood.

They were in two groups, walking very leisurely a few paces at a time, then stopping, balancing their trunks, flapping their ears against their necks,

and moving a few paces more. The group to the left was composed of three full-grown cows and five or six half-grown youngsters. I did not see any small calves. In the right group were two huge old cows and a young bull. They were all headed for our tree, suspecting nothing. The Belgian was watching out at the right side of the tree; I was at the left. When the elephants were at about eighty yards from us, the right group stopped, but the other ones came on quicker. I told my companion to shoot the bigger cow in the farther bunch and I prepared to take care of the nearer bunch in case of necessity. At the shot the old cow crumpled down, stone-dead. Then the nearer group came on straight toward us at a quick shuffle. With four shots I stopped the three large ones, and the rest swerved to the left and ran.

From his side of the tree the Belgian was firing away, I could not see at what. Getting behind him, I looked over his shoulder. Near the first cow he had shot, another one, nearly as large, was standing, ears spread, waving her trunk smartly from side to side. My companion stepped out of the shelter of the tree to get a better aim. The cow saw him and immediately charged full speed, her trunk held forward horizontally. 'Run and hide in the bushes to your right!' I yelled to the Belgian. I fired at the coming animal, but the bullet struck too low beneath the forehead and did not even check her advance. I had no cartridge left in my rifle, so I too ran, dodging at right angles, with the elephant not five yards away. But she was going so fast that she passed on and it was not until she had run straight on for thirty yards more that she began to turn ponderously in my direction. While running I had thrown a few cartridges in the magazine and now I turned to fire, but before I could press the trigger a rifle

shot rang out from behind a bush nearby and the elephant fell forward, dead. My companion had stopped her.

The three elephants I had shot were lying on their sides; the two killed by the Belgian were dead in a kneeling position. Often elephants and rhinos die that way, and it takes a lot of hard work to turn them over for the cutting-up process.

One month later very much the same experience happened to me, not one mile from that very spot. A herd of over fifty elephants had taken its quarters in the large forest already mentioned. Every night they would come out to feed in the open, and every morning they would go back to the shelter of the thick jungle. I had seen them once just as they were filing in one morning, but too far to shoot. Several of them were bulls with good ivory.

For four days I waited for them to come out in the evening or tried to head them off in the morning. But I was always too late. Finally, the fifth day, at five in the afternoon, I espied five of them just out of the jungle and feeding in a small clearing. Four of them were bulls, two large ones and two half-grown. Keeping within the edge of the jungle, I got between them and their line of retreat. I knew that as soon as I started firing they would face back to the forest and possibly pass right over the spot where I stood. But those bulls were very tempting, and I decided to take the risks.

The farthest one had the finest tusks. He was standing broadside at about a hundred yards, plucking some grass. Kneeling on a small ant hill, I fired at his ear; he lurched forward and nearly fell, but righted himself, and I had to fire another shot to kill him. The other ones immediately raced back straight toward me. I stopped two more bulls in succession, but the two

remaining animals never swerved or slackened their pace, and they were now so close that I had to dodge. I ran across a small sandy glade and the elephants crashed into the jungle. I was in the act of reloading my rifle when the boy who was with me said, 'Look out! One is coming.' The only female of the bunch, instead of going on into the forest, had stopped, after seeing me run, and now she was coming at me full speed. But she had no chance; she was crossing that sandy place where no bushes were in the way, and when she was not more than ten yards from me I sent a bullet through her forehead which stopped her dead in her tracks. The last bull escaped.

Elephants in Indo-China have a curious habit which I have never heard reported by any other hunters from either India or Africa. They often come back to the spot where some of them have been killed and visit the dead ones. This may happen the next day, but more often a few days later. This visit is always made at night, and, as is shown by the numerous signs, such as tracks, grass trampled down, and the quantity of droppings, they stay a fairly long time. Very often a carcass will be moved for a few yards. After several days in the hot sun a dead elephant is not pleasant to look at and the stench is awful. Yet the elephants do not seem to be afraid to touch such a carrion.

The five animals shot by the Belgian and myself were visited for three nights in succession, and three of the carcasses were moved. The blinds we had

built there to stalk tigers were torn to pieces.

In the dry season, when the supply of free water gives out, the elephants dig wells in the dry stream beds. There may be a few pools left along the course of the river, but the water there is generally blackish brown, full of dead leaves and twigs, and, although used by other animals, the elephants will not touch it. They will dig in the sand near by, and so obtain a good clear supply. They never use the same wells twice, but make new ones every night, and by the end of the dry season the river beds look like an endless succession of pitfalls.

The extermination of the elephants in Indo-China is not likely to occur for a very long time. The unsettled areas are enormous, and the natives do not molest the elephants. Moreover, their ivory, although of good quality, is very light compared with that obtainable in Africa. A pair of good tusks seldom reaches fifty pounds, and the females have none, or only small, valueless stumps. Consequently no man could make a living there as an ivory hunter. The elephants are shot for sport or for tiger baits, and that in a very limited number. Of course, when they grow so bold as to be a nuisance to the plantations or a danger to human life in a particular district, their destruction becomes a necessity. But they quickly learn their lesson and move out of a country where they are molested too much.

The big giants are secure for a great number of generations to come.

LUCIFER

BY ROSALIE HICKLER

RAIN has ceased and the dusk is chill,
But a high, sweet wind blows from the hill
Where sun has set, but the red glows still.

Noiseless tread and voice at my side,
Sure and strange as the creeping tide,
‘Why do you walk when paupers ride?’

His eyes are brighter than stars at play:
Pity me that I turn away
Who might be striding the wind to-day.

Dream, poor heart, what you cannot tell,
For he is stronger than Gabriel,
His lips are the maddest fire of Hell.

If ever again he calls me so,
His hair a torch in the afterglow,
Sure as death, I shall laugh and go!

SCIENCE AND MODERN LIFE

BY ROBERT A. MILLIKAN

I

LAST summer it was my lot to be called out of my laboratory to attend in rapid succession (1) a meeting of the Committee on Intellectual Coöperation of the League of Nations at Geneva, a body called into being for the sake of assisting in laying better foundations for international good will and understanding than have heretofore existed; (2) the annual meeting of the British Association for the Advancement of Science at Leeds, one of the most important of the Old World's scientific bodies, whose meetings have marked the milestones of scientific progress; and (3) the International Congress of Physics held at Como and at Rome in commemoration of the hundredth anniversary of the death of Alessandro Volta, the discoverer of current electricity, and thus, in a certain sense, the initiator of this amazing electrical century — suitable errands to inspire reflections on the place of science in modern life. I should like to present them in the form of a few pictures.

As we sped, a thousand persons, across the Atlantic in an oil-burning ship in which even the modern stoker — whose 'hard fate' has often been held up as a symbol of the evils of our 'mechanical age' — has now a comfortable and an interesting job, for he simply and quietly guides the expenditure of hundreds of thousands of man-power represented in the energy of separated hydrogen and oxygen and carbon atoms rushing eagerly together to

fulfill their predetermined destiny, and merely incidentally in so doing sending the ship racing across the Atlantic — in the face of that situation, could I, or could anyone not completely blind to the significance of modern life, fail to reflect somewhat as follows? If Cicero, or Pericles, or any man of any preceding civilization, had been sent on a similar errand, had he had any power at all except the winds, it would have been the man-power furnished to the triremes by the straining sinews of hundreds of human slaves chained to their oars, slaves to be simply cast aside into the sea, if they weakened or gave out, and then replaced by other slaves! Could any man fail to reflect that our scientific civilization is the first one in history which has not been built on just such human slavery, the first which offers the hope, at least, and a hope already partially realized, of relieving mankind forever from the worst of the physical bondage with which all civilizations have heretofore enchained him, whether it be the slavery represented by Millet's man with the hoe — a dumb beastlike broken-backed agricultural drudge — or the slavery at the galley pictured in *Ben Hur*, or the slavery of the pyramid builders referred to in the books of Moses?

Or again, could anyone who stood with me at the base of the column of Trajan, matchless relic and symbol of the unequalled magnificence of Rome, fail to muse first that ancient man in

the immensity and daring of his undertakings, in the grandeur of his conceptions, in the beauty and skill of his workmanship, in his whole intellectual equipment, was fully our equal if not our superior? For we shall leave no monuments like his. But could he also fail to reflect that ancient man built these monuments solely through the unlimited control of enforced human labor, while we have not only freed that slave, but have made him the master and director of the giant but insensible Titans of the lower world? We call them now by the unromantic names Coal and Oil. It is our triumph over these that has given to him freedom and opportunity. This is one side of the picture of science and the modern world, a side that can be presented with a thousand variants, but all having the same inspiring significance.

Another picture. In a comfortable English home out in the country in North England a small group is seated, sipping after-dinner coffee, enjoying conversation, and interrupting it now and then to listen to something particularly fine that is coming in over the radio. The technique of the reproduction is superb, but no more so than that with which we are familiar in our American homes, for the whole broadcasting idea, as well as the main part of its technical development, is American in its origins. But the programme that is on the air in England is incomparably superior to anything to be heard here, for the English Government has taken over completely the control of the radio. It collects from each owner of a receiving set twelve shillings a year, and then, with the large funds thus obtained, — for there are many radio fans in England as in America, — it provides the radio-land public of England with the largest return in education and in entertainment for eight mills a night ever provided, I suspect, anywhere in the

history of the world. For it employs only high-class speakers, musicians, and entertainers of all sorts, so that the whole British nation is now being given educational advantages of the finest possible sort through the radio, at less than a cent a family a night, collected only from those who wish to take advantage of them.

Nor is it merely the subject matter of the radio programmes that is commendable. The value of giving the whole British public the opportunity to hear the English language used, in intonations and otherwise, as cultured people are wont to use it, is altogether inestimable. And, sitting there in the North of England, we had but to turn the dial to the wave length used by Berlin and we heard an equally authoritative use of the German language, and I envisaged a whole population, or as many of it as wished, learning a new language, easily and correctly, instead of through the stupidities of grammar, as we now go at it. What a stimulant to the imagination! What possibilities are here, only just beginning to be realized, for public education, for the enrichment of the life of the country dweller, as well as the city resident, solely because of such an influence as this of modern physics upon modern life.

II

Now turn to another picture which presents the other side of the story. Sir Arthur Keith, the foremost British anthropologist, is now the president of the British Association. The Leeds meeting represented the fiftieth anniversary of the meeting at which Darwin's then new theory of evolution had been first vigorously debated. Sir Arthur took last summer, as the subject of his presidential address, 'Darwin's Theory of Man's Descent As It Stands To-day.' He showed that fifty years

of fossil study had given extraordinary confirmation to the general outline of the evolutionary conception, had placed it, indeed, upon well-nigh impregnable foundations.

The following Sunday the Bishop of Ripon preached upon science and modern life. He thought we were gaining new scientific knowledge, and acquiring control of stupendous new forces, faster than we were developing our abilities to control ourselves, faster than we were exhibiting capacity to be entrusted with these new forces, and hence he suggested that science as a whole take a ten-year holiday.

When, the next day, the newspaper men, who had had as good a story out of the whole incident as our newspapers got out of the Scopes trial, pressed the Bishop to define more sharply just what he meant by a ten-year scientific holiday, he was reported to have said that he thought the workers in medicine and in public health ought not to stop, since then the germs of disease might steal a march on us, and avoidable suffering be thereby caused. He had had in mind, rather, a vacation for physics and chemistry and the parts of biology not associated with the improvement of health and the alleviation of suffering.

The Bishop's explanation is of value as throwing an illuminating side light upon the sort of emotionalism and misunderstanding that is represented in much of the present public antagonism to our scientific progress. The question which the Bishop raises is proper enough, but the conclusion is altogether incorrect. For, first, physics and chemistry cannot take a holiday without turning off the power on all the other sciences that depend upon them, for biological science is at bottom only one of the applications of physics and chemistry; and, second, physics, chemistry, and genetics are, in fact, the great,

constructive sciences which alone stand between mankind and its dire fate foreseen by Malthus. The palliative sciences, such as the Bishop mentioned, are indeed worthy of support, but without the fundamental sciences they only hasten and make inevitable the horrors of that day.

The incident is presented because it is illustrative of a widespread attitude as to the danger of flooding the world with too much knowledge. The fear of knowledge is quite as old as the Garden of Eden. Prometheus was chained to a rock and had his liver torn out by a vulture because he had dared to steal knowledge from the gods and bring it down to men. The story of Faust, which permeates literature up to within a hundred years, is evidence of the widespread, age-long belief in the liaison between the man of knowledge and the powers of darkness. It will persist so long as superstition, as distinct from reverence, lasts.

But there is a real question, not to be thus easily disposed of, which the Bishop's sermon puts before the man of science. It is this. 'Am I myself a broadly enough educated man to distinguish, when I am engaged in the work of reconstruction, between the truth of the past and the error of the past, and not to pull them both down together? Am I sufficiently familiar with what the past has learned, and what it therefore actually has to teach, and am I enough of a statesman not to remove any brick from the structure of man's progress until I see how to replace it by a better one?' I am sorry to be obliged to admit that some of us scientists will have to answer that question in the negative. Such justification as there may be for the public's distrust of science is due chiefly to the misrepresentation of science by some of its uneducated devotees. For men without any real understanding are of

course to be found in all the walks of life.

This problem, however, is not at all peculiar to science. In fact, the most wantonly destructive forces in modern life, and the most sordidly commercial, are not in general found in the field of science, nor having anything to do with it. It is literature and art, much more than science, which have been the prey of those influences through which the chief menace to our civilization comes. After the law of gravitation, or the principle of conservation of energy, has been once discovered and established, physics understands quite well that its future progress must be made in conformity with these laws, at least that Einstein must include Newton, and it succeeds fairly well in keeping its levitators and its inventors of devices for realizing perpetual motion under suitable detention, or restraint, somewhere. But society has as yet developed no protection against its perpetual-motion cranks — the devotees of the new, regardless of the true — in the fields of literature and art, and that despite the fact that sculpture has had its Phidias and literature its Shakespeare just as truly as physics has had its Newton or biology its Pasteur.

I grant that in literature and art, and in nonscientific fields generally, it is more difficult than in science to know what has been found to be truth and what error, that in many cases we do not yet know; nevertheless there are even here certain broad lines of established truth recognized by thoughtful people everywhere. For example, the race long ago learned that unbridled license in the individual is incompatible with social progress, that civilization, which is orderly group life, will perish and the race go back to the jungle unless the sense of social responsibility can be kept universally alive. And yet to-day literature is infested here and there

with unbridled license, with emotional, destructive, oversexed, neurotic influences, the product of men who either are incompetent to think anything through to its consequences or else belong to that not inconsiderable group who protest that they are not in the least interested in social consequences anyway, men who, in their own words, are merely desirous of 'expressing themselves.' Such men are, in fact, nothing but the perpetual-motion cranks of literature and of art. It is from this direction, not from the direction of science, that the chief menaces to our civilization are now coming.

But, despite this situation, I should hesitate to suggest that all writers and all artists be given a holiday. This is an age of specialization, and properly so, and some evils from our specialization are to be expected. Our job is to minimize them and to find counterirritants for them. I am not altogether discouraged even when I find a humanist of the better sort who is only half educated.

Let this incident illustrate. Not long ago I heard a certain British literary man of magnificent craftsmanship and fine influence in his own field declare that he saw no values in our modern 'mechanical age.' Further, this same man recently visited a plant where the very foundations of our modern civilization are being laid. A ton of earth lies underneath a mountain. Scattered through that ton in infinitesimal grains is just two dollars' worth of copper. That ton of earth is being dug out of its resting place, transported to the mill miles away, the infinitesimal particles of copper miraculously picked out by invisible chemical forces, then deposited in great sheets by the equally invisible physical forces of the electric current, then shipped three thousand miles and again refined, then drawn into wires to transport the formerly

wasted energy of a waterfall — and all these operations from the buried ton of Arizona dirt to refined copper in New York done at a cost of less than two dollars, for there was no more value there.

This amazing achievement not only did not interest this humanist, but he complained about disfiguring the desert by electrical transmission lines. Unbelievable blindness — a soul without a spark of imagination, else it would have seen the hundred thousand powerful, prancing horses which are speeding along each of those wires, transforming the desert into a garden, making it possible for him and his kind to live and work without standing on the bowed backs of human slaves as his prototype has always done in ages past. Seen in this rôle, that humanist was neither humanist nor philosopher, for he was not really interested in humanity. In this picture it is the scientist who is the real humanist. Nevertheless, the Bishop of Ripon was right enough in distrusting the wisdom, and sometimes even the morality, of individual scientists, and of individual humanists, too. But the remedy is certainly not to 'give science a holiday.' That is both impossible and foolish. It is rather to reconstruct and extend our educational processes so as to make broader-gauge and better-educated scientists and humanists alike. There is no other remedy.

III

But, says someone, these pictures so far deal only with the superficial aspects of life. What has science to say to him whose soul is hungry, to him who cries, 'Man shall not live by bread alone'? Has it anything more than a dry crust to offer him? The response is instant and unambiguous. Within the past half century, as a direct result of

the findings of modern science, there has developed an evolutionary philosophy — an evolutionary religion, too, if you will — which has given a new emotional basis to life, the most inspiring and the most forward-looking that the world has thus far seen. For, first, the findings of physics, chemistry, and astronomy have within twenty-five years brought to light a universe of extraordinary and unexpected orderliness, and of the wondrous beauty and harmony that go with order. It is the same story whether one looks out upon the island universes brought to light by modern astronomy, and located definitely, some of them, a million light years away, or whether he looks down into the molecular world of chemistry, or through it to the electronic world of physics, or peers even inside the unbelievably small nucleus of the atoms. Also, in the organic world, the sciences of geology, palæontology, and biology have revealed, still more wonderfully, an orderly development from lower up to higher forms, from smaller up to larger capacities — a development which can be definitely seen to have been going on for millions upon millions of years and which therefore gives promise of going on for ages yet to be.

A fire-mist and a planet,
A crystal and a cell,
A jellyfish and a saurian,
And caves where the cavemen dwell;
Then a sense of law and beauty,
And a face turned from the clod —
Some call it Evolution,
And others call it God.

That sort of sentiment is the gift of modern science to the world.

And there is one further finding of modern science which has a tremendous inspirational appeal. It is the discovery of the vital part which we ourselves are playing in this evolutionary process. For man himself has within two hundred years discovered new forces with

the aid of which he is now consciously and very rapidly making over both his physical and his biological environment. The Volta Centenary, a symbol of our electrical age, was representative of the one, the stamping out of yellow fever is an illustration of the other. And if the biologist is right that the biological evolution of the human organism is going on so slowly that man himself is not now endowed with capacities appreciably different from those which he brought with him into the period of recorded history, then since, within this period, the forward strides that he has made in his control over his environment, in the development of his civilization, have been stupendous and unquestionable, it follows that this progress has been due, not to the betterment of his stock, but rather primarily to the passing on of the accumulated knowledge of the race to the generations following after. The great instruments of progress for mankind are then research — the discovery of new knowledge — and education — the passing on of the store of accumulated wisdom to our followers. This puts the immediate destinies of the race or of our section of the race, or of our section of our country, largely in our own hands. This spirit and this conviction are the gift of modern science to the world. Is it, then, too much to say that modern science has remade philosophy and revived religion?

IV

The next picture brings into the foreground what I regard as the most important contribution of science to modern life. The scene is laid in Geneva; the occasion, a meeting of the Council of the League of Nations. The speaker is Nansen, the tall, white-haired, rugged-faced, heavily moustached Norwegian explorer, now directing the tamed and controlled energies

of his fierce viking blood to trying to find a solution to the tragic situation of the Armenians, a situation to which heretofore there has been no solution except extermination. After four years of effort he brings in a discouraging report, and thinks the League of Nations must write down 'the record of its first failure.' He requests the Council to strike the Armenian matter from its programme, promising, however, to keep at it himself and to try through other agencies to find a solution. Then Briand of France speaks. Quietly he begs Nansen not yet to despair of the League's assistance. He is sure some solution can be found, and promises that his country, in financial straits though it be, will not be lacking in lending its assistance. The representatives of other nations follow in similar vein, the problem is retained on the Council's programme, and the conviction is at least fortified that with the right kind of attack a solution may yet be found to an age-old difficulty — that extermination is not the only answer to race rivalry.

With the right sort of attack! What is it that the League of Nations as a whole is trying to do? It is trying for the first time in human history to use the objective mode of approach to international difficulties, in the conviction that there is some better solution than the arbitrament of war. But whence has come that conviction? Without the growth of modern science it certainly would have been slower in coming. Perhaps it would not have come at all. In the days of the jungle, war *was* probably the best solution — at least it was the only solution. It was Nature's way of enabling the fittest to survive, and we are not so far past the days of the jungle yet. Within fifty years as great an historian as Eduard Meyer and as great a humanist as John Ruskin have lauded war as the

finest developer of a people. But it has been quite recently demonstrated that war is no longer, in general, the best way to enable the fittest to survive. The Great War profited no one. It injured all the main participants. Modern science has created a new world in which the old rules no longer work.

New occasions teach new duties, time makes
ancient good uncouth;
They must upward still and onward, who would
keep abreast of truth.

Alfred Nobel was perhaps not far from right when he thought that he had taken the main step to the abolition of war by the invention of nitroglycerine. He has, I suspect, exerted a larger influence in that direction than have all the sentimental pacifist organizations that have ever existed. For sentimental pacifism is, after all, but a return to the method of the jungle. It is in the jungle that emotionalism alone determines conduct, and wherever that is true no other than the law of the jungle is possible. For the emotion of hate is sure sooner or later to follow on the emotion of love, and then there is a spring for the throat. It is altogether obvious that the only quality which really distinguishes man from the brutes is his reason. You may call that an unsafe guide, but he has absolutely no other unless he is to turn his face back toward the jungle from which he has come. There is no sort of alternative except to set up in international matters, precisely as we have already done in intercommunity and interstate affairs, some sort of organization for making studies by the objective method of international difficulties and finding other solutions.

But what exactly do I mean by the objective method? Somebody has said that 'what we call the process of reasoning is merely the process of

rearranging one's prejudices,' and we admit the truth of this assertion when we say, as we so often do, 'Oh yes, I understand that is the excuse, but what is, after all, the reason?' Indeed, there is no question that a large part of what we call reasoning is in fact simply the rearranging of prejudices. In so far, for example, as we are Republicans, or Democrats, or Presbyterians, or Catholics, or Mohammedans, or prohibitionists, because our fathers bore those brands, — and many of us will be admitted by our acquaintances, at least, to have no other real grounds for our labels, — our so-called reasonings on these subjects certainly consist in nothing more than the rearrangement of our prejudices. The lawyer who takes a case first, and develops his argument later, is obviously only rearranging his preconceptions.

If, however, one wishes to obtain a clear idea of what the objective method is, he has only to become acquainted with the way in which all problems are attacked in the analytical sciences. In physics, for example, the procedure in problem solving is always first to collect the facts — namely, to make the observations with complete honesty and complete disregard of all theories and all presuppositions, and then to analyze the data to see what conclusions follow necessarily from them, or what interpretations are consistent with them. This method, while not confined at all to the physical sciences, is nevertheless commonly known as the scientific method in recognition of the fact that it has had its fullest development and its most conspicuous use in the sciences. Indeed, I regard the development and spread of this method as the most important contribution of science to life, for it represents the only hope of the race of ultimately getting out of the jungle. The method can in no way be acquired and understood so

well as by the study of the analytical sciences, and hence an education which has left out these sciences has, in my judgment, lost the most vital element in all education.

Nor is that merely the individual judgment of a prejudiced scientist, as the following quotation from one of our most prominent humanists, a member of the faculty of Harvard University, shows:—

It is the glory of pure science and of mathematics that these subjects train men in orderly and objective thinking as no other subjects can. Here are fields of study in which loose or crooked thought leads inevitably to demonstrable error, to error which cannot be glossed over or concealed. Here are branches of knowledge in which there is no confusion between right and wrong, between post hoc and propter hoc, between the mere coincidences and the consequences of a cause. When you have finished with a problem in any of the exact sciences you are either right or wrong, and you know it. That is why we call them exact sciences, to distinguish them from philosophy, sociology, economics, and the other social sciences, in which the difference between truth and error is still, in most cases, a matter of individual opinion. Many years ago physics was known as 'natural philosophy'; it was merely a body of speculative ideas concerning the mechanics of nature. It became an exact science by developing an inductive methodology, which makes all the difference between science and guesswork.

Some years ago, in the Harvard Law School, we thought it worth while to inquire into the educational antecedents of the student body, with a view to ascertaining whether there was any relation between success in the study of law and the previous collegiate training of these young men. In the Harvard Law School there are more than a thousand students, all of them college graduates, drawn from every section of the country. Nearly all of them have specialized, during their undergraduate years, in some single subject or group of subjects—languages, history, science, philosophy, economics, mathematics, and so on. Off-

hand one would probably say that the young man who had devoted most of his attention to the study of history, government, and economics while in college would be gaining the best preparation for the study of law—for these are the subjects which in their content come nearest to the law; but that is not what we found. On the contrary the results of this inquiry showed that the young men who had specialized in ancient languages, in the exact sciences, and especially in mathematics, were on the whole better equipped for the study of law, and were making higher rank in it, than were those who had devoted their energies to subjects more closely akin.

But can education, even in the sciences, do the work fast enough to prevent the catastrophe feared by the Bishop of Ripon? Can we learn to control our emotions and impulses and our new-found powers, to take the long view, and to do the rational thing instead of the emotional, or the vicious, thing with the enormous forces given to us by science? Can we alter human nature?

Perhaps the following is a partial answer: twenty-five years ago if anyone had asked you or me or any body of men, however intelligent, whether human nature could be so altered in a reasonable time as to make it safe to entrust practically every grown man in California and part of the women and children with a thirty-horsepower locomotive which they might drive at will through the crowded cities, and race at express-train speed over the country roads of California, the answer would certainly have been a decided negative. Nobody on earth, I suspect, would have thought such a result possible. And yet that is precisely what has happened. It is true we have accidents, too many of them by far. There is still much to improve, and yet the risk is so small that we never think of it when we enter an automobile. I marvel at the success of it every time I drive in

city streets. I glory in it when I see the new race of men the taxi business has created in a city like London. Contrast the clear-eyed, sober, skillful, intelligent-looking London taxi-driver of to-day with the red-nosed wreck of a human being who used to be the London cabby of a quarter century ago, and see what responsibility and power do in altering human nature.

Also the picture which modern science has unfolded of the age-long history of the biological organism is one in which it is seen adapting itself with marvelous success to changes in external conditions. That we, too, at our end of this evolutionary scale, have inherited this adaptability was one of the most striking lessons of the late war, in which we settled down to the endurance of what we thought intolerable conditions with amazing rapidity.

V

If, then, there be any notes of optimism in modern life, one of them is certainly the note played by modern science. If there be any escape from Malthusianism, — the world's greatest problem, — science alone can provide it. It is clearly the development of science and its application to modern life that have made possible the support in Great Britain to-day of forty million people, when a hundred and fifty years ago Benjamin Franklin called England overpopulated with eight millions, and when Robert Fulton a little later, in a prophetic mood, saw England holding sometime 'a population of ten million souls.' Perhaps this population has to-day gone too far, but the check is being applied. In both England and Sweden to-day the birth rate is less than it is in France. With the creative power of physical science, and the application of intelligence to the findings of biological science, even this problem

of population can be faced with a good measure of hope. An international union for its continuous study was formed last summer at Geneva. That is the objective way to begin to attack it.

Finally, can science save our civilization from the fate that has befallen its predecessors, the Sumerian, the Egyptian, the Greek, the Roman, and the others that have risen and then declined? Are the Keyserlings, the Spenglers, and the other prophets of decay and death to be regarded as real prophets?

The answer is, of course, a secret of the gods, but that these 'prophets' are 'multiplying words without knowledge' it is easy to show. For our modern civilization rests upon an altogether new sort of foundation. These older civilizations have rested upon the discovery of new fields of knowledge or of art — fields which the discoverers have indeed cultivated with such extraordinary skill that they have been able to reach a state of perfection in them that succeeding generations have often been unable to excel. Witness the sepulchral art of the Egyptians, and the perfection of such principles of architecture as they knew how to use; witness the sculpture, the painting, the æsthetic and the purely intellectual life of the Greeks — an accomplishment so great as to inspire an outstanding modern artist to say that there has been no new principle discovered in either sculpture or painting since the age of Pericles; witness the principles of government and of social order discovered by the Romans, or the arch in architecture, altogether Roman, but reaching perhaps its perfection in the Romanesque and the Gothic of a few centuries later; witness the discovery of the principles of music in central and southern Europe in the Middle Ages, and the perfection that art attained

within two or three centuries. And let us remember, too, that humanity for all time is the inheritor of these achievements. This is the truth of the past which it is our opportunity and our duty to pass on to our children.

But our modern world is distinctive not for the discovery of new modes of expression or new fields of knowledge, though it has opened up enough of these, but for the discovery of the very idea of progress, for the discovery of the method by which progress comes about, and for inspiring the world with confidence in the values of that method. So long as the world can be kept thus inspired, it is difficult to see how a relapse to another dark age can take place.

Even if the biological evolution of the human race should not continue, — though why should what has been going on for millions of years have come to an end just now? — yet the process by which progress has been made within historic times can scarcely fail to be continuously operative. This process is the discovery of new knowledge by each generation and the transmission to the following generation of the accumulated accomplishment of

the past — the discovery of new truth and the passing on of old truth.

The importance of both elements in this process has not been realized in the past, and dark ages have come. But the means for the spread of knowledge, for its preservation and transmission, the facilities for universal education and inspiration, the time for leisure, and the opportunity for thought for everybody — all these have been so extended by modern science, and are capable of such further extension, that no prophecy of decline can possibly have any scientific foundation. Even arguing solely by the method of extrapolation from the past, modern science has shown that the ups and downs on the curve of history are superposed upon a curve whose general trend is upward, and it has therefore brought forth a certain amount of justification for the faith that it will continue to be upward. In the last analysis, humanity has but one supreme problem, the problem of kindling the torch of enlightened creative effort, here and there and everywhere, and of passing on for the enrichment of the lives of future generations the truth already discovered — in two words, the problem of research and of education.

NATURAL COMEDY

BY THEODORE MORRISON

FOR a world sicklied over with a host of apprehensions and complaints, and hard enough put to it to maintain honest cheerfulness in its proper ascendant, the genius of comedy is unfailingly to be found in one pleasant quarter. Let inflammations, pangs, and regrets make what havoc they will with the sad face of daily affairs, its contusions and furrows, its visible nostalgia, do not want for a balm rich in efficacy. A source of refreshment lives which has never been quenched, and the world provides none more constant or more delightful. It lies about us in the comedies inadvertently enacted by the familiar creatures of the woods and pastures, whose world is so close, yet so deeply alien, to our own. No entertainment is more healthful to soul and body, for none is more innocent, spontaneous, or whole-hearted, and none presents a more inimitable refinement of humor, to an eye, at least, philosophic in habit and accustomed to seek its pleasures in the green places of the earth, an eye opening on the hinterland of imagination.

Nor is this a pleasure to be sought only upon exotic savannahs and in remote jungles where apes and birds of unwonted plumage mock the traveler from temperate zones. If it is forbidden to the city's heart, it may be found wherever a field, a stone wall, and a wood lot remain in homely naturalness. One need only stand a few moments to watch a red squirrel on the topmost bar of a pasture gate. I remember a beast little bigger than

my thumb that eyed me from such a vantage. The rough boards of the gate were still resinous, the edge on which the squirrel crouched hardly wider than a finger. Inflamed, as I should be glad to believe, by the outline of my approach projected on the orb of his minute, glittering eye, he vented a stream of that Gallic expostulation and excitement which so often rings from the tree tops of the northern forests, a sound imperishably comic and refreshing in the charmed spaces of the woods. Of a sudden he was off in a frenzy of agitation along the top of the gate, and I looked for his early disappearance. But in mid-flight, by a feat of agility and physical tension too astounding and instantaneous for my dull eye to follow, he reversed the direction of his headlong career, and dashed with equal velocity toward the opposite end of the gate. Still reluctant to vanish, he bewildered my vision with repetitions of his skill, so that it was impossible to say at the extremes of his course in which direction he was facing. Fortunately it was possible to laugh, for great was the need of some response to a performance which had set my veins flowing with delight.

Attempts have been made to substantiate the laughter inseparable from such adventures by insisting that animals themselves have humor, as though it were intentionally that they provoked our amusement, or as though, at least, our enjoyment were not so foreign to their own impulses as to be wholly gratuitous. These attempts, I

have somewhat regretfully concluded, are mistaken. It would be pleasant to believe that animals have at least the rudiments of that whimsicality which would seem to us indispensable to some of the episodes of their behavior which we are fortunate enough to observe. Otherwise the humor with which we view them is an impertinence. It is improper mockery from without of a world which, seen from within, may be intensely serious and important.

And such in sober truth is the fact. For animals are serious. Their busyness shames our mortal craving for distraction. Their earnest attention to the necessities of existence rebukes our frivolity. The squirrel on the gate had certainly an overplus of energy which resulted in anything but economy of movement. His kind is the most electric of all the creatures of the wood, and a little eccentricity can be forgiven a frame of such exquisite tension. But that his madness was deliberate gayety I cannot assure my doubting heart, though I should be glad enough to believe that he enjoyed moments of wantonness and irresponsibility, which might be made a sympathetic excuse for my own. Even the flutings of his tail, motions more delicate and swift than winds ever gave to tossed spray or rippled fields of barley, are ecstatic only to the observer. His anxiously twitching nostril, when a glance at it can be snatched, forbids any other conclusion. It might, indeed, suggest the truth, that curiosity is a great part of his excitement, curiosity apprehensive and ready to strike an instant bargain with flight.

Animals are engaged in continual alertness and industry, in peril, escape, and thrift. The trim and admirably tailored atom that descends with a brisk flutter on a branch before my face is not bent upon the pursuit of pleasure. Birds, I believe, have much

less time to give to this canonized vocation than human beings. The one before me has a penny whistle which he blows occasionally with a sweet, wistful sharpness, but its note escapes almost unconsciously, and is but a contraction of his small frame suddenly released, and its music a part of the economy of spring and of migration by which his vernal impulse toward a mate sitting on an ingenious basket of eggs is fulfilled. His bright and intent little eye, casually discerned, seems to shine with comradely good nature, as if he acknowledged in the sunlight a cosmic cheerfulness which we shared together. But this is an effusion of my own sensibility, which, if I were as practically employed as he, might be as commendably oblivious of poetic untruths. As I look more closely at that penetrating eye, it plainly does not envisage my existence at all — my existence, at least, as it appears to me, in its autonomy and power so much greater than his own. I scarcely seem to be distinguished from the foliage, trunks, and other conformations of the thicket where we both happen to be present. If I moved, the bright eye would report a sudden and menacing upheaval of surroundings expected to be stationary and secure. Wings quicker than thought would whisk my visitor away. But as long as I sit still, that tiny, humorless orb will continue to devote itself to entomological studies, which it takes as earnestly as any researcher in his laboratory.

Once, as I lay on my back in a sensuous doze beside a stream, I heard a series of slight, irregular footfalls crisply approaching over dry leaves and dead twigs. I sat up to learn what small identity might be drawing near. He twinkled into view, a chipmunk, obviously a fellow of business with a mind single to his task. His erratic progress came to a stop near my pleasant station,

and he rose on his haunches, his paws beneath his beard. The attitude was an engaging one, and I should have smiled at it in any case. But my delight knew no bounds when, one by one, half a dozen of the brightest, reddest, and roundest berries were expelled from his distended jowls by vigorous agitation of either cheek, and dropped in a little cluster on the moss where he squatted. There they lay, apples to tempt some diminutive Eve to some Lilliputian and delectable sin!

Preternaturally shining and red, that trove of bright berries made instant way to my affections. What the chipmunk meant to accomplish by them it is beyond my thought to conjecture. But whatever his intention, I am sure it was anything but comic. Some earnest preoccupation those minikin fruits must have been meant to serve, some purpose in the economy of their small possessor. But I should defend to the last my laughter at the little work of perfection which had been wrought before my eyes, although I should defend as well the just resentment with which my coarse misunderstanding was received. Uttering indignation and alarm in cries of wonderful sharpness, the chipmunk made a hurried exit from the stage where he had inadvertently donned the comic mask for my amusement. He had been serious about it all.

Whoever has nosed in a canoe about the shores of a woodland lake must frequently have come upon a small domestic flotilla, a duck and her brood of perhaps a dozen urchins, watchfully oaring about the reedy shallows of a cove. Curiosity has led him, no doubt, to thrust the bow of his canoe toward the buoyant little fleet. What will they do? Is that anxiety that shines in the mother's eye? No disturbance or panic is evident as the craft slides nearer. It is not even clear that the approach of the canoe has been noticed at all. But a

quiet webbing is taking place, a gathering to the post for a sudden and surprising dash for liberty. Now they are cornered by the impending bows. No, not quite cornered, for the mother has studied the textbooks on just this point of tactics. She knows the manœuvre which by assured precedent should free her brood from imminent annihilation. And it does. The canoe is driven by a fellow of coarse and untutored perceptions, who does not see that as he draws nearer an avenue is opened around his flanks to the broad lake behind him. The little troop waits until his very nearness prevents his moving athwart this exit. Then the signal is given. With one accord the well-marshaled brood, too young to fly, rise upon their webs, and led by the old lady, scamper over the surface of the water, churning a grotesquely tiny and furious disturbance which all but obscures the threshing paddles and frantically straining bodies from view. A dozen protective yards the desperate sprint carries them. Then they sink into an abrupt halt until strength returns for a second scamper, and if the dull fellow in the canoe persists in threatening from the rear, still further dashes. Always in the brood is one weakling, the last of the slender line, who falls a little behind in the frenzy of effort. The tempest churned by his webs is smaller, and continues longer than the others. He beats an anxious tattoo on the water when the rest of the column has subsided. And if there is a second hurly-burly he is slower to start than his unfeeling superior family. He may even make a solitary and abandoned sprint when the ripples of their progress have vanished on the limpid emptiness of the lake.

To the observer this instructive episode is a comedy which he will be tempted to repeat. But to the frightened squadron that has eluded him it

is anything but gay. Not even their triumphant escape from his obviously mortal designs evokes in them, we may be sure, that vulgar ridicule which a victorious human being might vent on his adversary in a like instance.

It would not be hard to multiply examples of natural pathos which to the mortal onlooker are inexpressibly funny. During an evening walk in England it was once my fortune to see a half-grown bird which had been spilled from its nest and was being fed by one of the parents, who hovered near, its eye bright with solicitude and apprehension. The unlucky nestling stood at the foot of a hedge in the grass by the roadside. It was black with a scrawny covering of down, through which a few livid quills of stouter fibre protruded. At the moment it caught my eye, its whole being was distended into the shape of a sack, prodigiously open at the throat. Features it had none, all its elements uniting to form an expectant cavity. Its beak was no more than a horny lining at the mouth of this cavern. It stood upon feet, but these might as well have been attached as a frank absurdity to some object without organic pretensions. Into this sack, the personification of appetite excluding all other uses or concepts, a worm of considerable proportions was about to be dropped from the beak of the adult bird. But sad fate! At that instant the disturbed parent became aware of me. Even as the succulence of that rich, that inimitable carcass touched the organs divinely appointed to receive and give thanks for it, the delicious length was cruelly withdrawn. With a squawk of terror the parent hastily disappeared over the hedge. The disappointed sack relapsed into a fledgling with features, ungainly, to be sure, but unmistakably an eye, a paunch, and feet at last purposeful and appropriate. Timorous,

but faithful, its elder returned to guide it ingeniously along the hedge to a gate which offered a refuge from my attention. I hoped that in the deepening shadows beyond this protective barrier the worm might meet the destiny I had interrupted, or that another as palatable and as substantial might take its place.

Dogs, if they have not a claim to the purely mortal prerogative of humor, the accidental discovery of which would at once plunge any animal into fantastic insanity, are at least responsive to the impulse of play. And the young of many animals are said to romp together like children. But children, who live in an animal world of sensuous color and impulse before they submit to the dull, inert categories of maturity, are intensely earnest in their play, and their imaginations are of utmost solemnity and importance. Much of their laughter is in imitation of grown-ups, a response to obvious adult expectations. Left to themselves, they enjoy serious pursuits. They laugh when they are tickled—a physical response to sensuous titillation; but of humor, according to the mature conception, they have little.

The colt that tries his legs in a spring pasture, though the eyes of an observer hanging over the gate may grow humid with joy, is anything but a comedy to himself. A foal of small experience in this complex world I watched once from a country road bordering the meadow where his dam peacefully cropped the grass. His dappled sides were first stretched upon the turf, warmed by the sun in its early gentleness and vigor. At length he rose, a small, round body uncertainly supported on legs that, had they acted in concert, would have served the stoutest dobbin. His long nose surveyed the ground as if from a venturesome height, as indeed it was when his security

depended upon members so disproportionate and so obviously prepared to lapse uncontrollably from their proper alignment. With an unpremeditated impulse his body suddenly launched into the air, to come down with an audible shock upon all four hooves at once, erect and stiff. It was anything but an intentional gambol, and the little gallop that followed it, with its uncertain and experimental motions, was no more deliberate. The initiative came from no playfulness of brain, but from some complex of energy in the undeveloped body, and the result was a surprise to be earnestly considered and assimilated, as the plain bewilderment of that long nose testified.

The placid figure of his dam invited him with the shadow of her mature and benignant strength, and he trotted to her flank, regarding me inquisitively from her farther side, his long nose and innocent eye appearing beneath the smooth curve of her belly. This was the station from which instinct provided that he should view objects which solicited interest but which might portend danger. Running thus in the protection of the mare's tranquil bulk, and peering out beneath it, he was a sight of exquisite pleasure; but nature had appointed him a position there in seriousness and sober foresight.

No, the endless, the imperishable humor which our fauna afford us is not their property but ours. Even the crows, whose guttural discourse

over the cornfield is instinct with irony, are not mocking the world in which humanity labors and is vain. They are not even aware of it, and their sardonic croaking is the most practical and serious of speech. In the dramas of animal existence which accident brings within our scrutiny, perhaps we see small parodies of our own passions and surprises. But there is something profounder and more buoyant than any cumbersome philosophy can explicate in the humor which we derive from watching animals. It brings us near to sources of unconscious grace and health from which cities are alienating the world, to its cost. Some city dwellers snuffle cinders by preference and yearn for no green and secret places of nature. But it will be long before the gayest of the saints is forgotten, who was the same that preached to the birds. In that immortal act was the sense of community with our fellows of the woods without which the laughter they provoke in us would be impossible. This community, heaven knows, is an illusion and a deceit. The brothers of the bough whom Saint Francis exhorted had no portion in his joy or his salvation, nor could they have understood why he needed to be saved. But who does not know that it was a flowering of sweetness in himself thus to harangue them in his exuberance and his simplicity? And who does not acknowledge the justice of his act?

THE CHURCH AND THE UNDERGRADUATE

BY BERNARD IDDINGS BELL

I

THERE seems to be a belief commonly current that the college student is both religiously and morally in a parlous state, and a feeling that the Christian Church ought to be doing something about it. After ten years of careful and dispassionate observation of undergraduates the present writer has come to the conclusion that the current indifference to religion, which indubitably exists on most of our many campuses, is largely caused by the fact that the students are entirely too moral. This statement is not intended as a paradox, but rather as a sober statement of fact. The terms of this thesis need only to be defined in order to make the contention seem reasonable. Much of the confusion which is all about us in regard to campus problems is due to hazy understanding of what is really involved. There are three elements which need to be considered. First of all, what sort of person is the usual undergraduate? Second, what are morals? Third, what is the Church, and what is the legitimate basis of its ethical message?

Exactly how many students are at present studying in our colleges is not easy to determine. A good deal depends upon one's definition of a college. Including all professional schools and the junior colleges, the number seems to be approximately 500,000. Any casual thinker ought to be able to understand at once that these half million young people must for the

most part be medium-grade persons, by no means young men and women of genius or extraordinary insight. They are probably, on the whole, slightly more intelligent than the vast majority of their noncollegiate compatriots. Collegians are usually quite ordinary human beings, normally between the ages of eighteen and twenty-five, for the most part living away from home, more or less earnestly studying about themselves and their world. The first thing to be noted about them is not the difference between them and others, but their extraordinary likeness to others. Probably seven eighths of all undergraduates are children of their time, accepting without question current opinions, prejudices, standards. All youths are conservative, collegiate youths not excepted. They are shy, self-conscious, overmodest, fearful of being considered eccentric. There are, to be sure, the relatively few exceptions, those who have really questioning minds. They are so rare that the discovery of one of them is an event in a college professor's year. They represent the kind of men who in the old days, before the flood of democracy inundated our institutions of higher learning, predominated in the American colleges. At present, chiefly owing to the huge numbers and impersonal organization of our contemporary mills of knowledge, such students, although they struggle to be vocal, have a decreasing influence. The deadening

mass of those who are incapable of much intellectual effort beyond the accumulation of facts numbs and discourages this small group of active-minded students, separates them from contact with one another, and diffuses all insurgency. The majority considers such persons with good-humored patience. It has coined for them a phrase of benevolent contempt. It says that they are 'all wet.'

The average undergraduate is, then, a creature of the general public opinion of his time. Wise is the campus manipulator who recognizes this fact. Unhappy are those many teachers who have never yet learned its truth. No matter how wisely faculties may labor, most of us who deal with collegians have come to know that if we are striving for any end not widely approved by the great mass of more or less ignorant citizens in the world outside our walls, if we are trying in the least to resist the *mores*, our results must of necessity be exceptional and usually temporary. Most professors feel kinship to that colleague in an Eastern college who looked down from a library window upon an alumni procession on commencement day and sighed, 'See what the world has done to our brave young men!'

All of this means, really, that the college student is an intensely conformist person, a moral young man. For what are morals? Morality means conformity to whatever is considered socially useful in the group to which an individual happens to belong. In other words, what is respectable is moral, and vice versa. If one is inclined to think this definition somewhat shocking, that one is respectfully referred to a good dictionary. Morality is conforming to custom, the custom of one's group and time. This does not mean that there are no standards of right and wrong eternal in the heavens.

Being right from a considered, reasoning, personally matured point of view, being right according to the best apprehension one may gain of that ultimate truth, beauty, goodness which men call God, is a very different thing from being moral. To be moral is to do what one's social group considers necessary for common welfare. It is always a thing of the mob. It differs with the character of the mob. To an unreconstructed Igorot it is moral to cut off the head of anyone who does not happen to live in one's own village. It would be immoral for a citizen of Boston to do that to a citizen of New York, great though the provocation undoubtedly is. It is moral for a Turk to have three wives at once; moral for a citizen of Nevada to have three wives seriatim; immoral for a Christian to have more than one wife living at one time; immoral for a monk to have any wives at all. It all depends upon the group to which one by birth or by choice belongs.

Public opinion all about us presses in upon the colleges with a force which most of the students never think of resisting and which even the few find it difficult to withstand. Does the collegian disregard the Eighteenth Amendment and the Volstead Act? He does it, not because he is in revolt, but because he wishes to conform to current middle-class custom. His ideas in regard to purity he derives from the conversation, the books, the magazines, the plays, the motion pictures which are prepared, not for him, but for the world of which he is a part. Is he complacent, conceited, self-centred? Of course he is, but no more than the people who are all around him. Does he cheat in examinations and defend the practice? He does, and he learned to do it from the worship of success at any price which characterizes our entire age. In short, for better or worse, he is a moral young man. It is this very

morality which interferes in his case, as in that of most other people, with apprehension of what the Christian religion is all about or of what the functions of the Christian Church may possibly be.

What is the Christian Church? The usual undergraduate has only the vaguest idea, and that mostly an erroneous idea. This lack of comprehension is partly due to the timidity of the Church itself, but chiefly it is due to the unwillingness of our whole civilization at the moment to listen to any kind of religious message which may interfere with its own comfortable complacency. What does the undergraduate think about the Church? He thinks what almost everybody else thinks. To some students the Church means a collection of long-faced persons who anæmically admire one another. To others the Church is such a thing as may indeed function through the Antisaloon League. To still a third group it seems to be a loose society of those who are interested in listening, semioccasionally, in an atmosphere of intense respectability, to discussions of the good, the true, the beautiful, phrased with sufficient vagueness to disturb nobody. But to an even larger group the Church is supposed to be a collection of puritanical joy killers who have, for some unexplained reason, retained into this age of enlightenment a considerable group of antiquated and outworn personal inhibitions. In the light of history, none of these ought to be considered seriously as a definition of the Christian Church. The chief task for anyone who wishes religiously to get at the contemporary undergraduate is to crack through this crust of conventional morality and conventional misconception of the Christian religion.

If the forces of Christendom, instead of worrying about minutiae in student

conduct, would make one concerted demand that undergraduates, despite current ways of thinking, actually examine into the functions of religion and the Church, something might be accomplished. They might persuade their hearers of the wisdom of substituting, in the place of the current American middle-class misconceptions, that view of the Church held by the vast majority of Christians during the centuries since Christianity first began. The Church, in the estimate of its members, has been a society of those who, having accepted Christ Jesus as Lord and God in human terms, have been organically united to Him, in order that, by virtue of the supernatural strength which He imparts within sacraments and in prayer, they may struggle closer to that personal reality which is God. The thing that primarily matters about historic Christianity is not the dogmatic faith, which is only an intellectual reflection upon the life lived with Christ within His Body; nor is it the Christian order, with episcopacy and priesthood and the like, for these are merely the mechanical contrivances normally necessary for the preservation of life with Christ within His Body. The thing that has mattered has been the life itself, a life within a supernatural organism composed of those called to be Christ's, a mystical society within this world and yet not of it.

II

These, then, are the three elements involved in the character development of undergraduates: the nature of the student, the nature of morals, the nature of the Church. How are they usually fitted together in the campus mind? How ought they to be fitted together?

Ordinarily the collegian, this very

moral young person, conforming to the standards of society about him without much question, cannot help observing that those standards are no longer the standards of the Church. Usually he jumps to the easy conclusion that the difference between the Church's ethics and the ethics of the world at the moment lies merely in this, that the Church's ethics are outworn and outmoded. Ergo, the teachings of the Church as to conduct seem to him, at the best, negligible; at the worst, a positive hindrance to reasonable progress.

Because he does not understand that the Christian Church involves a life lived for supernatural ends, admittedly different from those of the world at large, he almost always fails to understand the real basis for Christian morals. It would seem that he might be helped to understand that the moral standards of his secular group are one thing and the moral standards of Christ's Church quite another thing, and that they differ from one another, not in relative contemporaneity, but because the aim in life presupposed in each is different. He ought to be helped to see that it is quite all right to conform to the world's standards, provided the good which is offered to those who thus conform seems a sufficient good; but that, if one deems the good offered by Christ's Church to be better and more satisfying than that which is offered by the world, one must in reason adopt, since one has accepted a new purpose and affiliated himself with others pursuing that purpose, the quite different moral standards of this quite different society. The good offered by the world of our day is a good limited essentially to a life soon to end in death. It consists chiefly of food, shelter, opportunity for procreation, distraction from too probing thought, comfort, security, admiration from one's fellows. If these

seem adequate ends, the game may well be played according to the rules laid down by the world. He may possibly also come to understand that there have been and still are those who are persuaded that these goods are relatively unimportant and inadequate; that what the wise man seeks is nothing less than such personal unity with reality as makes the possession of all things else of second-rate importance; that man is really thirsty for God, lonely for God. If Christianity is based, as historically it has always been based, upon such convictions as these, then it is not unreasonable that the mystical Body of Christ should claim, as the price of the bread of life, a moral living quite its own, a unique ethics. If the undergraduate can only get it through his head that Christian morals and natural morals are two quite different things, get it out of his head that the former is merely old-fashioned while the latter is up-to-date, get it into his head that they differ in aim and in purpose, a vast confusion may be resolved.

Whenever morality is discussed nowadays, the argument almost always resolves itself into talk about matters connected with the Seventh Commandment. While we may deplore this tendency to limit good or bad living to the relationship of the sexes and to regard fornication as vastly worse than pride, vainglory, and hypocrisy, — a thoroughly vicious seeing things out of focus, — yet we may take sex for an example. It well illustrates the point being made. Here, as it happens, anyone with half an eye can see that natural morality differs from Christ's morality and that the difference is due to a differing definition of man and his highest good. When people believe as a matter of course that a man is an immortal soul, lodged within a body, they also believe that in matters of sex the

interest of souls is more worth conserving than the interest of bodies.

There was a time when most people in America thought that way and when current natural ethics maintained just that. Such was not the case in the world to which Christ came and to which Paul preached. It is not the case in the world at the present moment. Nowadays most people do not believe any such thing about man and his highest destiny, and prevailing natural ethics has changed accordingly. The usual man of the moment may admit that there is a soul, but only in the sense of a higher function of the body. Man may be a superbeast, but he is essentially a beast. So people think. And because they think it the impulse toward chastity and monogamy loses force. This is to be expected, for the simple reason that chastity is not an animal virtue and never was, while monogamy is not a natural arrangement for the handling of the family and never has prevailed among the beasts. The only natural argument that ever has been advanced for monogamy is that in order to rear children through the long helplessness of early years parents must be made to stay together that we may avoid social disaster to the upcoming generation. That is a good argument as far as it goes, but it does not go very far. Suppose there are no children. Suppose the children are grown up. Suppose the children are endowed. What then? If man is only a socialized beast, if his highest goods are animal goods, there is not the slightest reason why companionate marriage, so called, or some other form of thinly disguised promiscuity should not prevail. As a matter of fact, it is to some such thing that increasingly our contemporary natural standard, embodied in the changing laws governing matrimony, is approaching.

What is the Christian to do about it? Nothing can be done about it as long as people believe that man is a higher animal and nothing more. When the Church or her ecclesiastics thunder against divorce and its attendant evils and demand monogamy and fidelity within marriage, and continence outside of marriage, unless they make it plain that they are speaking of wisdom for those who as Christians are seeking God, and not for people who care nothing much about Christ or His definition of man, she and her officers, in the eyes of the world at large, which means incidentally in the eyes of undergraduates, seem to be advocating merely something which was and now is not, simply on the ground that the old is better, a very dubious contention. There was a laughable example not long ago in New York when a prominent ecclesiastic told a large audience at an urban university that marriage was indissoluble for everybody. His audience consisted very largely of Jews, who were living, it is to be assumed, faithfully under the Mosaic religion, which permits divorce almost at will. It is this kind of confused talk which does as much as anything else to undermine undergraduate respect for Christian morals as such.

In matters of sex and in all other matters of conduct, the prime necessity is that we shall make plain that Christian ethics claims a more than natural sanction and applies only to those who have acknowledged the validity of that sanction. We may as well abandon the attempt to make people live like Christians when they are not Christians, to preserve a Christian civilization without belief in that God-search which alone justifies a Christian civilization. One's God implies one's good. To ask people who worship Mammon to live lives of sacrifice, to expect devotees of Venus to be chaste, to hope

that people whose real God is comfort at any price will suffer gladly for the truth, is grotesque.

III

Willy-nilly, each man is a citizen of his social group or groups. Let him conform to the customs of the nation, unless he also becomes and remains a citizen of that higher nation which is the Church. When he does that, and only when he does that, the whole new series of Christian ethical judgments comes into play in his life. We live in a pagan world, as did the Hebrew prophets, as did the Christ, as did His early disciples. Christians are now — they probably always have been and always will be — a chosen people, set apart. What is right or wrong for others may not be right or wrong for them. They have been bought by Christ's love, at the price of His blood. But they who are Christians have equally no right to judge others.

It would help the undergraduate a good deal if the Church would plainly say: 'If you wish Christ's grace, if you believe that He is the Way, the Truth, the Life, the Sustainer of souls, then you must try to live according to that morality which is of Him. If you do not desire Christ, if you are satisfied with lesser aims, then conform to the standards of conduct prevalent about you. If you do, the Church will be very sorry, but she cannot then be held responsible for your eventual, or present, happiness or unhappiness.' There are some who listen if we talk bravely of an ascetic morality, practised in order that men may see God; but most students rightly ignore the hesitant, conformist type of Christian ethics which wails because worldly people have worldly morals — the sort which says, 'You are animals, of course. That is a scientific fact. But do not act like animals.' For that sort of thing the student with brains has a healthy contempt.

SONS OF TUBAL-CAIN

BY HARVEY WICKHAM

I

CHESS players, mathematicians, and organists are clannish, as are all workers in mysteries. They may not think much of one another, but are forced nevertheless more or less to flock together, however solitary their natures. There is, for them, no hope of sympathy or understanding from the common herd.

So you will often see, if you watch

the back doors of churches, especially after service or during sessions of choir practice, furtive-looking figures, generally tall and thin and dressed more or less decently in black, hanging about, drifting in when others begin to leave, like men intent on stealing the altar plate. But they are only hoping to catch the organist alone and in a fraternal mood, and to be invited to

'try' the instrument for a few precious moments before light and water are turned off or the bellows boy goes home.

A gambler may carry his cards or his dice in his pocket. A violinist tucks his instrument under his arm. Even the pianist sometimes owns a fairly decent piano, or can find one at the house of a friend. But the organist, alone of addicts to strange joys, is at the mercy of institutions, churches, or, more rarely, town halls, for the means of gratifying his habit. Only millionaires, not knowing one note from another unless they be bank notes, are the personal possessors of pipe organs.

Do you think that organists therefore envy rich men? As well imagine them envying vocalists, who — unless they have laryngitis — need only air and police protection in order to practise their art. An organist envies nobody, except it be another organist — one with a job.

I made the acquaintance of the king of instruments in the only right and proper way — from the bellows end. Though the uninitiated may never guess it, the bellows is not only the lungs but the soul of the organ, the thing which distinguishes it from a whistle or a set of Pan's pipes, and the thing, withal, which was by far the most difficult to invent. Without wind, even Bach himself had been a mute, inglorious son of Tubal-Cain.

My appointment was a glaring instance of nepotism, for my father was leader of the choir, and, I am afraid, rather looked for some sin of omission on the part of my predecessor (who was a son of the parish undertaker) to justify the change. Sins of omission are the only sort of which organ blowers are capable, the carving of initials upon the great wooden pipes of the double open pedal diapason being considered a perquisite and prerogative of the calling, not a crime.

If human nature were perfect, anybody could blow an organ. As matters stand, the perfect blower has been well-nigh superseded by mechanical contrivances, ranging all the way from gas and water motors to electric fans, while waiting yet to be born. A long stick, or lever, projects into a small hell-hole behind the choir loft, or is otherwise hidden, and its resistance to upward or downward motion is not difficult to overcome — for a while. And as long as it is overcome with sufficient regularity and in proportion to the organist's demands, the stub end of a wire showing horizontally through a perpendicular slot in the boarding remains between the two notches which mark the spots where the bellows begins to shake with excess on the one hand and to gasp from scarcity on the other. Eternal vigilance is the price of holding the job. And eternal vigilance is impossible. There comes a day —

But then, I have known even water motors to break down, and fans to cease fanning — right in the midst of the anthem. So why fire the blower for being no more than human? It is worse, of course, if he fails because of a trip to the Sunday-school room or the back steps where, in the enjoyment of fresh air and sunshine, he has overestimated the probable length of the sermon. Nevertheless, I claim that the machine age, abolishing, as it has, the bellows boy, will find itself lacking competent performers at the keyboard, so that in the end we may have to resort to mechanics throughout, and listen to organs played from punctured reels of paper accompanying a choir of voices canned in a phonograph. Who is going to master the instrument, now that there is no way left to learn it from the wind up? And who is going to sing in choirs which have no organists to be met and subdued?

The monetary loss to youth, though

serious, perhaps matters less. I received thirty dollars a year for my services at the bellows, and have since learned that I was probably the highest-priced raiser of wind in the United States, which is to say in the world. No wonder I was encouraged to go on and tackle the keyboard. I knew the organist received even more, and did not have to exercise half the strength.

When it was too late, I realized that I had given my heart to a mistress who could never come and live with me, who had many suitors and was permanently attached to none. I say too late as we say too late in any case where a mortal has contracted an incurable passion — call it a complaint, if you will. He may not die for many years, and then may die of something else; but he will die with the malady still about him.

The trouble, of course, was in finding an instrument to practise upon, and finding somebody to blow it. Churches are jealous of their cash balances, and, if they have motors, do not care to see the gas or water bill suddenly jump three hundred per cent even to furnish wind used by their own organists. The incumbent should have learned his art before accepting a position, church trustees seem to argue, and be in no need of further practice. If it be his pupils who use the motor, so much the worse. Thus penury curtails his income as a teacher, but tends to give him a monopoly.

I settled the question of practice, as I thought, by going to a music conservatory up along the Hudson, where there was a students' organ — which means a one-manual affair with only a single octave of pedals. But, as there was no motor, I fancied that it would be easy to hire some fellow student to keep the lever moving. It was. An impecunious violinist named Jones applied for and obtained the situation, and I became an employer of labor.

Unfortunately, Jones was interested in literature and philosophy, and discovered that if he could only get me into an argument the practice period would pass with little exertion on his part. He was better at keeping up his end of a dispute than at keeping the wind gauge at full. So I never caused Guilment to look to his laurels, or Samuel P. Warren, the greatest American organist of my student days, to weep with chagrin. After years, I even suffered myself to be lured away after strange gods. But can I now pass an open church door without pausing to listen? And if I hear the far-carrying soft thunder of a thirty-two-foot stop, can I go my way? I cannot.

II

Some say that Æolus, King of the Winds, made the first organ by sighing sadly over a field of frostbitten Bambusa one evening late in the fall. Others claim the invention for a musical goat, name of Pan, who took five hollow stalks, tied them together in a row, and tooted a tune by blowing across the open ends. This was the syrinx, or Pan's pipes. But long acquaintance with the peculiarities of the organ convinces me that it has Chinese blood in its veins.

The Chinese call their syrinx the *sung*, which is the reason, no doubt, why Occidental writers always spell it *sang*, or *sheng*, or *cheng*. It is an organ of a sort, since it boasts one pipe for each note and has a wind chest in the form of a gourd fitted with a mouth-piece. The Chinese are the people who had the genius to invent gunpowder, and the sense never to use it for anything but fireworks. So naturally they left the *sung* where it was, with no bellows other than the human lungs.

The real harm was done by Ctesibius, a white living in the city of

Alexandria three hundred years before Christ, who unscrupulously attached his pipes to a half-submerged diving bell, or inverted kettle, into which a number of contemporary Africanders were hired, or otherwise persuaded, to pump air by alternately dilating and squeezing leather bags between hinged boards. It was a right jocund arrangement. And when the water about the kettle (a heavy kettle, so as to keep the air under pressure) began to boil with escaping bubbles, the music was ready to be served.

It was good music, too, or at least good enough to win praises from Cicero. Anyway, it was fourteen hundred years before the hydraulic pot was equaled, let alone surpassed. And this notwithstanding the fact that in northern Europe the water could be kept from freezing only during summer, making organ playing a strictly seasonable sport.

One would think it would be easy enough to furnish a steady draft of air for an organ, but the mediæval men of science did not find it so. They tried a big square storage bellows into which little feeders delivered their respective puffs, but the result was a bad case of hiccoughs. For the organ does not present a steady market for air. The treble pipes are poor consumers; the bass pipes are gluttons. If all goes well while the organist performs upon the upper registers, there is disaster the instant he touches the pedals. If arrangements are made to suit the pedals, the bellows is likely to burst when the music turns shrill. Here are the well-known phenomena of alternate booms and panics, business cycles of uncertain duration, troublesome then as now. And strange as it may seem, it was hundreds of years before anybody thought of equalizing the pressure by weighting the storage bellows with stones; and many hundreds more before the bright light of human intellect hit upon springs.

The golden days of the organ player's art were in this stone age, when it finally came. Blind Francesco Landino, of fourteenth-century Florence; then Squarcialupi, his successor, in the fifteenth; Konrad Paumann, of Germany; Claudio Merulo, who died in 1604; Girolamo Frescobaldi, 1583 to 1644; Johann Jacob Froberger, who died in 1667; Dietrich Buxtehude, who died in 1707; Johann Sebastian Bach, 1685 to 1750 — do these names mean anything to you? If not, you have missed one of the thrills of life.

Bach (descendant of a famous zither player and baker of Thuringia) once walked one hundred and fifty miles, from Arnstadt to Lübeck, just to hear Buxtehude. And before that he had walked almost as far to hear Reinken, who, when he had listened to the youngster improvise upon the choral, 'By the waters of Babylon,' exclaimed, 'I feared this art was to die with me, but you will carry it on!' No wonder that Bach became proficient on the pedals. Is there any such devotion nowadays? I have yet to hear of it. Even at the age of eighteen Bach could provoke the church authorities at Arnstadt into officially complaining, 'He hath heretofore made sundry and perplexing variations and imported various strange harmonies, in such wise that the congregation was thereby confounded.' Our organists hardly excel Mendelssohn, save for the fact that most of them can play congregations — all unconfounded — out of church, while Mendelssohn never could. Why this falling off?

The secret probably lies in the history of the organ itself — a history which still awaits a competent hand to write it. The instrument, as Europe first knew it, was incredibly clumsy — a mere crutch for singers to lean upon — and played nothing but the melody, there being in those days nothing but

the melody to play. Nevertheless, it was the soul of dignity, and had a quality all its own.

Its proportions were very humble, so that it could be carried about from one part of the church edifice to another. It had but one manual, and nothing at all resembling our modern keys, or digitals. A key — I am speaking, of course, of times preceding the golden age — was the projecting end of a horizontal slider, a slider which, instead of being arranged so as to connect or disconnect a family of pipes of the same quality, was in control of a number of pipes of the same pitch. The only way you could stop a stop was to turn a stopcock in the end of a wind chest. So mostly you didn't, but contented yourself with pulling out and pushing in the ends of the sliders, thus unlocking the tones you wished to hear — hence the term 'keys,' which has come down as the popular name of the later-invented digitals. 'Working your alphabet,' it was called, the slider-ends being lettered for identification purposes.

When keys in the form of levers were first introduced, they were manly affairs three inches wide that had to be struck with a fist protected by the fore-runner of the boxing glove. Strenuous, but simple and precluding all frivolity. The lever was reduced in size and resistance in the interests of labor-saving. One player could now reach several keys at the same time, with the result that a number of organs were combined; the keyboards ranked in terraces one above the other. But to this day these banks reveal their separate origins in the names 'great, swell, choir, solo, and echo organ manual' still applied to them.

Composers were quick to take advantage of the new situation, and in the ninth century began writing music in parts, several melodies to be played at the same time. No wonder the organ

became the king of instruments. It had created harmony, descant, counterpoint, polyphony — call it what you like — quite a new musical world. And, as nobody but the organist could at first cope with these passages, they were marked in Latin, '*Organum*,' from the Greek *organon*, or 'instrument,' derived appropriately enough from *ergon*, meaning 'work.'

In the first half of the twelfth century, this development produced the wonderful organs of Albert Van Os, and the golden days began. An organ then was considered a fitting gift from an emperor to a Pope. The great Silbermann family of organ builders, flourishing from 1359 to 1780, maintained the wave at its height — even added to it. This was the period of the master players already mentioned. Never, I fancy, shall be heard their like again.

III

The organ still resembled no other instrument under heaven, and still had a tone all its own — the diapason, a word which originally meant merely that a certain family of pipes was carried through the entire range of the keyboard. This tone came from straight, honest pipes of wood or metal, flue pipes, the most prized metal being tin. And as tin was even then expensive, it was usually to be found in combination with baser zinc and lead. Yet, if the mixture were rich enough to cause the tin to form in silvery crystal flakes upon the surface, it did well enough. The poet who wrote, 'While the majestic organ rolled contrition from its mouths of gold,' was either ignorant of his subject, rhyme-bound, or thinking of the money involved. Golden tones are rolled only from pipes of 'spotted metal.' Then the French invented the reed pipe, and the long decline of the organ began.

It had already been discovered that by driving a plug, or tampion, into the end of a pipe, not only was the pitch lowered an octave, but the quality was altered so that it resembled more or less the tone of a flute. With reeds, three qualities of tone were attained — diapason, flute, and reed. Pipes were then slit down their sides, making them sound stringy — and what remained to prevent the imitation of a full orchestra? Unfortunately, nothing. An imitation orchestra the organ became; an imitation orchestra it has continued.

But so long as the old tracker action was retained, little harm was done. For the tracker action was not to be trifled with. Its mechanical principle was very simple. When a digital was pressed down, its farther end naturally flew up. This pushed upon a stiff strip of wood, called a sticker, which pushed upon one end of an angle iron — a small bit of metal resembling a carpenter's square. And when one arm of an angle iron went up, the other arm moved horizontally. The horizontal motion was continued by another sticker, which pushed, or by a tracker, which pulled. This might be a flexible wooden strip, a wire, or even a shoe-string. Other stickers, trackers, angle irons, roller boards, backfalls, dead-falls, and similar contrivances conveyed the movement backward or forward, to right or to left, from one level to another, or around corners, until finally a valve was opened beneath a pipe. If all went well, wind was thus introduced, and a note sounded.

But the same pipe could not be called upon to speak too frequently, or the tracker action tangled itself up. So C. S. Barker, an Englishman (1806 to 1879), invented the pneumatic action in the interests of repeated notes and to enable weaklings to preside at the keyboard. The trackers and their fearful companions were now set in motion by

a tiny bellows, one at the end of each digital, and all the organist's fingers had to do was to admit compressed air into these little helpers, and let it out again.

Barker's conservative countrymen would have nothing to do with such a contrivance. The French, less canny, allowed it to be built into the organ of the church of Saint-Denis, Paris, by Cavallé-Coll, and the great battle for mechanical rather than musical perfection was on. Lead pipes, conveying the air pressure to where it was needed, did away with stickers and trackers altogether. The English could no longer resist. To them had been given that Edison of the organ, Robert Hope-Jones, of London, who was born in 1859 and died in 1914. He began by inventing the electric action, now almost universal. At first it sparked, causing contacts to rust, and kept the organist in continual danger of electrocution — trifles which did not halt the march of progress for a moment.

The organs in Grace Church, New York, have all of these actions — or did have in the happy days when Dr. Warren was trying to initiate the most unworthy of his pupils into their multitudinous mysteries. The result was that response from some of the manuals was more prompt than from some of the others. If you were seated at the four-manual console in the chancel just at the right of the altar, and wanted to play on the great accompanied by the swell, you had to keep one hand about half a beat ahead of the other in order to allow the slow-speaking action to catch up. From the same position you could also play the four-manual organ situated in the ventral gallery in the front of the church; or you could go up into the gallery and from there play upon the organ in the chancel. But now you were confronted by the law of acoustics which says that sound may

travel only so many feet per second. You would be playing the second bar before you could hear your own playing of the first. And if you still remained hungry for punishment, you could then hitch on to an echo organ located somewhere up above the ceiling.

Warren himself was never disturbed by these details. He was a master who had not only begun as a bellows boy, but had been born, so to speak, in an organ factory in Canada. He knew the instrument from its initial state in forests and mines until its ultimate avatar in one of his own perfect recitals. But the Grace Church organs were no playthings for lesser men.

That, however, did not stay the hand of Hope-Jones in London. He kept on contriving other arrangements — such as the one which allows the opening and closing of the swell blinds to be controlled by varying the pressure on the keys, making it impossible any longer to cling to the keyboard for support. He invented the double-touch and the pizzicato-touch mechanisms. He invented the diaphone, or pressure equalizer, and other things too numerous to mention and too complicated for description, leaving only the kinetic blower, or fan bellows, to be invented by Cousans. There is now no longer any romance in relation to wind.

IV

Lovers of the picturesque should therefore investigate old organs which have not been brought up to date. In the cathedral of Notre Dame, Paris, for example, anyone who will look for a hinged panel which during service usually stands ajar (it is in the woodwork to the left of the chancel) will see a strong man sweating and groaning in a heated cubbyhole as he steps from one huge treadle to another in a fruitless attempt to keep them both down. He is one of

the last great organ blowers in existence, a brother to Sisypheus.

But — from a blowing standpoint — what is the organ in Notre Dame compared with the one which was put into the cathedral at Winchester, England, in the year 951? The Winchester monster had but four hundred pipes. But there were twenty-six pairs of bellows, and seventy men were required to raise the wind. Three organists were also needed, each one operating his own alphabet. For the rest, there were ten pipes to each key, and no stops to shut any of them off. It was probably the first attempt to prove the theory, afterward laid down by Shakespeare, that ‘murder, though it have no tongue, will speak with most miraculous organ.’ Here was at least a prophecy of *The Tempest*, when ‘the thunder, that deep and dreadful organ-pipe, pronounc’d the name of Prosper.’ Yet it did not justify Milton in declaring, ‘In an organ, from one blast of wind, to many a row of pipes the sound board breathes.’

No organ ever had a sound board. The poet should have said ‘wind chest.’ Yet now, after the respite of the golden days when noise was abandoned for soft and shining music, it has nearly everything else. Edwin Welte has even given us the philharmonic organ, which photographs the performance for future reproduction — and this says nothing of the unit organ of William Hill and Sons, with its *voix céleste* with three ranks of pipes, some of them a trifle sharp for a sobbing effect. And what is the result?

The modern organist sits upon the edge of a smooth board tipped forward from the horizontal — so far forward that only long practice keeps him from plunging headfirst into the music rack. He cannot support himself with his hands, even if he can with his salary, for everything he touches produces

some 'effect,' seldom one conducive to repose. As for his feet, they are engaged — both as to toe and to heel — in playing in the dark upon a keyboard of their own, two and one fifth octaves in compass, with the additional duty of keeping a swell pedal, a crescendo pedal, and a sforzando pedal — things shaped as to their visible parts like the inverted soles of so many boots — in a proper state of subordination. There are also sundry levers for throwing on and off the stops — levers which must be jabbed with desperate precision and in the nick of time, like so many emergency brakes on an automobile approaching an accident. In the Willis organ in the cathedral of Liverpool, which, until the war taught us new standards of frightfulness, was the largest organ in the world, there are twenty-three of these 'combination pedals' and 'couplers,' as they are lightly called, capable of directing or misdirecting the thunderbolts from fourteen thousand pipes.

Some of these mechanisms stop or unstop stops not singly but in flocks, herds, platoons, armies, fleets, and political parties. In many organs (the one in the Church of Saint Thomas, New York, for example) there are also devices which in their ensemble resemble a small-scale piano keyboard broken into sections and jammed in wherever space is available. These enable you to attach what stops you like to any given 'combination' while you continue to 'play.' The couplers permit you to play on one manual and at the same time in effect upon any other manual, or all of them, either at the same pitch, or an octave higher or lower, or both, or all three, or to do the like from the pedals. With the further aid of stops whose longest pipes are thirty-two feet from keel to masthead, and others but four or but two, rather than the normal 'foundation' eight, the compass of the

instrument, instead of being but five octaves as the keyboard seems to indicate, is extended to nine and one half.

Furthermore, the unfortunate musician faces, not the one manual which so often floors the mere pianist, but four, sometimes five, each fifty times as efficient for damage as the keyboard of the mightiest concert grand ever built. In fact, each 'stop' is a complete instrument in itself — a set of pipes, sixty-one in number, having the same voicing or quality, but tuned so as to make a chromatic scale.

Stops are not only operated indirectly by combinations, but directly, by knobs. Formerly, these were real knobs, attached to wooden pistons subject to swellings in damp weather, so that frequently it took a Hercules to pull one out or to shove it back. Often enough the knob came off when the stop was half drawn; and when a stop is half drawn the pipes belonging to it give out that which is neither silence nor music, but resembles the cry which must have been emitted by the dying gladiator at the most painful moment of his career. Combination contraptions have not abolished them, but nowadays they are transformed into tilt-ups, ivory levers similar to dominoes, which may be flipped one way or another by the finger tips. I have seen organs with as many as one hundred and sixty-seven of these, and some very modern mammoths can show even more.

To make matters worse, the name upon a tilt-up, while revealing to a mind versed in such genealogies the family to which the stop belongs, says very little about individual character. So if you are a visiting organist and about to perform publicly upon an instrument you have had no opportunity to examine, you are like a man suddenly dropped into the midst of a

tropical jungle who does not know a lion from a lemur.

No dependable landmarks are in sight. The pedal keyboard may be flat or concave, semicircular or straight. The manuals may rise above one another in the order to which you are accustomed, or in some other order. Standardization has long been attempted, but practically there is no regular place for anything.

No other instrumentalist would risk such a situation for an instant. Even violinists and pianists, playing instruments that vary less than peas, always strive to carry their own wherever they go. But an organist, being an organist, is made of sterner stuff. He will not only play — he will read at sight, and even try to transpose.

You must, some time or other, have dreamed of yourself as an organist, sitting in the deserted choir loft of a dim and empty church, with your fingers idly straying 'over the noisy keys.' But let us suppose that a service is on and you are accompanying the soprano soloist, who is singing 'Softly Now the Light of Day,' while a collection is being taken up for foreign missions. You are playing upon the swell, the swell blinds shut to muffle the sound and no stops drawn but a tender dulciana and a stopped diapason. You want no noisy keys, but think it would be a good thing to add a little pianissimo reed tone from the solo manual — and you have forgotten that it is all set to let loose a deafening barrage from a tuba mirabilis standing on fifty inches of wind and comparable only to the ram's-horn trumpets of Joshua at the

sound of which the walls of Jericho crumbled into dust!

Forgetfulness of some other little 'convenience' may get you into trouble by being off when you think it is on, letting an intended climax extinguish itself suddenly in total silence while an untrustworthy choir is left high and dry upon the fortissimo heights of the Hallelujah Chorus. The fashion of wearing long hair, so prevalent for a time among the world's Paderewskis, never found favor with organists. Genuine organists are inclined to baldness.

No, the organ is not what it used to be; and having the sound of the cornet, flute, harp, sackbut, psaltery, dulcimer, and all kinds of music continually within reach is an embarrassment of riches.

Yet one may still occasionally hear it in all its pristine beauty, and be reminded that in 'The Nun's Priest's Tale' it was considered the height of gay comparison to say, 'His vois was merier than the mery orgon.' Not all organists make the stained-glass windows grit their teeth, nor use continually every appliance which a machine age offers them. Some continue to give us the pure polyphony of the ancient organum, a polyphony in which the individual voices are as distinct as those pipes of Pan heard by Thomas Hood in that land of fancy where 'an organ breathes in every grove.' We then cease from saying with Emerson that 'the silent organ loudest chants the master's requiem.' Otherwise —

Go to! If you want to hear an orchestra, hear a real one — at a symphony concert.

A CLOISTERED RETREAT

BY CHAUNCEY LYMAN PARSONS

I

OCCASIONALLY, as events unroll about us, some random current sways aside the curtain before a soul and gives us a startled glimpse of hidden secrets within. Then, before we have had time to reassure our incredulous eyes by a second glance, the curtain drops back into place, and leaves us wondering whether we caught a deceptive illusion or a substantial fact. Of course, if we could be forewarned, we might be ready for the lightning instant of revelation; but certainly, as I rang the bell at the monastery gate, no such premonition crossed my mind.

Learning that visitors were permitted to inspect the tranquil little domain, I next essayed to inquire, by means of my two or three Italian words and many gestures, if an English-speaking Brother might be my guide. The monk who had answered the bell hesitated doubtfully, and then indicated that he would consult another white-robed figure that appeared at this moment. The Prior — as I afterward learned he was — paused in his meditative progress across the lawn, sent a questioning look in my direction, murmured a few words, and continued on his way with bent head. Returning to me, the Brother bade me wait on the terrace before the little church.

When I had mounted the ancient stone steps to the wistaria-hung balustrade, the lawn below was empty except for three doves undisturbedly foraging on the fresh green expanse.

The sunlit air was drowsy with the scent of wistaria and peonies. Brown earth beneath vines and bushes was flecked with violet and pink petals. Yellowing white plaster walls enclosed a tiny quadrangle where contented peace unfolded its wings almost visibly — the sort of peace that induces somnolent vacuity of mind rather than profound meditation.

A step on the uneven paving roused me. A third monk was approaching across the terrace, approaching with slow and feeble steps, shoulders drooping wearily, thin face haggard beneath a fringe of brown hair. His deep-set eyes were fastened upon me almost feverishly.

'Father,' I exclaimed, 'you are not well!'

'It is nothing.' His voice, though low, vibrated as if with excitement. 'I will be your guide.'

'Had I known,' I continued, 'I should never have troubled you.'

'Please!' His thin hand lifted remonstratingly. 'I wanted to come.' The tone was tremulously eager. 'The Prior said I might. It is long since I have heard an English voice — it is long.' His own voice caught — or was it my fancy? I gazed at him in surprise, but read no sign of emotion in his lined face as he held open a door for me to precede him into the church.

A bare little whitewashed house of devotion it was, stark and clean, with no frescoes, no inlaid marble, no wood-

carving mellowed by age, no brilliant windows — none of the embellishments so frequently found in old monasteries. As my companion made his genuflection before the altar he tottered, so I put my hand under his elbow.

‘Thank you,’ he murmured.

‘Really, you must not go farther,’ I said.

‘No!’ His voice suddenly rang out sharply, as he pulled himself erect. ‘I wanted to come,’ he repeated, and this time — were my ears playing me a trick? — this time with a thrill of defiance. He was looking, not at me, but straight at the crucifix above the altar. ‘And the Prior said —’ He paused, then turned gently to me. ‘You would, perhaps, be interested to see the burial vault.’

There was no mistaking his sincerity: he had wanted to conduct me about the monastery — had wanted it passionately. But why this insistence upon the Prior’s permission, as if that were the all-important item, as if it were more than a mere permission, as if it were a justification? Why should his desire — natural enough, one might think, this desire to hear his native tongue once again — why should his desire need any justification?

So far I had advanced in thought before he spoke again. ‘English is a beautiful language. Latin is stately and majestic; Italian is soft and sweet; but English — English is strong and manly.’ He gazed at me expectantly. Did he wish me to corroborate his words, or did he wish simply to hear my voice — to hear any words as long as they were English?

‘Orators have found English as stately as Latin,’ I ventured. ‘And, perhaps, poets have found it as melodious as Italian.’

‘Perhaps — perhaps,’ he sighed.

We had left the church to follow a dirt path that passed through a hedge

and along a terrace under a double row of ancient olive trees.

‘You have traveled much?’ he asked.

‘In Europe,’ I answered, ‘and around the Mediterranean.’

‘You have heard the water tinkling in the fountains of the Alhambra?’ I nodded. ‘You have looked down the long corridor of the Louvre at the Venus of Melos?’

‘The first Greek statue I ever saw,’ I said. ‘You can imagine what it did to me.’

‘Ah, yes. That and the Hermes at Olympia — the one perfect youth, so strong, so graceful, so unconscious of his incomparable beauty! And the Desert of Sahara?’

‘Only at Biskra.’

‘Biskra, yes; but you must go farther than that to see the Desert. There at night, the full silver moon flooding the whole vast dome of sky that dips down to the dark sand on every side — the utter silence — the loneliness — only you and your tent and your camel and your dragoman. But even then you do not know the magic of the moon until you have seen it shining upon the Taj Mahal amid its pools and cypresses. The world is full of incredibly lovely things.’ He gazed absently across the green campagna to the silvery-blue mountains rimming its far edge.

‘Some of them you have here about you,’ I suggested.

‘Yes, these hills and plains are picturesque,’ he agreed. ‘But if you want grandeur, there are the Rockies at home — and the barren peak of the Matterhorn, and the snowy top of Etna with its plume of tan smoke — and Fujiyama — I was almost forgetting Fujiyama.’

I stared at him, amazed. Was it possible that he had seen all these things? As if he knew the question in my mind, he added with a faint smile, ‘And all of that I have left — for this.’

He pointed to a low doorway in the white wall at our side, and followed me into a dim, square room. Around three sides were tiers of shelves from earthen floor to ceiling, many of them occupied by plain coffins that just fitted their allotted space.

'Here we are all laid at last — each one in the robe he has worn, on his right side, his hand with palms together under his face — so.' He imitated the position. 'Here we find our rest,

'... And faith, we shall need it — lie down for an æon or two,
Till the Master of All Good Workmen shall set us to work anew!'

At my expression, he exclaimed, 'You recognize the lines? It is — ' he hesitated — 'it is a satisfaction to talk to one who understands.'

Was this, I asked myself, merely a polite phrase, or did it imply some unexpressed idea behind? Had he found a lack of understanding in this cloistered retreat? The Prior, for instance? Yet, nothing in his manner suggested that his words had other than their face value.

'I shall finally join my brothers here. Possibly in this very spot.' He pointed to the next vacant shelf. 'Soon, perhaps. Last week I thought it might be sooner than this; I was very ill. But I had not finished my allotted tasks; I still had to conduct you about the monastery.' He smiled wanly, pathetically. Then his lips drooped sadly as he added, 'And that, I fear, is now done. This is not a great and spectacular monastery, as you see. We devote ourselves to a contemplative life, and haven't much to show to visitors.' Hesitatingly, he turned to the door; but on the terrace he suddenly paused to place a tremulous hand on my arm. 'Or, would you — would you care to see my own cell?' His eyes lighted eagerly.

'Very much,' I replied emphatically, 'if it is not an intrusion.'

'Not at all.' His low voice thrilled happily. 'I was almost afraid to ask you, for fear you might find it a bore.'

'Everything here interests me,' I said. 'Otherwise, I should not have come at all.'

With startling abruptness he halted, and his wide blue eyes peered at me intently, almost with an expression of fright. 'You — you are thinking of coming to join us here?' The tone of his voice forbade my mistaking the importance that he attached to the question; he did not ask from idle curiosity, he felt deeply concerned. But whether he hoped to hear me say 'Yes' or 'No' I could not for the life of me decide. Was he eager for the company of a compatriot, or was he horrified at the idea of my committing what he had found to be a tragic error? The question almost rose involuntarily to my lips as I gazed at his eager face.

'No,' I said gently. 'No. I have my work elsewhere.'

His figure relaxed. Its frail tautness vanished into its customary frail weariness. 'No.' The word was hardly more than a sigh, but whether of relief or of disappointment I could not possibly tell. I hoped he would say something further, — enough to give me some clue to the tantalizing mystery, — but he expressed neither regret nor satisfaction. Whatever his inward emotions, — and they had been strong, I knew from the manner of his question, — he did not attempt the rôle of missionary to convert me, nor did he by slightest implication condemn his monastery. That, no doubt, he would have considered traitorous, even blasphemous.

II

Then, as we returned through the hedge to the little green lawn where

I had entered the monastery, we met the Prior, still moving slowly with bent head. His well-rounded figure displayed a marked contrast to my guide; such fasting as he had done had not diminished his energy and firmness. My companion paused to address a few words to the Prior, apparently explaining that I wished to see the cell. Silently, gravely, the Prior listened. As there was no answer, the Brother suddenly added a more eager phrase or two, almost as if he were justifying what might be considered a dubious action, almost like a child making a half-timid excuse. Thereupon the Prior looked at me gravely, appraisingly, and I thought I caught a gleam of calculating interest in his still, dark eyes. But he merely nodded at my guide, who seemed to hurry as we continued our walk.

What, I wondered, was the exact relationship between these two? It was easy enough to see that the Prior ruled his diminutive realm with no wavering power, that he expected unquestioning obedience from his flock. But did he wield his power benevolently or oppressively? The Brother at my side, for example — was he deferential from a sense of duty, or from a sense of genuine and grateful loyalty? The scene that I had witnessed — had it simply displayed the benevolent and gladly accepted discipline of the monastery, or had I really felt the faint heat of a friction engendered by the too close contact of incompatible characters? The episode had been too brief to suggest any sure answer to the question; it left me still on the rim of an interesting situation, into which I was quite incapable of piercing without aid.

Presently my companion reverted to his earlier words. 'You have your work elsewhere. Perhaps this life seems to you circumscribed — selfish.'

'No,' I replied. 'Different work for different people. For some natures

this tranquillity and orderliness are necessary.'

'Yes, they are necessary.' He repeated the phrase as if to emphasize it properly. 'Some of us need what we find here — and only that. It may not seem much, but it is enough — quite enough.' Was he reassuring himself or me? Was I making the mistake of interpreting his calm words from my own point of view rather than from his? Could I, an outsider, possibly unsympathetic, ever arrive at a true understanding of this situation?

He feebly pushed open a wooden gate, admitting to a long narrow rectangle of immaculately neat garden. The one-story buildings extending along the sides of the space were obviously the dormitories, each apartment with its own door opening upon the garden. At the far end, a low stone wall connected the two buildings. Beyond it the hill fell steeply, so that one looked across the tops of almond trees upon the valley below.

'How pretty it is,' I said; 'so quiet, and so removed from the turbulence and the worry and the irritation that meet one so generously out there.'

Possibly he felt that my admiration was not very profound, since I had not exchanged that life for this tranquillity. At any rate he murmured an assent, but without enthusiasm. It was as if some insincerity on my part had been felt, and had suddenly blurred the clear understanding and sympathy between us.

'These are my flowers,' he said in a tone of pride, pointing to a bed of red and gold and purple and white blossoms, 'and this is my door.'

The microscopic square entry into which we stepped had space for one door in each wall, and a tiny shelf in one corner. 'My food and wine are left on this shelf; we eat alone. Here, to the left, is my study.' The room, hardly

larger than the entry, contained a table, a chair, and shelves above, filled with theological books in Latin, Greek, Italian. On the table lay a neat pile of manuscript, penned in a hand as clear and minute as those monkish notes of mediæval days.

'Did my visit interrupt your work?'

'Oh, no,' he replied. 'I was resting — in here.' We entered a slightly larger room, his bedroom. A white, glazed stove in one corner, and a wooden bedstead with mattress, pillow, and blanket in the other — nothing more. From the bedpost was hanging a braided leather whip. He saw my gaze upon it. 'You see,' he continued, 'I have everything my soul desires.'

'One really needs very little, if he did but know it,' I agreed. 'Books and flowers and peace — they should go far to content one.'

'So I have found it.' His voice was hardly audible. He repeated more firmly, 'So I have found it.'

'And yet —' I paused.

'And yet?' He turned eagerly. 'You need not hesitate to say it. You would find it difficult?'

'Or impossible.'

'No.' His voice was emphatic. 'No, not impossible.'

'Do you suppose,' I ventured, 'that none of the Brothers ever regret?'

He gazed squarely at me. 'That I cannot say. We never speak to each other except on urgent matters. No, I think not. We most of us join the Order in our youth. I have been here fifteen years.' His tone was self-possessed, even matter-of-fact, but in the depths of his eyes burned an odd flame, and one hand moved restlessly. If his inner soul had ever revolted from this life, obviously I was not to be permitted to intrude upon the secret. Even then I could not decide whether any such secret really existed, or whether I was reading into the situa-

tion a meaning entirely unwarranted by the context.

'This last room is my oratory for private devotion.'

It corresponded to the tiny study. Before the door, but pushed against a wall to the side, was a *prie-dieu*, facing an altar that was raised well above the floor. On each end of the altar stood a little bunch of pale blue blossoms like forget-me-nots — Santa Maria, the Italians call them, from their color, I suppose. Above the altar, in a dull gold Renaissance frame, a picture of the Madonna looked down upon us. At first glance I thought that it came from some early Renaissance brush, because of the stiff formality of its style and the general simplicity of its colors; but a second glance showed me my error — the face was distinctly not Italian. It was sweet and pretty and refined, but somehow lacked the fragility and spirituality that one always expects from Renaissance artists. On continued inspection, too, its refinement seemed more a matter of aristocracy. In my interest, I had momentarily forgotten my host. By way of apology, I said, 'I like your altarpiece very much.'

The tired face at my side lighted eagerly. 'I am so glad,' he said. Then, hesitatingly, 'I painted it.'

'Really!' I exclaimed. 'I had no idea that you were an artist.'

'I'm not. It is almost the only thing I ever tried. At first the Prior did not think I ought to waste time on it, but finally he gave me permission. Perhaps he thought it would occupy my mind. I was very happy. I had to try it many times before I got it right. Even now it does not satisfy me. But the Prior decided I had spent time enough — so, there it is.' He spoke rapidly, impulsively, without a thought of his implication, as if an unconscious check had been removed suddenly, letting the

words come in an unhindered torrent. His eyes were shining. 'You are the first to praise it. You can't imagine how pleased I am.'

'I admire it tremendously,' I said. 'At first I thought it was a Renaissance work, but the face is n't Renaissance at all. It looks like somebody I know, but I can't remember whom.'

'Oh, no!' A sudden alarm quivered in his voice. 'It is not a portrait — only an ideal of beauty.'

'An American ideal,' I said; 'not an Italian.'

'Universal,' he rejoined. 'An ideal of universal beauty.'

It was not for me to press the matter, and he seemed indisposed to say anything further, perhaps already regretting his comments about the Prior. Certainly they had illuminated the relationship between the two men — or I thought they had. I pictured the young convert, not over thirty at the time, assailed by unexpressed doubts of the course he had adopted for some powerful reason — the Prior astutely aware of his restlessness, rigidly upholding the monastic discipline, finally permitting this diversion, declining perhaps any permission to speak or to hear the English tongue, fearing that it might further unsettle the young man. I had no opportunity at that moment to set in order this flood of ideas, for the time had obviously come for my departure.

'Your visit has given me most genuine pleasure.' He took my hand.

'Might I, perhaps — might I call upon you again?' I asked.

'Oh, no.' His voice was agitated. He dropped my hand. Then, with an effort, he recovered himself. 'Please do not think me inhospitable. But the Prior — we are not expected to receive personal callers — we are busy with our work. You understand?' he ended pathetically.

'Quite,' I said. 'You are right. It would be an intrusion that one should not have asked.'

So we walked slowly, almost silently, back to the gate, where I gave him my cordial thanks for his hospitality. 'I do not know your name,' I suggested.

He hesitated before answering, 'I am called Fra Filippo.'

'Good-bye, Fra Filippo. I shall remember this visit with keenest pleasure.'

'And I,' said he, gazing kindly into my face. 'Good-bye.'

His tired shoulder drooped against the heavy wooden door; his deep blue eyes looked wistfully at me above his sunken cheeks. I could not turn away. I believe I half held out my hand toward him. The door slowly closed, and a bar within dropped dully into place. The faintest of shuffling steps whispered away into silence.

III

All the way down the hill to my *albergo* in the village I pondered. Was I a sentimental fool, misinterpreting the whole episode, or had I left a desperately lonely soul at the end of his endurance? Upon what did I base my fantastic conception? Fleeting lights in his eyes, fancied tones in his voice, momentary expressions of his face — any or all of which might very naturally be expected of an ill man stirred by the excitement of an unforeseen contact with his distant life. No spoken word of his justified my inferences. Yet, sensible as I tried to be, Fra Filippo's wan face and meagre figure haunted my thoughts that day and my dreams that night.

The next morning, as I looked from my window across the sun-swept green hillside, the sound of a distant bell floated down the fresh air, ringing in slow and measured strokes. Instantly

I knew what it meant. At lunch my waiter replied, to my question, that one of the Brothers at the monastery had died. So, not quite knowing what excuse I might make for presenting myself again at the gate, I toiled up the road once more, rehearsing a few sentences in Italian as I went.

The Brother who answered my ring, obviously surprised at my inquiry, eyed me keenly as he thanked me. He was sorry to inform me that Fra Filippo had died. They had found him that morning in his oratory, kneeling on his prie-dieu, his clasped hands extended toward the altar, his head fallen forward upon his arms, his body supported by the prie-dieu and the wall at his side. All this was made clear by a dramatic imitation. It was perhaps sad, but the Brothers were rejoiced to know that Fra Filippo's soul had ascended with his last prayers straight to the effulgent glory and the ineffable joy that surround the throne of God. No, there was nothing I could do.

About to turn away, I suddenly be-thought me of one thing more. With considerable difficulty I made myself understood. Would the monastery sell me the picture of the Madonna above Fra Filippo's altar? The Brother was clearly nonplused at this suggestion. Finally he replied that he would consult the Prior.

I waited in the silent courtyard, with its little green lawn, its wistaria-hung balustrade, its yellowing white walls. In imagination I saw Fra Filippo lying in the dim burial vault, exactly as he had described it the preceding day.

Before I expected him the Brother returned. There was a subtle change in his manner; the gentle kindness and interest seemed to be replaced by a no less gentle abruptness and finality. The monastery could not part with any of its works of art. He held open the gate, bowed me out, and softly closed it behind me, leaving me still wondering, my riddle still unanswered.

THE COUNTRY LAWYER

BY F. LYMAN WINDOLPH

I

I CAME to the bar almost twenty years ago in the small American city near which I was born and in which I was brought up and educated. It had then a population of less than fifty thousand, but it was the centre of a rich agricultural county so bounded by hills and by a great river as to form a naturally distinct geographical and political unit. The county had been settled half a

century before the Revolution, and had existed as a separate judicial district for almost a century. In its courts James Buchanan, Thaddeus Stevens, and a score of other great lawyers had practised, and at the time of my admission to practice there were members of its bar who not only remembered the giants of other days but who had shared in and were able

to transmit a legal tradition which stretched unbroken to 1729. In this community I have passed the whole of my professional life, and in the course of it I have perforce written deeds and wills, organized corporations and issued bonds, settled estates and searched titles, and tried every sort of civil action from replevin to divorce and every sort of criminal case from assault and battery to murder. I have, in short, for better or worse, lived the life of what the profession knows as a country lawyer.

Now the true test of the country lawyer is not the size or importance of the community in which he does his work, but rather the sort of work which he does and the sort of people for whom he does it. Some years ago I met a member of the bar of New York who was employed by a society engaged solely in the apprehension and prosecution of men who had married and deserted Jewish women. From year's end to year's end he traveled from place to place trying desertion cases, and I venture to say that he knew more at first hand about the comparative law of desertion throughout the United States than any authority living. Such a man is obviously not a country lawyer, no matter where he may practise. On the other hand I remember with pleasure a conversation which I had not long ago with an old man who had practised for almost half a century in a remote county, whose largest town has less than three thousand inhabitants. In the course of our conversation he referred to himself as a country lawyer, and a moment afterward, in making some reference to me, made it clear that he regarded me as exactly the opposite. I think, however, that he was mistaken. If a lawyer performs every sort of legal service for every sort of client,—the poor and the

lowly as well as the rich and the well born,—he is, within my definition at least, a country lawyer, and no mere arbitrary distinction, based on density of population or the like, can make him anything else.

II

Every sort of legal service for every sort of client — the very phrase brings to my mind a succession of pictures, some of them amusing, some of them tinged with sadness and tragedy, and some of them altogether gracious and lovely. There are memories, such as must come to every lawyer, of the routine of consultations and settlements, of trials by jury and hearings before magistrates, of wills made *in extremis*, and secret sorrows and disgraces unknown to the world at large. There are likewise memories — no less clear, but less directly connected with the law — of long drives to sales, a legal brother beside me in a buggy hired at a livery stable, and of unhurried talk about men and books as our horse jogged through the quiet countryside; of the sales themselves, with half a township as witnesses if not as bidders, the voice of the auctioneer rising and falling and his chosen clerk keeping a record of purchases and making change with miraculous efficiency;¹ of road views, where a keg of beer was as essential a part of the proceedings as the presence of the viewers themselves; and of a score of other aspects and incidents of rural civilization, some of which have passed away, never to return, during the term of my own practice.

¹ At a sale of personal property in the country, the clerk will sometimes, between noon and sundown, record the sale of 800 items, posting his entries as he goes, and will collect the total of the successful bids in cash without a discrepancy of so much as a penny. This is, however, an exceptionally hard afternoon's work. —AUTHOR

Of these recollections there is none which gives me greater pleasure than that of the country surveyor at work. Ordinarily there is no reason why a lawyer should be present at the making of a survey, but on one or two occasions some real or anticipated dispute about the meaning or effect of a deed has made it desirable that I should actually see the lines run on the ground. Now all our land titles are founded upon grants from the original proprietor, and just as, in Eastern mythology, the world rests upon the back of an elephant, which, in turn, stands upon a turtle, so the proprietor obtained his title from King Charles II, and it is as much a piece of impertinence to ask the source of the King's title as to inquire what the turtle stands on. Of course not every piece of land may actually be traced to the original proprietor, on account of lost deeds or the like, but many of them may, and I know of one tract, oddly enough a small one, whose present description is precisely the same as that contained in the first grant.

The running of boundary lines necessarily depends upon the location of landmarks, and the true worth of a country surveyor depends much less upon his skill with a transit than upon the accuracy of his information — necessarily acquired either by personal experience or by tradition — as to where these landmarks are to be found. The deeds refer to them only in general terms — 'beginning at a white oak, a corner of lands of John Doe,' thence by a certain course so many perches to 'a stone,' thence to 'an iron pin,' or to 'a black oak,' and so on. With such a description, a city-bred surveyor, however expert he may be, is as helpless in the setting of a disputed fence as a lawyer. I have stood on a wooded hillside looking for a stone, — such a stone as might seem to serve as a

monument, — but seeing only white oaks (disturbingly numerous) and feeling only a sense of the futility of learning. Confronted by such a problem, the country surveyor lays aside for a moment the calling in which he is perhaps compelled to earn the greater part of his livelihood, and, not without a proper consciousness of the burden of responsibility resting upon him, comes grandly into his own. The question involved is rather of fact than of law, and its solution depends upon knowledge possessed by him alone. Surely there is nothing finer than the air with which, ignoring suggestions, he strides — it would be a slander to say jumps — into a bramble bush and scratches out, not his eyes, but the very stone which was pointed out to him by his grandfather, also a surveyor, half a century before.

On the witness stand in a courtroom he is a far less satisfying figure than on his native hills, because, all things being equal, erudition is always less satisfying than knowledge. In the country his worth and skill are self-demonstrating — the event itself speaks. But before a judge and jury he must justify himself and his profession in words, and he feels that, in order to do so, he must be given an opportunity by the lawyer who calls him as a witness to explain the variations in the magnetic compass. This is a mysterious subject, whose relation to the actual practice of surveying may, for all I know, be slight or none, but every country surveyor expects to have his qualifications as an expert tested in court by being interrogated about it. The question is no sooner on the lips of counsel than the answer is ready. In the year 1700 the magnetic compass pointed five degrees to the west of the true geographical north. Between 1700 and 1800 it moved four degrees to the eastward and so on. I doubt whether any respectable number of jurors have been much

enlightened by the recital, but a disappointed witness sometimes means, in the end, a disappointed client, and five minutes devoted to the eccentricities of the compass are not too big a price to pay in order to put a witness at his ease.

III

It has been said that the trial of cases is the culmination of the lawyer's art, and, in the matter of dramatic intensity and interest, murder cases, as much in the country as elsewhere, are in a class by themselves. It is true that before country judges the point at issue is, as a rule, — whether wisely or not, — tried much more strictly than in the big cities, and that witnesses are more rarely permitted to unfold in their testimony the entire stories of their lives. In my own county I am satisfied that the trial of Thaw, for example, would not have lasted, at the most, more than three days. It is likewise true that juries in murder cases are secured much more rapidly in the country than in cities. The original theory of trial by jury was that an accused person ought to be tried by a jury selected from his vicinage or neighborhood, because the jurors, being his neighbors, would be likely on that account to know something about him at first hand, and some tradition of this theory has persisted in the country, so that an intimate and detailed examination of prospective jurors with a view to uncovering some possible bias is not ordinarily permitted. Indeed — and apart from any theory — it would be impossible in many rural jurisdictions to secure twelve citizens who, if the defendant was a native of their county, did not know him, or at least know something about him.

But, making due allowance for the incidental differences in practice which tend to make a murder trial in the

country less sensational than elsewhere, the essentials of legal solemnity and human interest necessarily remain. In my state the formal arraignment of the accused has been abolished in all cases except trials for murder, and there is a strangeness, as of another age, in hearing the clerk ask the prisoner how he will be tried and in hearing the prisoner, usually prompted by his counsel, reply, 'By God and my country.' Then, too, the selection of a jury, though never a question be asked by the attorneys on either side, presents to the prisoner and his counsel a series of decisions on which life and death literally depend, and each of which seems more momentous than the last until only the twelfth juror remains to be chosen. The prospective jurymen, on his name being called, presents himself at the entrance to the jury box, and the clerk, standing facing him, asks the three time-honored questions — whether he has such conscientious scruples as would prevent him from rendering a verdict of guilty of murder in the first degree, the penalty being death, if the evidence should warrant the same;² whether he has formed such an opinion as would prevent him from rendering a verdict in accordance with the evidence; and whether he can be perfectly impartial between the Commonwealth and the prisoner. If the answers of the juror do not disqualify him, the clerk then says, 'Juror, look upon the prisoner. Prisoner, look upon the juror. How say you, challenged or not challenged?' If the prisoner's attorney knows his business and has had reasonably good luck, a few, though perhaps a very few, of his original

² As the result of a recent statute, the jury, if it finds the defendant guilty of murder in the first degree, must determine whether the penalty shall be death or imprisonment for life, and the clerk now says, 'the penalty for which may be death,' instead of 'the penalty being death.'—AUTHOR

twenty peremptory challenges remain, and there is a tense moment during which he consults his jury list or engages in a whispered colloquy with his client. If the juror comes from the regular panel, counsel for the defense probably knows something about him, but if there has been a special venire, as usually happens before the twelfth juror has been selected in a murder case, there is nothing to do except to judge by appearances and be governed accordingly. Old practitioners will tell you that in such cases butchers, carpenters, and all those who habitually handle edged tools are to be avoided. However kindly they may be personally, they will bring in verdicts of murder in the first degree more readily than other men. The juror looks about him, uncertain whether to walk into the jury box or to return to his seat. Though the other eleven jurors would vote to acquit, this man may persuade them to find a verdict of guilty. On the other hand, his voice alone may save the defendant. Everything seems to depend upon him. 'Pass the juror,' says counsel for the accused. The judge looks up quickly and clears his throat. There is a long sigh from the spectators. The trial is ready to begin.

IV

If the trial of cases is, for those who participate in it, a universal experience wherever the jury system is in force, there are other activities of the country lawyer which have no parallel in the practice of his brothers in the large cities. There is, for instance, the work of conveyancing — an art which is inextricably connected in my mind with a local custom known as 'the first of April rush.' It is said that the date was determined in the first place by the fact that tobacco — which, for time out of mind, has been one of our

principal crops — was invariably paid for in the spring; but, be that as it may, the custom itself resulted from the existence of a state of society sufficiently simple to permit a farmer to transact the whole of his annual worldly business, other than farming, between the morning and evening of a single day. From one April to another he lived entirely upon credit, paying no bills, and expecting none to be paid. On the first of every April, rain or shine, he went to the county seat, and, having established himself at a hotel, called upon his banker and withdrew enough money to meet his needs. Sometimes, indeed, he withdrew his entire balance in order to assure himself that it had been safely kept, and, because of the crowd within, counted it sitting on the curb in front of the bank. When his financial arrangements had been completed, he set about meeting his debtors and creditors, seeking them at the offices of their lawyers and being sought by them at his lawyer's office, paying only in cash and receiving payment in like manner. When evening fell he was in the enviable condition of the Miller of the Dee — all his accounts were closed. He returned his funds to the bank, which had obligingly remained open to receive them, and went home for one year.

This is 'the first of April rush,' as it was when I came to the bar and as it had been for upward of a century before. It is not exactly so now — the use of checks is much greater than formerly and the crowds on the streets are smaller. Village banks and stores have taken over a considerable part of the business. There are fewer entire families in attendance and fewer hangers-on. To a large extent, however, the principle of an annual settlement day remains. It began with the farmer, but it did not end there. In a city of sixty

thousand inhabitants, nine leases out of every ten run from April to April. All mortgages, except by special agreement, are made payable on April first. Not only are the conveyances of all farms fixed for that day, but of a large proportion of properties in the city as well.

The result is bedlam indescribable. There are titles to search, leases, deeds, and mortgages to prepare and have executed, liens to be satisfied, and settlements to attend. Let no sophisticated metropolitan practitioner talk to me in this connection about the obligations of efficiency. Nothing is harder to change than a custom, and against this particular custom the veriest efficiency expert would break himself in vain. Of course, the requisite legal papers may be prepared in advance, but there is no way to compel a seller to sign and deliver a deed until the buyer is ready to pay over the purchase price and no way to compel a buyer to pay the stipulated price until he is in funds and the seller is able to deliver possession. I have never been able to complete more than six or, at the most, eight settlements in a day, and yet on a certain twenty-fifth of March a number of years ago I was confronted with one hundred and eight settlements supposedly to be made on the first of April by myself and a single assistant. In such a situation there is nothing to do except to get to the office as early as one can in the morning, stay there as long as one can stay awake, and hope for the best. The great day will pass, what remains undone will be finished somehow in the days that follow, and peace will come with the spring.

And yet, when the tumult and the shouting have died and the buyers and sellers have departed, not all the incidents of the April season are vexing or unpleasant ones. I remember in particular an old man, a farmer, who for many years made me his annual

visit on the first of April. He had a small amount of money invested in mortgages, and invariably there was some change in his investments about which he wished to consult me, or at least the necessity for a trip to the courthouse in order to enter a receipt for principal paid on account. On a certain first of April I saw him early in the morning, sitting as usual in the reception room of my office, but I knew of no business of his requiring my attention that year and I was too busy to speak to him at length. He waited patiently for me all morning, and, though I have no doubt that he went for dinner during the noon hour, he must have returned to his place immediately afterward, because I noticed him there from time to time during the course of the afternoon. Evening had fallen and the crowds had melted away before I had an opportunity to invite him into my private office for an interview. When we had shaken hands and seated ourselves, I asked him to tell me what business had brought him to the city. I shall never know whether he had come to value our annual conferences for their own sake and was unwilling to admit, even to himself, that a time had come when there was a less valid reason for them than formerly, or whether, in the simplicity of his heart, he credited me with a greater store of wisdom than I possess, but he answered only that he was considering buying a new plough, and that he wanted to know what I thought about it.

Now I am unfortunately blessed with no knowledge whatever about farming, but we had, nevertheless, an unhurried talk for perhaps ten minutes about farming in general and ploughs in particular, and in the end we decided to buy the plough. I went to the outer door with my friend and said good-bye to him there, intending to

return to my desk. The stenographers had left for the day and the office was empty. Suddenly I realized that I was very tired and that it was time to stop work. I got my hat, locked the door, and walked out into the April twilight with wet eyes.

Two ducks on a pond,
A grass bank beyond,
White clouds on the wing,
Blue sky of spring,
Such a little thing
To remember for years,
To remember with tears.

V

I will not say that one who is not touched and humbled by such an incident as this is a bad man, but I think that he will never be entirely happy or successful as a country lawyer. A measure of compensation for small fees and for the lack of great causes is to be found in that sense of legal totality which comes from a general practice. There is a picture — surely familiar to every lawyer who studied for his profession in the office of a preceptor — which shows the law as a gigantic tree, its roots buried in the common earth and its top reaching to the heavens. From its trunk grow the alternating branches of property and persons, of contracts and torts, of crimes, remedies, and government. The subject of equity is reduced to a small limb and bankruptcy to an even smaller one, while injunctions appear as a twig no thicker than the stem of a leaf. I like to think that, at one time or another, I have perched on almost every limb of that tree.

But the chief compensation of the country lawyer is the richness of his share in the heritage which belongs of right to all the members of the three learned professions. Doubtless in the old sense there are no longer any learned professions. The architect, the engineer, the journalist, the scientist, and a hundred others have, indeed, fed as well upon learning as the physician, the lawyer, and the divine, but the old magic authority of learning — the old faith that education necessarily, or at least presumably, brings wisdom and goodness to its possessor — is as dead as that benefit of clergy which once served, with whatever injustice, to express it. And yet, because the great experiences of men are still births and deaths, their great concerns health, liberty, and happiness, and their great aim salvation, the three learned professions remain, as obviously as ever, in a place apart. After all, learning was never more than one of their incidental distinctions. Now, as always, their true distinction lies less in their achievements than in their purposes and in the resulting intimacy and beauty of those human relationships which occur so frequently in the life of the country lawyer. Whether or not his training has made him learned, his experience ought to make him wise and good.

It is not true that only God can make a tree. The Devil could make a tree if he tried, but only God can make men and women. With all of them we stand in jeopardy, and by some of them, it seems to me, He saves us every hour.

RESURRECTION

BY MARY AUSTIN

Now, I said, that I am done
Even with sorrow —
Never any more yesterday nor to-day,
Never to-morrow;
Now that the worm, resentment,
Hath eaten my heart out wholly,
I will stretch out in its empty husk,
I solely,
Uncompanied by grief or hope or wonder,
Knowing life only as the word
Death pronounces,
Crushing its dry husk under.

Here in my eyeless void,
Emptied even of my pulse's stirring,
Darkling I heard
Earth's timeless axles whirring,
From seas unreckoned
The foam-slavered sea pack
Yelp on the moon's cold traces;
Low in their places,
I that was done with wonder
Heard the unhurrying grasses
Lisping their leaves asunder.

AIRPLANES AND GUNS

BY LIEUTENANT COMMANDER BRUCE G. LEIGHTON

I

PRACTICAL aviation is comparatively new; and, as with all new things, it is natural that we should seek for new or revolutionary uses for it. Startling stunts undertaken with the idea of 'selling' its importance to the world at large are, up to a certain point, justified; but if continued too long there is danger in such a course, because it tends to foster development along unsound lines, to stifle development along sound lines, and finally, in considerable measure, to discredit all development. While we waste years in attempting to develop the airplane as a future substitute for established activities, we largely neglect the truly enormous potentialities, and the much more rapid progress, which lie along the less spectacular path of adaptation to established activities. Who can deny, for example, that the money and effort spent in preparation for the Dole flight from San Francisco to Honolulu, and in its tragic aftermath, would have brought far more lasting benefit to the Hawaiian Islands, and incidentally to the development of aviation itself, if directed to the establishment of fast air mail and passenger transportation over the comparatively short and entirely practical distances between the various islands of the group?

The airplane's real importance, both in peaceful and in warlike pursuits, lies in less spectacular, but far more productive, uses than those which many of its advertising agents advocate.

We need have no fear of bombing raids coming by air from across the sea to our shores; we need not expect to be able to punish a possible enemy by attacking him in that manner. The uncompromising physical laws of mechanical flight, by virtue of which the airplane is able to fly, decree that transoceanic flight as a practicable military venture is out of the question to-day, and will remain so for many years to come. Whatever else the exploits of Lindbergh and of those who have preceded him and followed him in flights across the seas have proved, they have offered compelling evidence that this decree must be accepted.¹

It has taken the concentrated effort of the engineering talent of the world a quarter century to develop airplanes which can make transoceanic air passage one way under selected conditions, carrying no load worth mentioning other than flying crew and necessary fuel for the journey. If an enemy would attack us by air from across the sea, he must not only make the flight across. He must go back; for it is entirely unlikely that we shall receive him as a welcome guest and supply him with fuel and service for the return journey. He must double

¹ In a previous article, in the November 1927 *Atlantic Monthly*, the author has discussed the inherent physical limitations of the airplane in its application to commercial aviation, and has set forth in more detail the reasons why such transoceanic flight is impracticable. The reader is referred to that article. — EDITOR

the performance of Lindbergh — and more; for he must carry bombs in addition, and machine guns and ammunition with which to protect himself. Remembering that the weight of fuel necessary to propel Lindbergh to Paris constituted more than half the gross weight of his loaded airplane, and remembering that when we add useful weight to an airplane we must take out an equal weight from the structure or the engine, where shall we turn for means to provide a reduction in structural or engine weight greater than all the labor and study of the past quarter century has been able to produce? A saving in Lindbergh's plane, for example, greater than the combined weight of his engine, wings, landing gear, compasses, food, and water — and Lindbergh himself. Bigger planes will not do it; Byrd's plane was three times as large as Lindbergh's, but he was not measurably nearer the mark than Lindbergh. Radio transmission of power has been suggested by enthusiasts, but expert radio engineers hold out no tangible promise in this direction. Some revolutionary invention in power plants or structures may come in the future — who knows? But nearly a century of intensive engineering development has not produced any such invention, and none is even remotely in sight. Prophecies as to what may develop in the future in the way of new or revolutionary inventions are futile. What we are concerned with now is what shall be the sane course of action for the present and proximate future. To base our actions of to-day, to spend our money, and to pin our hopes on the assumption that revolutionary changes are just around the corner is sheer folly. Because of the great proportion of the total carrying capacity required for fuel in long flights, the airplane is to-day, and must remain, inherently a short-range

vehicle, in comparison with ocean distances. If air attacks come to our shore from overseas, they must come the greater part of the distance on floating bases — surface ships — aircraft carriers.

II

The airplane can perform no function in war that has not been performed in some manner or other since war first began. It can hurl destructive agencies at the enemy, it can reconnoitre, it can carry messages, or troops or supplies in limited quantities. These things have always been done. As new weapons and vehicles have developed, man has adapted them to his use. The detailed tactics have changed; the principles have never changed.

Victory in any theatre of operations goes to him who can control the area in dispute. To control any area, be it on land or at sea, one must occupy it — or at the least be fully capable of occupying it, even in the face of determined opposition. No airplane can of itself occupy any area; especially is this true of sea areas. It takes men to occupy; and they must have food and clothing, ammunition, and all manner of miscellaneous supplies. Airplanes must have prepared landing spaces, fuel, ammunition, repair and maintenance personnel, and equipment on the ground. Life can be sustained in the vast areas of the sea only on ships. Sea areas can be occupied only if ships are there to sustain life. The outcome of the Dole flight, that of Nungesser's transatlantic venture and numerous other similar ventures, are compelling object lessons which cannot be ignored.

The airplane is not, and cannot be, a self-supporting and independent agency in the national defense, either ashore or afloat; to attempt to make it so is to chase rainbows. It is an auxiliary — as are all other weapons and vehicles

auxiliaries — to the man power which is essential to occupancy of, and victory in, the territory in dispute. This is fundamental; it always has been, it probably always will be. Armies and navies are not battleships or tanks, airplanes or submarines, guns, bombs, or torpedoes. They are men — using the best weapons and vehicles available to gain and maintain physical occupancy of disputed territory for themselves, to deny it to the enemy. To that end the airplane is of great importance as a high observation post, as a scout, as a fast dispatch bearer — perhaps on occasion as a fast transport for small detachments. But its greatest potential value lies in its inherent swiftness and freedom of movement in delivering destructive blows on enemy positions. It is in effect a powerful long-range gun, of longer range by far than any gun heretofore known. If we will accept this point of view — if we will consider the airplane as a long-range gun and admit the logical conclusions which must follow such a premise — we shall have gone a long way toward arriving at an accurate conception of the true rôle of the airplane in the scheme of national defense, and of its proper relation to other warlike agencies.

We are told that a twenty-thousand-dollar airplane can sink a twenty-million-dollar battleship. That is in a certain sense true; but in the same sense it is also true that a twenty-thousand-dollar major-calibre rifle can just as certainly and just as effectively sink the same battleship. The cost of the bare weapons is no criterion of their relative value in national defense; neither the airplane nor the rifle is of any value in war until it is placed in a position to strike. We must consider not only the cost of the weapons themselves, but also the cost of getting them to the attacking position, and of keeping them there. If we would have air-

planes in position, and in fit condition, to attack in distant sea areas, we must carry them there on ships, because they cannot fly there themselves, or, once there, maintain themselves in effective condition. So with guns. Whether our striking weapons be guns or airplanes, we must, at sea, have ships to take them to the scene of action, men to repair and service them, and men to run the ships. There is no plausible reason to believe that fewer men will be required in the engine room of a ship because airplanes instead of guns are on deck, or to believe that there will be required, either ashore or afloat, any fewer men to load a twenty-four-hundred-pound bomb on an airplane than are required to load a twenty-four-hundred-pound projectile into a sixteen-inch gun. As a general rule, a bomb dropped from an airplane can do no greater damage than can a projectile of equal weight shot from a gun. One must accept that the number of guns or airplanes or ships or tanks which we have in battle is of little moment in itself, except in so far as it affects the number of actual hits pressed home on the target. It is fundamental that, in any given set of conditions, that weapon is most effective in sinking ships or in reducing fortified positions which can put the greatest weight of metal and explosive on the target in a given length of time. To quote Theodore Roosevelt, 'The shots that hit are the shots that count.'

The comparative rapidity of hitting is, as a rule, of no less importance than the number of hits. Time is an all-important factor in battle. A modern breech-loading rifle of the heaviest calibre can be reloaded and fired at intervals of seconds; a bombing flight requires at least as many minutes as the great gun requires seconds. Therefore, at distances within the effective hitting range of the rifle, we must in common

sense accept the rifle as a superior weapon. But as the range increases, the hitting accuracy of the rifle necessarily decreases; whereas with the airplane the distance that it flies from its base before releasing its bomb has no measurable effect on its hitting accuracy. Therefore, as the range increases, the relative superiority of the rifle becomes less pronounced, until the advantage finally goes to the airplane. It is futile to argue, as many have done, that the accuracy of bombing has been exaggerated. Even if it has been exaggerated, that in no way alters the fact that the airplane can make at least a few hits up to its full radius of operation — at present in the order of two hundred miles; or the fact that in the area beyond extreme gun range — about twenty miles at present — the gun can make precisely no hits. Something divided by nothing is infinity. The airplane in the area beyond gun range, and within the radius of action of the airplane, is literally infinitely superior to the gun in hitting power.

If we had assurance that all battles will be fought at very long range, we might be justified in adopting airplanes as destructive weapons to the exclusion of all others. But we have no such assurance. It is probable that we shall have to fight sometimes at short range, sometimes at intermediate range, sometimes at very long range — or, quite possibly on occasion, at all ranges at once. The airplane and the breech-loading rifle each has its field of superiority. There is need for both — on land and at sea.

III

It is perhaps a paradox that the airplane seems destined to exert its most profound influence on the relative armed strength of nations in that area where it is most difficult to operate — on the high seas.

Ships as a class offer far better targets, both to bombing and to gunfire, than do objects on land. It has long since been firmly established that a gun mounted on a ship is no match for a similar gun mounted on shore, because to silence the shore gun the gun itself must be hit, whereas the gun on the ship may be silenced by hits on the supporting hull which may not come within a hundred yards of the gun itself. All the hits in the world will not sink the shore; one hit may sink a ship, with all hands on board. For this reason the use of war vessels in making direct attack on well-defended shore positions has in the past brought disaster to the ships. The result has been that, as the range of guns has increased, the ship has been pushed farther and farther from shore, beyond the effective range of shore batteries. The advent of the airplane — a longer-range gun than any heretofore known — has served merely to push the ship yet farther offshore than before. Ship-borne bombing airplanes can bomb coastal territory, to be sure, but so can ship-borne great guns shell coastal territory. We need shore-based bombing aircraft at important population centres along our coast line, certainly, just as we have in the past needed shore-based great guns; but, having them, we may be assured that direct assault by raiding ships on our home territory, either with guns or with bombing aircraft, is a very remote possibility indeed. The advent of the airplane has in no way changed the fundamentals of coastal defense.

But even if our coastal defenses be utterly impregnable, our national security and prosperity are by no means assured thereby. These can be assured only so long as we are free to send our merchantmen at will over the sea to the four corners of the earth. Our great automobile and electric industries, our

telephone, telegraph, and electric light and power systems, all require a continuing supply of rubber for automobile tires and for electric-wire insulation. Every ounce of rubber that is used in these industries comes to us in ships from over the sea. So do tin, nitrates for explosives, and essential elements that go into the manufacture of a host of articles that we use in our everyday life. Cessation of the anthracite mining industry was a national calamity. What would be the effect of cessation of our automobile and electric industries? How can these and related activities persist, how can our present prosperity continue, without freedom of the seas?

National defense does not mean coastal defense alone. It means defense of our shipping in its journeys to the markets of the world across the seas. A cargo of freight destined for our shores is just as great a loss if it is sunk in the Indian Ocean as it is if sunk at the entrance to New York Harbor. Who will soon forget the terror to British shipping wrought by German commerce raiders which ranged the seas, and which occupied the attention of a considerable portion of the British fleet before they were run to earth? The Falkland Islands are thousands of miles from England, yet there was fought one of the greatest sea battles of the war with Germany. What schoolboy has not thrilled to the story of Stephen Decatur in Tripoli Harbor in 1804? One of the most glorious pages of United States history is the Battle of Manila Bay, six thousand miles from our shores. What have these things to do with coastal defense?

Thousands of years of human history have demonstrated in all walks of life — be it business, politics, the sport of schoolboys, or nations at war — that a vigorous and effective attack is by all odds the best protection; and further,

that the most effective point of attack is the opponent's most vulnerable point. If we would have efficient national defense, therefore, let us look first to our potentialities for attack, to our most vulnerable point, and to those of other nations. The most vulnerable point of every influential nation is its ocean-going shipping. Destroy the overseas commerce of any nation, and you strike at the heart of its industrial and social organization. If we are forced to war, we may expect first a vigorous offensive against our ocean-going shipping; and to protect our shipping we must seek out and destroy the enemy attacking forces, we must strive offensively for control of the sea. Direct attack against enemy home territory, without first controlling the sea, is a futile and indefensible waste of energy. The controlling factor in sea operations is necessarily the striking power of the ship. The navy is truly the first line of defense. Sea power must be our first concern in any sound scheme of national defense.

IV

Generally speaking, a ship outranged is a ship defeated, because, being outranged, she can be hit repeatedly without being able to hit back. Ability to hit an enemy ship at distances whence she cannot hit back is far better protection than all the armor in the world. It has, therefore, come to be accepted as axiomatic that victory at sea goes to the ship or fleet which can strike effectively at the longest range. In striving for the advantage which goes with long range, gun ranges of ships have rapidly increased until they have now reached nearly twenty miles. Yardarm-to-yardarm combat is a thing of the past; fire is now opened between opposing battle lines while they are still hull down over the

horizon. It is true that at these ranges the percentage of actual hits made is small, but the advantage — both material and moral — which goes to him who strikes the first blow is so great that the expenditure of considerable quantities of ammunition in attempting to make the first hits, even though they be few, is fully justified. As gun ranges have increased, the difficulty of observing the fall of shot and thence correcting the aim has increased correspondingly, so much so, in fact, that until the advent of aircraft it was coming to be accepted that further increase of range was useless. But with the advent of aircraft, and their use as high observation posts near to the enemy, the accuracy of hitting at long range has greatly increased. The use of aircraft in gunnery observation has served to increase the number of hits on the target just as surely as the addition of more guns or more battleships to the battle line would have increased the number of hits.

To this extent, then, the observation planes now at sea with the battle fleet are, in a manner of speaking, serving in the place of additional guns or additional battleships. Limitation by treaty of tonnage of battleships, of size of guns, has in no wise stopped competition to gain superiority in striking power. Nor can it be stopped by treaty. So long as competition in trade continues, competition in the elements necessary to protect it will also continue. Already it has come to be accepted that as between two otherwise equal fleets, one with airplane gunnery observation, the other without, victory must surely go in battle to that fleet which has airplane observation. That is one reason why Great Britain has six aircraft carriers in commission in its fleet; that is why every battleship and every light cruiser in the United States fleet to-day is

fitted with catapults, and carries its observation planes and protecting fighters as a matter of course. But the catapult on the gun ship is after all something of a makeshift. Once the plane is launched, it can be recovered and refueled only by landing on the surface of the sea, thence to be hoisted on board. This necessitates stopping the ship, and interrupting the fire of the guns. In the midst of a hotly contested engagement such a procedure is suicidal. If we would realize the full potentialities of the airplane in this rôle, we must provide means whereby when the fuel is exhausted the plane may return directly on board a ship moving with the battle line. Such means can be provided only in a ship of special design — an aircraft carrier. Even if we accept that the principal rôle of the airplane at sea is gunnery observation, a truly efficient fleet must have carriers for its observation planes.

But in common sense we cannot accept that observation is the principal rôle of the airplane at sea. Bearing in mind that the fundamental compelling force behind the development of practically all naval ordnance, including airplanes, has been the effort to increase the effective striking range — or in some other way to derive the benefits of ability to hit without being hit — and bearing in mind that the bombing airplane in its rôle as a long-range gun can hit effectively beyond the maximum range that any other known form of gun can conceivably hit, it would seem inevitable in common sense that the bombing airplane must take a place of major importance in the field of shipborne armament. (It is even conceivable that the bombing airplane might eventually assume a rôle of even greater importance than the major-calibre rifle. This is a radical view, to be sure, a view which involves so many controversial elements that it would be

futile to attempt at this time to argue its probabilities. The eventual possibility is mentioned, however, to emphasize the necessity for careful consideration of the bombing airplane in connection with future developments in the national defense at sea, but more particularly to emphasize the importance of the carrier-based airplane in the scheme of national defense of the present.)

The controlling factor in all ship design is the type of ordnance which it is intended to carry. If it is to be heavy guns, the ship takes the form best suited to heavy guns; if torpedoes, the form best suited to torpedoes; if airplanes, the form best suited to airplanes. Battleship, torpedo boat, submarine, aircraft carrier, all are the same thing in different form — war vessels designed to protect friendly shipping, to destroy enemy shipping.

Consider now the specific case of the aircraft carrier versus the battleship. It is not a case of the airplane versus the battleship — it is a case of the airplane versus the ordinary gun as the principal armament of ships designed to control the sea. To argue the question from the point of view of the air force versus the sea force (the navy) or versus the land force (the army) is equivalent to arguing the question of guns versus the army or the navy. Whatever its use, the airplane is as inseparable from the army or the navy as is the gun, or as is any other weapon or vehicle that serves their ends.

In the first place, the bombing aircraft of the carrier can strike the battleship at far greater distance than the guns of the battleship can strike the carrier. To that extent the carrier is undoubtedly superior. We are told that the carrier is far more vulnerable than is the heavily armored battleship. One might infer therefrom that there is some peculiarity in aircraft that makes

it impossible to put heavy armor on ships which carry them. There is no good reason why heavy armor cannot be provided for the aircraft carrier if that is necessary. But vis-à-vis a battleship there appears to be no necessity for heavy armor on the carrier, because if the armor is eliminated it immediately becomes possible to give the carrier a superiority in speed which will enable her always to choose her own range and time of attack, and to deliver her blows from beyond the extreme gun range of the battleship. Superiority in effective hitting range is far better protection than armor.

It must be remembered that a navy is not all battleships, nor is the business of a navy merely to keep its fighting ships from being sunk. That is essential only in so far as it aids the real business in hand — to keep its merchant shipping from being sunk.

We might consider the matter from this point of view. Assume all of our foreign-trade shipping to be concentrated in one huge convoy escorted by a navy having no bombing aircraft and threatened by an enemy. Our mission is to protect, the enemy's to destroy, the convoy. If the attack comes by surface craft alone, the problem is comparatively simple. We shall put the convoy behind the escort, where it will be safe so long as the escort is undefeated, because before the enemy can come within gun range of the convoy he must first clear the space occupied by the escort. In such circumstances the fate of the convoy hinges solely upon the outcome of the fleet engagement. Destruction of the convoy follows as a matter of course upon the defeat of the escort. To defeat the escort the enemy must concentrate his forces, else he must himself suffer defeat in detail. Thus we build up a doctrine of concentration — a doctrine which says virtually that control of the

sea is decided by major fleet engagements. But suppose that the enemy chooses to evade the defending surface ships, after the manner of the German submarines in the last war. What then becomes of the doctrine of control by massed fleet actions? We have learned in the hard school of war — or should have learned — that massed fleet actions, important though they may be, are not of themselves decisive; that there are ways of circumventing the power of the big guns of the massed battle line. Suppose that the enemy chooses to attack with bombing aircraft operating from ships whose speed is enough greater than that of our heavy battleships (slow because they are fitted with armor) to permit them to avoid the gunfire of the battleships; and suppose that he chooses to make his attack not on the battleships, but directly on the ships of the convoy, which is, after all, the real objective. Even were the battleships themselves totally bombproof, that would be small comfort to the ships of the convoy. These are not, and cannot be, bombproof. How, if we have no bombing airplanes in our fleet, shall we meet such an attack? With fighting airplanes? If we have no carriers from which to operate them, how shall we get them into the air? With anti-aircraft guns? Doubtless anti-aircraft guns can account for a few of the attacking planes, but it must be remembered that anti-aircraft guns to be effective must be at or very near indeed to the point of attack, and if we mingle our escorting ships with the convoy to provide close anti-aircraft gun protection we immediately restrict their freedom of movement and almost completely destroy their effectiveness for protection against a concentrated attack by gunfire from possible enemy battleships.

It has always been true in war that

when an enemy threatens with longer-range guns one must reply with guns of at least equal range. The airplane is a longer-range gun than any heretofore known. The only effective way to stop the attack of bombing airplanes is to seek out and destroy the ships on which they are based, and without which they cannot operate at sea. And that can be done effectively only if we have bombing airplanes in our own fleet, and carriers from which they may operate. The only satisfactory answer to the bombing airplanes of an aircraft carrier is bombing airplanes on an aircraft carrier.

V

The airplane is to-day one of the most formidable weapons in sea warfare, the aircraft carrier of no less importance than the battleship, the cruiser, the submarine, the destroyer. A modern navy can no more afford to be without aircraft than it can afford to be without guns or torpedoes. Neither is a replacement for the other; each has its own work to perform, but neither is complete without the other. All are vital to national security.

In the Washington Treaty of 1921, the United States and Great Britain were each allotted 135,000 tons of aircraft carriers — Japan was allotted 81,000 tons. In the Lexington and the Saratoga, commissioned in 1927, we have two carriers totaling 66,000 tons, less than half the tonnage which the leading statesmen and technical experts of the world agreed in solemn conference was necessary to provide adequate naval strength. (Certainly if they had not deemed it necessary they would hardly have stipulated it in one of the most important international treaties of modern times.) There still remain to be built 69,000 tons of carriers within the provisions of that treaty. That

tonnage, if we had it, could carry and operate at least two hundred fully manned bombing planes in readiness for instant action with the fleet in any part of the world. Four years is necessary to design and build a modern aircraft carrier, after Congress has authorized, and appropriated funds for, its construction. There is not yet (February 1928) any Congressional authorization to begin making up the shortage, nor money appropriated even for their design.

There was need for those carriers in 1921 — the statesmen of the world virtually said so when they signed the Washington Treaty. Have recent events served to indicate that the airplane is of any less importance in the world of affairs to-day than it was six years ago? Or that it will become of any less importance in the immediate or distant future?

Fast merchant vessels are readily convertible into aircraft carriers in time of war, and although they are, of course, less effective than ships designed specifically for the purpose, they become, nevertheless, when so converted, formidable war vessels, with which even a heavily armored battleship must reckon. Many commercial airplanes are potential bombers or observation planes.

More and more do commercial transport vehicles tend toward the characteristics required for effective war service. When we foster commercial aviation, we inevitably promote the national defense. When we add to our merchant marine, we add to our potential reserve of effective war vessels at sea when war comes. If we stand low in registered tonnage of fast ocean-going merchantmen — which we do — our comparative effectiveness in sea power, and hence our national security, are far less than a comparison of actual tonnage of regularly commissioned war

vessels would indicate, and there is all the more danger in a course which fails to provide for the full commissioned tonnage that international treaty allows — almost obligates — us to build.

The more we limit the tonnage and armament of regularly commissioned naval vessels, the more important becomes the rôle of the airplane — commercial as well as military; the more important becomes the merchant vessel — seemingly impotent, but in reality a potential war vessel of formidable strength. As between two nations of comparable gun-ship sea strength, and a disparity in merchant shipping, that nation which is superior in fast merchant tonnage will almost certainly in a 'next war' control the sea. And, as always in the past, victory in war goes to that nation which controls the sea.

It may be a source of pride to us to point to fine, well-trained, and efficient air squadrons lining our shores, but as things stand to-day they can exert little influence on the outcome of a war at sea, for they must sit on our front doorstep, waiting impatiently for the enemy to come within range. It is doubtful if an enemy will be obliging enough to send his sea and air forces into the almost certain destruction that awaits him there. Wars are not fought in that manner. The only way to win a war is to go out and fight. We shall have to fight at sea in a next war. And to fight successfully at sea we must have air power at sea. It cannot fly there by itself; it must be carried there — on ships.

There can be no assurance of national security without adequate sea power; no adequate sea power without a strong air force at sea with the fleet in instant readiness for action; no strong air force at sea without aircraft carriers.

Airplanes can be built in large numbers in a few weeks; ships require

months or years to build; war has a way of coming overnight.

We have our stipulated tonnage in battleships. We have not the tonnage in aircraft carriers that is necessary to support the aircraft without which our battleships will be ineffective in future war. If we fail now to provide for necessary aircraft carriers, we fail to

provide for essential air power at sea when war comes. We fail to provide for adequate sea power, for national security.

We — the United States of America — gave the airplane to the world. If we fail to recognize its potentialities, and its limitations, and to act accordingly, it may prove to be our undoing.

THE INCUBUS OF THE TEMPORAL POWER

THE CATHOLIC CHURCH AND THE MODERN MIND

AMONG the vast mass of letters occasioned by this series of articles in the *Atlantic* I have read a number whose severe criticism is clearly based upon misunderstanding. Many, perhaps all, of these are utterly sincere, but they confuse issues which I have from the outset striven to make absolutely distinct. For any pain I have caused an honest soul I am deeply sorry. Nothing is further from my mind and heart than to publish anything injurious against the dear and ancient Mother at whose feet I have grown up.

We all understand the distinction between the divine and the human in the Church. The Church is, we believe, divine in her conception, her doctrine, and her means of grace. On the other hand, in her members, clerical and lay, in her polity, and in many of her practices she is human. In this latter regard alone is criticism permissible.

If it be not right to criticize the human genius of the Church, then are we deprived of a great and necessary instrument for progress. We are left

without hope of adapting her teachings to the needs of the modern world.

I

'Viva il papa-rè!' is still heard at public audiences in the Vatican when the pope is borne through the crowd on his carrying chair. 'Long live the pope-king!' is the cry. It comes loudest usually from the bands of seminarians. Among them may be recognized American students for the priesthood in their black cassocks with the blue trimming. This enthusiastic outburst is not without its logic. It suggests the lack of harmony between the Catholic Church and democracy. The Church is an absolute monarchy, the chief ruler of which possesses doctrinal and administrative power from which there is no appeal. In his own right, independent of all subsidiary officials or groups, the pope may proclaim new doctrines and promulgate new disciplinary laws. The only democratic principle inherent in the system consists in this, that all classes are eligible to official position. However, this

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principle does not apply to the method of elections.

At the present time the pope is elected by the college of cardinals. The pope is head of the Church because he is bishop of Rome, and not the reverse. It is a doctrine of faith that the Roman bishop is head of the Church. 'If any one shall say that it is not by the institution of Christ our Lord Himself or by divinely established right . . . that the Roman Pontiff is not the successor of blessed Peter in the same primacy; — let him be anathema.' (*Catholic Encyclopedia*, vol. XII, p. 265) The cardinals, who are the chief clergy of Rome, no matter in which country they live, elect their own bishop. He automatically becomes pope.

In short, according to Catholic doctrine, the supreme pontificate is divinely attached to an Italian diocese. It is not strange, then, that nearly all the modern popes have been Italians. It is known to be the concern of each pope to leave a sufficient number of Italians among the cardinals to enable them to elect a pope of their own nationality. Under the present system the election of a pope from any other than Italian nationality is practically impossible.

The pope has many titles and insignia. He has taken over both the title of high priest (*Summus Pontifex*) from the Jews and that of *Pontifex Maximus* from pagan Rome. He wears the triple crown, known as the tiara. 'The kissing of the pope's foot — the characteristic act by which all the faithful do honor to him as the Vicar of Christ (*sic*) — is found as early as the eighth century. . . . The pope ranks as the first of Christian princes, and in Catholic countries his ambassadors have precedence over other members of the diplomatic body.' (*Catholic Encyclopedia*, vol. XII, p. 270) For

more than a thousand years (A.D. 754–1870) the pope was king over a portion of Italy known as the States of the Church. In the beginning this was a section of territory extending from Rome to the Adriatic. By the military exploits of Popes Alexander VI, Julius II, and other popes this territory was extended so as to embrace the greater portion of Italy. The history of papal temporal power forms a story the mention of which might well bring the blush of shame to the enlightened Catholic mind. The diluted narrative given in the *Catholic Encyclopedia* does not hide the political intrigue, the tyrannous oppression, and the militaristic greed practised by this long line of men who claimed to represent the teachings and the spirit of Him who was styled the Prince of Peace.

It is the paradox of the ages. Christ wore a crown of thorns — His vicar wears a golden crown of political power. Our meek Redeemer knelt to wash the feet of His disciples, while His chief earthly representative extends his foot to be kissed. Our divine Saviour was unjustly accused of proclaiming Himself king of the Jews, and His vicegerents for ten centuries maintained an army to keep them secure in their Italian kingdom. The Son of Man had not whereon to lay His head, but His chief minister dwells in a palace surrounded by Oriental splendor. The Redeemer of the world, with bleeding feet, bore the heavy cross up Calvary, but His pope, arrayed in the splendor of Solomon, is borne upon the shoulders of his servants.

The world is aware of this contrast, though many are captivated by the pomp and brilliancy of the Vatican. Perhaps the world would accept this display of magnificence in the harmless sense in which it is intended, were it not for the spirit of arrogance behind it. The world of thoughtful men might

even be inclined to accept the pope and his resplendent court, did he lay claim to spiritual supremacy alone. But the modern mind cannot harmonize the ideas of pope and king in the same person. Indeed, it must be known, the pope has not abandoned the idea of earthly kingship. Pope Pius XI still lays claim to the rights of a sovereign. This is the case that has been pending between the papacy and the Italian government. It is known as the Roman Question. When the Italians took Rome in 1870, they left the pope the Vatican and Castel Gandolfo, the pope's old summer residence in the Roman Campagna, as his sole domain. Since that time the pope has remained a voluntary prisoner in the Vatican. He is awaiting a settlement, the nature of which is not publicly known. Pope Benedict XV sent Archbishop (now Cardinal) Ceretti to the Peace Conference, presumably to seek aid in the settlement of the Roman Question. His mission was evidently a failure. Within the past year press dispatches announced that Mussolini was attempting to settle the Question.

In the meantime the Pope continues to act as a sovereign with any nation that is willing to accept his ambassador or send a representative to the Vatican. During the later period of the war England maintained a minister to the Holy See in the person of Count De Sales. After the Peace Conference France resumed diplomatic relations with the Vatican; Japan did likewise. All the Catholic countries, particularly Spain and the South American countries, have their representatives at the Vatican. Thus the political power of the popes still lingers.

This power was great in the Middle Ages. For several centuries the pope constituted himself a sort of overlord, a supermonarch who exercised a kind of political suzerainty over the rulers

of Europe. If a prince were agreeable to his cause, the pope blessed him or perhaps consecrated him with sacred oil. When the pope appealed for help to the Frankish king in 754, 'he—Pope Stephen—anointed king Pepin, his wife, and sons, and bound the Franks under threat of excommunication never thereafter to choose a king from any other family than the Carolingians.' (*Catholic Encyclopedia*, vol. XIV, p. 259) On the other hand, the pope deposed, when he found it possible, monarchs who were refractory to his will. Pope Gregory VII excommunicated Henry IV, German king and Roman emperor, 'and a resolution was passed that if Henry were not freed from Excommunication within the year he should forfeit the Empire.' (*Catholic Encyclopedia*, vol. VII, p. 231)

The activities of the popes in mediæval politics are well known. It was believed that the Church should provide suitable rulers for Catholic countries. But the Church often had to pay dearly for her prestige through the interference of princes in ecclesiastical affairs. For a long time no pope could be elected without the sanction of the German king. Of Henry II it is related: 'The Church, as the constitutional Church of Germany . . . raised Henry to the throne. . . . Henry disposed of bishoprics autocratically. Under his rule, the bishops, from whom he demanded unqualified obedience, seemed to be nothing but officials of the Empire. He demanded the same obedience from the Abbots.' (*Catholic Encyclopedia*, vol. VII, pp. 227-8)

This confusion of politics with religion in the Middle Ages is thought by many Catholic scholars to have been necessary. The Church sought to promote the spiritual welfare of the people, they say, through the aid of the

secular arm. If so, it is a confession of weakness on the part of the Church. During all those centuries in which the Church was embroiled in politics there appears to have been no real progress in religion. The people seem to have been controlled in faith and worship by law rather than by force of Christian love.

II

How glorious might the Church have been had her popes and bishops resisted lust for power and wealth! Never was the Church so magnificent as in the first three centuries of existence. Then her members were held together, not by the fear of papal authority, but by the sacred bond of brotherly love. In that long period the bishop of Rome and his fellow bishops were Christlike in the simplicity of their lives. Money to them meant little else than means to help the poor. Bishops, in those days, were good shepherds of their flock. They were, it seems, gentle, unassuming men who strove only to imitate the meek Redeemer. But with power came arrogance and with arrogance came dogmatism. Thus the system grew.

Modern popes, who have been great and good men, are the victims of this system. They have been, for the most part, men of God, filled with zeal for the cause of Christ. It would not be easy for one of them to introduce any great change in the policy of the Church. For this a modern Hildebrand would be required, a man with a world vision of love and brotherhood, a man who could cast off the shackles of traditionalism and cry out, 'Back to the simplicity of the Gospel!' Then Christlike life would be the concern of the Church, human life, the more abundant life. To achieve this the Church must needs adopt the words of Christ for her motto: 'The truth shall

make you free.' She must liberate the minds of men, emancipate their spirits from the domination of intellectualistic theology. She must cast her weight with all the earnest men of earth who are striving to solve the problem of human existence. She must begin to believe in the sovereignty and the nobility of humanity.

In this great movement, the whole organization of the Church must change in spirit. The old idea of obedience must pass, together with the old idea of authority. Obedience must come to mean love and reverence, not fear, for superiors. Authority, on the other hand, must come to mean the benign influence of love and service, such as Christ possessed in His earthly mission. Popes, bishops, and priests, if they are ever to represent Christ faithfully, must study His mind. Christ warned His Apostles against the spirit of domination: 'And he said unto them: The kings of the Gentiles lord it over them; and they that have power over them, are called beneficent. *But you not so:* but he that is the greater among you, let him become as the younger; and he that is the leader, as he that serveth. For which is greater, he that sitteth at table, or he that serveth? Is not he that sitteth at table? But I am in the midst of you, as he that serveth.'

This is the spirit which animated the Apostles, the first bishops of the Church. How different is the spirit of later-day bishops, especially those of America! In no other country of the world, perhaps, has the hierarchy preserved the spirit and the methods of feudalism as have the bishops of the United States. It was a dark day for the Church when her bishops became feudal lords. Throughout the Middle Ages it was the custom of ecclesiastics to hold political principalities. 'The Church too had her place in the feudal

system . . . kings and emperors endowed her with property; and ecclesiastical property has not infrequently brought evils in its train. The result was disputed elections; younger sons of nobles were introduced into bishoprics, at times even into the papacy. The cause of this was feudalism, for a system that had its basis on land-tenure was bound at last to enslave a Church that possessed great landed possessions. In Germany, for example, three out of the seven electors were churchmen. There were, besides, several prince-bishops within the Empire, and mitred abbots, whose rule was more extended and more powerful than that of many a secular baron. As it was in Germany, so it was in France, England, Scotland, Spain, etc. . . . the numerous claimants for the livings were only too ready to admit every demand of their (feudal) lord, if only he would permit them to possess the bishopric, abbacy, or whatever else it might be. In short, the Church was in danger of becoming the annex of the state; the pope, of becoming the chaplain of the emperor.' (*Catholic Encyclopedia*, vol. VI, pp. 62-3)

Feudalism was an unpopular and a degrading system of government. It contained none of the political elements that tend to develop the individual. It was a system in which the masses of the people were bound to the will of one man in a serfdom which was but a step removed from slavery. 'No system,' writes Guizot, 'has ever, in France, remained so odious to the public instincts. . . . You will find the feudal system considered, by the mass of the population, a foe to be fought and fought down at any cost.' (*History of France*, vol. I, pp. 230-1)

The Catholic bishop is still given his feudal title, Your Lordship. At ordination the newly made priest kneels, as the serf once knelt before his feudal

lord, his two hands held between the hands of the bishop. Then the bishop says: 'Dost thou promise me and my successors reverence and obedience?' The answer follows: 'I promise.' In these later days the oath against modernism is generally demanded after ordination just as it is required of seminary and university professors at the beginning of each academic year.

The newly ordained priest has now bound himself to reverence and obey his bishop. Little does he dream of the future humiliations this step may entail. 'Of all the tyrannies the worst is that which can thus (as in feudalism) keep account of its subjects, and which sees, from its seat, the limits of its empire. The caprices of the human will then show themselves in all their intolerable extravagance and, moreover, with irresistible promptness.' (*History of France*, vol. I, p. 232) The bishop feels that he is responsible to God for the lives of the priests who have promised to reverence and obey him. Not satisfied with the reverence and obedience shown by devoted children to their parents, he demands those external signs of fealty and honor which the feudal lord required of his serfs.

When the priest, or any of the faithful, greets His Lordship, he must kneel before him and kiss the episcopal ring upon his hand. For this act of submission he is granted, each time, an indulgence of fifty days. A certain American bishop of the Middle West is very insistent upon this point of ecclesiastical etiquette. One day a young priest came suddenly upon the bishop, and in his excitement forgot his manners and simply said: 'Good morning, Bishop.' His Lordship flew into a pious rage and shouted: 'Is that the way to greet your bishop? Get down on your knees and kiss your bishop's hand and learn to show due reverence for your superior!' It must not be supposed,

however, that this bishop, who is so zealous for his own honor, is necessarily oblivious of his duty toward God. It is entirely possible that he went to his chapel afterward and thanked God for having permitted him to teach this obstinate priest a sound lesson. Mayhap he prayed for the soul of the erring one. For, indeed, the bishop feels that he must at least help to bear the burden of all the priestly consciences in his diocese.

It is a custom for the bishop to arrange, at stated times, a spiritual retreat for his priests. On such occasions the priests repair to a religious house, or other place, for several days and there listen to conferences delivered by a retreat master. They usually spend the time in silence and meditation. They are also supposed to make a good confession during the retreat. It is a matter of the priest's own conscience, yet the bishop orders it and fixes the date on which it is to take place.

On occasion, too, the bishop helps the priest to keep his conscience. When the episcopal visitation takes place, the priest is given a blank form to fill out. Here he must state whether he has said his daily prayers, made his meditation, gone to confession regularly, and the like. He is required to answer many other questions which touch the intimacy of his own private life. If he thus confesses, in writing, he is liable to ecclesiastical censure. It must be said, in justice, that many bishops do not observe this ordinance.

III

The bishop is practically a tsar in his diocese. His power is limited only by the regulations of general ecclesiastical law. He can make or remake diocesan laws at will. He is free to promote his favorites as suits his fancy. He is bound to no rule of merit or sin-

cerity in dealing out preferments. If he is a mediocre man, or a man whose youth and childhood were passed in unfavorable circumstances, he is liable to suffer from the superiority complex. In such case he is an easy victim for the flatterer. He is secure in his position — as secure, at least, as were some of his predecessors in their feudal castles. No one dare criticize him, at least not openly or in the hearing of an episcopal favorite. He is bound to give no reckoning, save to the pope, self-imprisoned in the far-away Vatican. He is not a servant of the people, as was the meek Redeemer. He is their lord, who loves to be addressed 'Your Lordship.' He therefore need render to priests and people no account of his stewardship. Like the feudal lords of old, he taxes without representation, and he spends the funds of his diocese without ever making a financial statement for the enlightenment of his subjects.

In America no one is supposed to know what the bishop's personal income happens to be. There is an episcopal system of taxation for the bishop's personal benefit, called the 'cathedraticum.' This is usually five per cent of the ordinary income in all the parishes of the diocese. Thus the personal income of a bishop in a small diocese might be an annual pittance of twenty to twenty-five thousand dollars, while that of a bishop of a large metropolis should run from a hundred to a hundred and fifty thousand dollars a year. Of course, it is assumed that many bishops give freely to charitable and educational causes. However, a bishop is supposed to live up to the high dignity which he holds. One famous and able prelate has two palatial homes, one in the heart of the city, the other in the suburbs. On the walls of his hallway he displays tapestries which, he says, cost twenty thou-

sand dollars each. This demonstrates the generosity of the poor American working people toward their ecclesiastical superiors.

In the last few years the American bishops have found another effective means of raising funds on short notice. It is the assessment plan. The prelate decides how much he needs for a given purpose. He then assigns to each parish its portion of the total sum. Some years ago a certain American bishop was called to Rome to receive a high dignity. He thought it becoming, therefore, to take a worthy gift to the pope. This is reputed to have been a half million dollars. In a businesslike manner he assessed each parish wisely so as to raise the amount. One poor country pastor was assessed eighteen hundred dollars. His church was in debt and he was unable to collect the mite called his salary. Nevertheless, by begging and borrowing, he finally succeeded in gathering one thousand dollars. With a certain self-satisfaction at having done the impossible, he took the money to his ecclesiastical lord. When the awful truth dawned upon the prelate, he angrily asked: 'Where are the other eight hundred?' Then, deaf to the pleas of the terror-stricken priest, he said: 'I don't care for your reasons. Go back and get the rest of the money and have it here within ten days, or somebody else will.' The good pope no doubt praised the generosity of the American people when he received their munificent gift.

Another great prelate, whose name is a household word in the press of his great Western city, not long since returned from Rome. The headlines of the neighborly dailies carried some such caption as this: 'Million dollars given to the prelate by the people as a testimony of their love and reverence.' But there is a little story which may throw some light upon the inner pur-

port of those headlines. First of all, be it known that the million dollars were raised by the efficient mode of assessment. The said prelate had left a substitute in charge of affairs during his absence. In his zeal this substitute ordered the assessment according to the general rule. It is related that a city pastor who had been assessed thirty thousand dollars came to complain. He pleaded that his church, long in use, but not yet consecrated, was burdened with a debt of two hundred thousand dollars; his people were not able to pay the interest; he could not raise the money. But the *chargé d'affaires* replied: 'I do not care to listen to your parish difficulties. Go, get the money, and have it here within two weeks, or I'll put someone else in the place who will.' It is to be remarked, by way of commentary, that no substitute could have asserted so much authority of himself. The assumption is, therefore, that he had been duly authorized for the exigency by his absent superior.

It must be admitted, however, that not all assessments are carried out in this high-handed manner. Sometimes the priests are called together and asked to pass upon the project. Those who are prudently wise are apt to express approval. Then again bishops sometimes hire an expert who conducts a drive to obtain funds. One bishop of a well-known manufacturing city in this manner achieved the magnificent sum of eight million dollars. Indeed, the Church has become a great financial institution. Bishops and priests are often judged by their ability to get money. In a certain sense, it is a great honor to have your name carved on the corner stone of a million-dollar cathedral. We are often told that 'the American Church is still in the brick and mortar age.'

There has been much speculation

among the clergy in later years as to whether bishops are really chosen for their financial ability. In fact, the election of bishops in the United States is an interesting topic. Formerly there was a semblance of home rule in the selection of bishops. Under the old régime the priests of the diocese submitted three names, from which one was usually chosen to fill the vacant bishopric. But about ten years ago this system was abolished. It was said that too much politics and corruption had entered into the elections.

In any case, Rome saw fit to exercise the right of selecting whomsoever she would to fill the bishoprics in this great land of wealth and opportunity. The bishops, indeed, at given intervals submit the names of those whom they adjudge worthy of this great dignity. Yet Rome does not in any manner bind herself to choose her bishops from these lists. It may be readily surmised that this arbitrary system offers a serious temptation to those whose ambitions might prompt them to curry favor with Vatican officials. Not long ago a high Roman official received a five-thousand-dollar automobile as a token of esteem from a devoted American prelate. The good prelate, then, fearing that he had perhaps put an unbearable burden upon his dear Roman friend, paid a chauffeur's salary for a year and contributed a thousand dollars for gasoline and oil.

For an American to obtain a bishopric to-day it is practically necessary either to have a friend in the Vatican or at least to be an alumnus of a Roman theological school. This latter is supposed to have best assimilated the spirit of the Church. Many methods are used in courting the favor of those who are powerful with the Holy See. One good American, who for many years had felt the episcopal urge, used to send a barrel of fish each year to

a certain papal representative. After weary waiting he was eventually rewarded with an insignificant little diocese in the southern part of the United States.

IV

It is the old story of ecclesiastical ambition. Religion does not seem to quench the thirst for power in its votaries. The first case recorded in the annals of Christianity is the Gospel narrative in which the Boanerges sought the first places in Christ's kingdom. Christ's rebuke to them should have been carved above the portals of every Christian temple.

In truth, Christ seems to have had no thought of creating dignities in His Church. He commissioned His Apostles simply to feed His flock. How amazed would have been those gentle Apostles, the first bishops, had they seen, in prophetic vision, the paradoxical spectacle of Christian bishops parading in the royal purple of power. Sad, indeed, it had been for them had they foreseen that these later apostles would be bedecked with the feudal war helmet in the form of a mitre and glittering with precious gems in their ring and their pectoral cross. Their Saviour, too, must weep, who for them wore the crown of thorns, and was clothed in the garb of a carpenter's son. His only gems were the crimson drops of blood which He shed out of love for mankind.

He who knelt beside the adulterous woman and uttered those words of mercy and generosity, 'He who is without sin among you, let him first cast a stone at her'; He who said, 'Come to me all you that labor, and are burdened, and I will refresh you'; He who forgave the Magdalen; He who hid Himself when they sought to clothe Him with the royal purple; He who said, 'Learn of me because I am meek and humble of heart' — He must sit in

His heaven and hear one of His representatives shout, 'Down on your knees and kiss your bishop's ring!'

But it was not always thus. In the early Church, before the monarchical episcopate came into being, Christ's ministers still retained His meek and humble spirit. Like their divine Master, they considered themselves servants of the people. 'He that is the leader, [let him become] as he that serveth. . . . I am in the midst of you, as he that serveth.'

Christ had no episcopal throne, canopied with rich velvet and royal purple. He sat on the mountain side and taught the great lesson: 'Blessed are the meek, for they shall possess the land.' How far from His mind on that occasion was the idea of those presumptuous titles: Your Holiness the Pope, Your Eminence the Cardinal, Your Grace the Most Reverend Archbishop, Your Lordship the Right Reverend Bishop. Yet we should not be too severe in judging the poor mortals who are carried away by lust for ecclesiastical honors. Human nature does not seem able to resist the temptation to dominate when the opportunity presents itself. This is a noble trait of the human soul gone astray. The evil of ecclesiastical ambition belongs rather to the system than to those who are the system's victims.

Alack the day when the Church began to construct her constitution after the pattern of the old Roman Empire. The change began about the opening of the fourth century. Soon the Church became more Roman than the Empire itself. It has remained so ever since.

The conquests of the Church in these fifteen centuries ago resemble, in most instances, those which made the Roman Empire mistress of the world. Few peoples were converted to Christianity by the power of the Gospel in these long ages. The masses were

herded like sheep to baptism after their chieftains had accepted Christianity. In some cases this form of conversion was a policy rather than a new life. When peoples were converted, they were at once exploited by the minions of the Church. The idea of benefices, livings, prevailed. Ecclesiastical positions, high dignities, profitable offices, were established. Then there was a rush of the ambitious, the sycophants of popes and princes, to obtain them. The same practices, under covert forms, prevail to-day. It is, of course, impossible in these modern times to corral people and thrust upon them the religion of their rulers. Fortunately those absolute monarchs, other than ecclesiastical, have almost disappeared from the face of the earth.

Christians made by law or authority have never brought much honor to the name of Christ. It is notable, too, that the Church's power passes, largely, with the passing of those tyrannous rulers who lent their powerful arm to the propagation of her dogmas. Wherever democracy has prevailed there has ever been a marked weakening of Catholic ecclesiastical power. With liberty and enlightenment heresy and unbelief run apace. This is not unnatural, since the Church has so often been identified with the absolutism which oppressed the human race for centuries. Besides, it is this absolutism which is still practised in the Catholic hierarchy. In its religious code there is no more freedom of thought, no more personal liberty, than there was in feudalism. There is no more kinship of spirit between an ecclesiastical potentate to-day and his followers than there was between a feudal lord and his serfs. Fear, physical fear, bound the serf to his lord. Fear, moral and religious fear, prompts the Catholic to kiss the foot or the hand of his ecclesiastical ruler.

V

If Christ had intended to establish a Church fashioned after the kingdom of the Cæsars, He would certainly have called Herod or Pilate, not the poor fisherman Peter, to be its first head. If He had intended to found a school of theological science, He would have called some of the Greek or Roman philosophers, whose teachings have since been adopted, to watch over its early destinies. But Christ said: 'Suffer the little children, and forbid them not to come to me: for the kingdom of heaven is for such.' His only thought was to unite humanity in one great brotherhood of love. He wished only to destroy the spirit of arrogance and despotism which prevailed and to lead men to love one another.

He Himself drove the ancient money changers from the temple. He condemned the scribes and Pharisees because of their zeal for the law and the high places. He upbraided them for assuming the title of Master and seeking salutations in the market place. He was indeed a lover of the people. Little did He dream, humanly speaking, that His own bishops would later espouse the spirit of the world, the spirit of pomp and power, which then oppressed the peoples of earth.

It is striking how well the teachings of Christ harmonize with the principles of democracy and liberty. He came to liberate the spirit of mankind, to impress upon the race its dignity and its worth. His great plea was for unity, of heart and mind. He knew that love begets mutual help among men, and this mutuality begets knowledge and progress. It was farthest from His mind to formulate a system of doctrine which would enslave the human spirit. With Him each human soul had an eternal value. He it was who taught each little sovereign soul to call God 'Our Father.'

If the Church is to fulfill her mission she must return to that gentle spirit of the Nazarene. Her dignitaries must descend from their gilded thrones and meet the children of earth on a basis of equality and brotherhood. 'He that is called in the Lord, being a bondman, is the freeman of the Lord,' says Saint Paul. And again: 'You, brethren, have been called unto liberty.' The Apostle, Saint Paul, has fully grasped the idea of human dignity and human liberty. With Christ greatness did not consist in pompous dignities, but in humility. Wishing to impress this great principle upon His disciples, He placed a child before them and said: 'Whosoever therefore shall humble himself as this little child, he is the greater in the kingdom of heaven.' On another occasion He said: 'He hath put down the mighty from their seat, and hath exalted the humble.' In opposition to the spirit of those who parade their dignities with royal insignia, He said: 'I receive not glory from men.' It is the spirit of Christ that is most needed in His Church to-day.

With this spirit restored, the Church may hope to find her place in modern life. People are religious to-day, more religious perhaps than they have ever been before. But the vast majority of men are unwilling to be affiliated with an ecclesiastical organization which is arrogant and contentious in spirit. This seems to be the characteristic of all Christian organizations, but particularly of the Catholic Church. It is strange that a religion with Christ for its founder could be so overbearing. It would almost appear to engender envies and jealousies in those who profess it. Religious leaders often create the impression that they are striving to manifest their superiority over the rest of the world. There is a kind of smugness among them. They are God's elect. The other members of the race

are poor benighted beings who deserve only to be pitied. They are the oracles of virtue and orthodoxy. Let others not dare speak on these subjects.

Yet even these great churchmen must come to learn that virtue is not communicated by edict. It must be engendered in human hearts. They must finally realize that the highest and most infallible rule for human conduct is the individual conscience, and that this rule is from God. Catholic theologians teach that conscience is above the law. It would be well did the Church insist upon this truth for the guidance of her dignitaries. Then there would follow the necessity of developing the religious personality among the faithful. Less store would be set by the principle of blind obedience in faith and practice.

The Church fears individuality and personality in her members. There is always the danger of heresy, the danger of insubordination. But there is nothing to fear from the human soul, patterned after its God as it is. Therein lies the hope of our race. Human theologies and ecclesiastical dignities have not contributed one whit to the progress of humanity. In those closed systems there has been no place for the development of human souls. These have been huddled together in the Procrustean bed of theological orthodoxy. Ecclesiastical dignities have so magnified the self-importance of their holders that

these latter have come to substitute their will for that of the people.

Yet God intended that each human soul should be a temple to Him. By delving into the unfathomed depths of that godlike soul we may hope for a better and a greater outlook on life. So long, indeed, have human souls been enthralled that many abuse their new-found liberty. Many, in their eagerness, blunder in the quest of the vital truth for which they have hungered.

The truth that is to make men free, according to the dictum of Christ, will not be found in the theological systems of religion. Those who are to be leaders in the quest of life-giving truth must, like Solomon, beseech God for the understanding heart. They must not only have sympathy with human aspirations, but they must also have faith in humanity. To accomplish this they must lay aside their royal purple, and come shoulder to shoulder with those who do the world's drudgery. They must lay aside their absolutism of mind and rule and become seekers for traces of divinity in the souls of men. Thus will a new day dawn for the world.

We may then hope to have ecclesiastical dignitaries whose minds are free from the restrictions of bigotry. They will be men of humility, and, therefore, Christlike. Then, being Christlike, they will be meek, gentle, considerate, patient with other intellects, and trustful of human nature.

THE SAMARITAN PASSOVER

BY OWEN TWEEDY

I

THE Samaritans are the smallest and the oldest sect in the world. They are little known because of their present insignificance; they penetrate little farther than their rather inaccessible home town of Nablus; and few, be they of Palestine or visitors in the Holy Land, can have an occasion to establish contact with their age-old ritual, so shyly is it practised, so unadvertised is its existence, and so rarely can it be viewed from the outside world. But last year there was such an occasion — an occasion which occurs only once in every twenty years, when the great Samaritan ceremony of the year, the Passover, is performed in daylight instead of after nightfall.

The Samaritans adhere exclusively to Mosaic Law, admitting of no later interpretations and rejecting all books of the Old Testament save the Pentateuch. The date of their Passover is immutably fixed according to the Lord's injunction to Moses and Aaron in the land of Egypt: 'in the fourteenth day of this month' (the Jewish month of Nisan) — a date which does not ordinarily clash with the rigid routine of the preparation for the Sabbath. But in 1927, the first time for twenty years, the fourteenth day fell on a Friday, April 15, and as the weekly Sabbatical preparation begins at six o'clock every Friday evening, the past year's ceremony, instead of taking place at the setting of the sun, had to be completed by that hour. Thus we

of the outside world had the unique opportunity of witnessing in the clear light of day the stages of a ritual which for strangeness is unparalleled in non-pagan countries — for it is the only surviving blood sacrifice to God.

The fact of a blood sacrifice as the supreme yearly festival of a sect which to-day outwardly merges into normal Palestinian life is an anachronism. But the Samaritans themselves are an anachronism. They base their routine of life on the rule of the Patriarchs; their religion to-day is as it was in the Patriarchal ages; and, regardless of modern evolution, they lead an existence of their own, immersed in a long-dead past which they have kept alive since the days of Abraham. They number only one hundred and forty-two souls; and in Nablus — the Shechem of the Bible — this tiny community ekes out a poverty-stricken existence in the poorest and remotest quarter of the town. There, in some thirty-odd houses, they still survive, huddled round their unornate little synagogue, which holds their greatest treasure, the Scroll of the Law, said to have been written by the hand of Abishua, who was the son of Phinehas, who was the son of Eleazar, who was the son of Aaron.

But the Samaritans have not always been thus. They were once lords of Shechem, the Canaanites and the Perizzites of pre-Patriarchal ages, with a population that numbered tens of

thousands. At Shechem the wanderer Abraham built his altar. A few miles south of the town can still be seen Joseph's tomb, 'in a parcel of ground which Jacob bought of the sons of Hamor the father of Shechem for an hundred pieces of silver.' This degree of intercourse led to other and more intimate relationships, and when Joshua and the tribes fearfully crossed the Jordan at the end of their long sojourning in the desert it was toward Shechem that they wended their way — a land where a link of tradition existed between them and the dwellers in the country. And there Joshua convened the congregation of Israel and propounded to them 'all the words of the law, the blessings and cursings,' making the northern mountain of Ebal the mountain of cursings and the southern, Gerizim, the mountain of blessings. Propinquity brought fusion and, be it remembered, strife; but in the result a community of interest arose which led to a community of religion, and since the days of Joshua the Samaritans have turned in reverence toward Mount Gerizim when they make their prayers to Jehovah.

Shechem's next historical episode led to the disastrous cleavage in Israel. It was there that Rehoboam, the son of Solomon, forfeited the allegiance of the ten tribes by his foolish conceit. 'My father chastised you with whips, but I will chastise you with scorpions.' So Shechem became the capital of Israel, as Jerusalem was that of Judah, the town was fortified by Jeroboam, 'and there was war between Rehoboam and Jeroboam all their days.'

In the eighth century before Christ disaster overtook the Israelites at the hands of Sargon, the King of Assyria. Twenty-seven thousand, two hundred and ninety of them were transported, some to Gozan, some to Media; and in their place Assyrian colonists, 'men

from Babylon, and from Cuthah, and from Ava, and from Hamath, and from Sepharvaim,' a mixed horde of Syrian and Babylonian prisoners, were settled in what is now Northern Palestine. And out of this Assyrian plantation scheme, which is reminiscent of English colonization in Northern Ireland, emerged the Samaritan nation — an admixture of the new blood from the East and the remnant of Israel which had escaped transportation. And, as ever, the new wine in the old bottles failed to mature. The Hebrew writer of the second book of Kings tells how 'the Lord sent lions among them [the colonists], which slew some of them'; and in their quandary they appealed to Nineveh to send them an Israelite priest to assuage the wrath of the local deity. The altar of Bethel was rebuilt, and, side by side with the paganism of the newcomers, the old Law of Moses was reestablished in the land. It was in form a compromise, but in fact a triumph for Israel; for paganism could take no root in a soil where it was out of place, and in time it faded and disappeared. Thus the new Samaritan nation, the product of this strange blend, accepted the deity of Yahweh (Jehovah); and the liturgy, which survives till to-day, once more came into its own.

Meanwhile Judah, relieved from the competition of the North, was left supreme; and in its supremacy elected for a religious isolation which persisted even after the return from its Persian exile. Cyrus had sanctioned the rebuilding of the Temple, and the Samaritans offered their collaboration in the work. But Judah had not learned during the exile the value of local alliances. Zerubbabel rejected the overture: 'Ye have nothing to do with us to build an house unto our God.' The schism was complete, and since that day the Samaritans regard Jerusalem as a heresy, their Mount Moreh

as the authentic Mount Moriah, and proscribe all intercourse, such as marriage, with the Jews.

For another twelve centuries they thrived, a nation of fluctuating power and importance, a people of independence of thought and action. In the first century of our era the Romans had to subjugate them. Later, under the Byzantine Empire, they attacked and massacred the Christians settled in their land, and as a punishment were debarred from use of Mount Gerizim for their religious ceremonies. Finally in the sixth century a similar anti-Christian outrage brought destruction upon them. At the head of a large army, Justinian invaded their strongholds and drove them across the Jordan, where they capitulated. Their synagogues were closed and twenty thousand of the nation were dispersed into exile never to return, some to Persia, others to India, while many accepted Christianity.

From such a disaster they never recovered. Rabbi Benjamin of Tudela, traveling in the Holy Land during the twelfth century, found only a thousand of the sect scattered throughout Palestine and Syria; and to-day all that is left of these, the meagre community of one hundred and forty-two persons, is confined within the limits of their miserable quarter in Nablus. Their future is not hopeful. They may not marry outside their community, and though bigamy is allowed if a first wife proves childless, and tradition prescribes that widows must marry their dead husband's nearest relative other than his brother, their numbers do not and are not likely to increase. The results of this limitation are not, however, what might be expected. The members of the sect betray in their appearance none of the weaknesses of inbreeding. The men are lusty, their features and bearing noble and acutely

remindful of the Old Testament types. The women are sturdy and well favored, and much more healthy-looking than their Arab sisters; and the standard of longevity of the whole sect is notably high. But the restriction on marriage will in the end take its toll of the already dwindling stock, and a time will come when the ritual of the Samaritan Passover will be but a memory.

II

On those who availed themselves of the special conditions of last year's ceremony it made an indelible impression. The visitor left a Jerusalem seething with the annual excitement of the Paschal month. For Islam has its Nebi Musa pilgrimage, Christianity its Eastertide, and Jewry its Passover, all within the same fortnight and all clashing within the fastnesses of the narrow streets and the blind alleys of the Old City, where anything might happen and where in the past terrible things have happened. The student of history has only to turn over a few pages of comparatively recent history and he will read a real sigh of relief in the wording of a much harassed Turkish governor's telegram to Constantinople, announcing the conclusion of the clashing festivals of the three creeds: 'Passed in peace.'

The road to Nablus sweeps northward over the Mount of Olives, round hairpin corners, up stony hillsides, and down again into valley bottoms, green as Ireland with the spring sowings. Every mile or two the traveler will be reminded of the Jerusalem he has left behind. Round a corner of the road will appear a Moslem procession bound for the Haram el Sherif in the Old City on its way to Nebi Musa. Fluttering banners, green and gold, precede the party, which chants and claps hands through the choking dust. A row of

men are dancing curious Arab steps to the swing of heavy broad staffs held high above their heads. And the chanting and the clapping and the dancing all follow the throbbing time of a line of lustily smitten tom-toms which bring up the rear. The rock-bound mountains rise sharply on both sides of the road, heavily terraced for vine and olive culture, and overhead a relentless sun blazes out of a cloudless eastern sky.

An hour and a half will bring the traveler to Nablus. His car will draw up between Mount Ebal and Mount Gerizim; and he will recognize the mountain of blessings, whither he is bound, by the antlike procession of worshipers and visitors which is already climbing up the steep rocky path to the hilltop plateau where the Passover ritual will be enacted. The Samaritans have been there since the evening before. For them it is a week-long festival. 'In the first month, on the fourteenth day of the month at even . . . until the one and twentieth day of the month at even.' They are in tents on a gently rising slope, and the camp has been so aligned as to face directly on the crest of Gerizim to the south-east, where legend has it that Joshua 'took a great stone, and set it up there under an oak, that was by the sanctuary of the Lord.'

It is ten o'clock. The ceremony is due to begin at noon and already the atmosphere is tense with expectation. The Samaritan priesthood, conspicuous in their all-enveloping, white, sleeved cloaks, move here and there. One elder is inspecting the pitlike stone-lined oven into which burning furze and brushwood are being thrown to make it hot against the roasting of the sacrificial lambs, which are browsing tranquilly in the middle of the camp. Another is inspecting the primitive altar within the sacrificial area, a rectangular clearing directly below Gerizim, surrounded

by loosely built stone walls and no larger than an average golf green. The altar itself is a deep stone-lined trench, widening out at the end into a circular cavity over which logs have been laid. Across its narrow opening are already balanced two enormous copper cauldrons under which an elder is feeding burning brushwood; for the successful accomplishment of the ritual depends entirely on the oven being red-hot and the water boiling at the appointed moment.

Time is passing and the crowd, which is by now considerable, is gathered outside the walls of the sacrificial area, which is reserved for the Samaritan womenfolk and for special guests. And gradually those who will play a part in the coming ritual begin to arrive. The first-comers are the youth of the community, red-cheeked and brown-eyed children, wearing gala dresses of vivid pinks and reds, and on their heads gaudy handkerchiefs, or, in the case of the boys, scarlet fezzes patterned with sparkling sequins. They are full of the holiday spirit, laughing and playing, running hither and thither in the way of their elders, who, with the sense of their responsibility upon them for the successful issue of the rite, wear a grave and preoccupied mien.

At the farther end of the sacrificial area, away from the altar, a tent has been erected where the preliminary devotions are to take place out of the heat of the noonday sun; and the next arrival, the High Priest, a virile old gentleman of seventy years who has been eight times to Europe and boasts the honor of a presentation to King George, makes his way slowly through the throng into the tent. Once in the shade, but otherwise in sight of all the congregation, he spreads his quilted praying mat toward Gerizim and abandons himself to a form of adoration

closely resembling the Moslem's devotions toward Mecca. Others of the priesthood and the elders of the community follow in his wake, and the floor of the tent is quickly covered with praying mats on which they prostrate themselves in preparation for the coming ceremony. Their devotions are suddenly and almost unceremoniously interrupted by the arrival of the lambs. There are seven of them, each 'without blemish, a male of the first year,' well fattened and fleeced and pitifully unconscious of its imminent doom. Place has to be found for them in the tent, for the service is in essence a sanctification of their bodies, and all devotions are suspended while they are being pushed and pulled through the ranks of the worshipers into a corner facing the High Priest.

And now all is ready for the service to begin. The High Priest turns toward the congregation and in a quavering bass slowly chants the prescribed passage from the twelfth chapter of Exodus, verse by verse, pausing after each, to the accompaniment of gusts of hand-clapping and fervent incantation from the congregation around him. The effect is a sustained fortissimo of strong men's voices, noisy, maybe, but crudely impressive with its haunting lilt and minor pathos.

At length the High Priest makes a longer pause in his chant. It is the sign that the moment of sacrifice is approaching. Seven stalwart youths, dressed in clean white trousers, each with a businesslike knife slung round his waist on an orange-colored girdle, rush — the word is no exaggeration — into the tent, seize the seven lambs, and drag them out into the open toward the altar, round which fresh green herbage has been profusely strewn. The seven group themselves and their victims round the trench on which the cauldrons are now bubbling and steaming;

the onlookers break all bounds, and in a state bordering on frenzy push and jostle for a sight; the free place round the altar is in a moment reduced to about the dimensions of a full-sized billiard table. And an eerie hush descends upon the crowd. The Samaritans mumble prayers into their beards; the executioners draw their knives and, with straining ears, stand poised for action; the smoke from the cauldrons swirls chokingly among the waiting onlookers; and from the tent, rising above the subdued murmur of this great excitement, can be heard the singsong monotones of the old High Priest: 'And ye shall keep it up until the fourteenth day of the same month; and the whole assembly of the congregation of Israel shall kill it in the evening.' The words break a spell, and a scene ensues which defies description. Willing helpers seize the lambs by the legs, turn them over on their backs, and in a trice their throats have been slit. Bursts of applause and wildest acclamation greet the event. Palms are raised to heaven in adoration and gratitude; the air is tense with sounds which are almost animal; hands are plunged in the blood and frenzied parents smear it on their children's faces. And all in a space so constricted that the onlooker can only perspire and shout, for any form of movement is a physical impossibility.

The first rite has been successfully accomplished, and now the purpose of the cauldrons becomes plain. The lambs are to be roasted, and therefore their skins must not be broken. Two elders of the community, each armed with a tin pannikin, bestride the altar trench, dip into the seething cauldrons, and pour the boiling water over the fleeces of the dead animals. Willing hands, apparently insensible to scalds, pat the water down into the roots of the wool, and there starts the odd operation

of plucking a lamb, — for plucking it is, — so that the skin be not broken against the roasting. Soon patches, white and smooth as billiard balls, appear on the flanks of the carcasses. The pluckers, in a fury of haste, call for more water and ever more water, and, with an expedition which can only be described as dizzy, first one and then another carcass emerges above the crowd, bare and white, hoisted on a long pole on which it is borne in triumph into the tent for the ritual of inspection. 'A male of the first year, without blemish.' The function of inspection is the prerogative of the High Priest, who, having pronounced each lamb flawless, proceeds to cut from the flesh that sinew which corresponds with the sinew in the hollow of Jacob's thigh which was damaged in his wrestling with God at the ford of Jabbok. 'Therefore the children of Israel eat not of the sinew which shrank, which is upon the hollow of the thigh.'

Now is the moment for the actual sacrifice to Jehovah. One by one the carcasses are disemboweled, and the viscera carefully collected and carried from the tent to the altar. There they are thoroughly washed in the cauldrons, profusely salted, and laid on the logs that cover the circular end of the sacrificial trench. 'He shall wash the inwards and the legs with water: and the priest shall bring it all, and burn it upon the altar: it is a burnt sacrifice, an offering made by fire, of a sweet savour unto the Lord.' Meanwhile the blood of the victims has been collected in a basin, and while the carcasses are being prepared and spitted for roasting

on stout poles, a young elder, carrying a bunch of wild thyme (hyssop), makes a tour of all the tents of the community, striking each with blood. And all the while the chanting of the congregation proceeds unabated. 'There is no God but God: *La illaha illa 'lla*.' It is the opening of the great incantation of Islam; for here, as in several other respects, the outward practices of the Samaritans and of the Mohammedans are closely similar.

The carcasses have been spitted ready for roasting, and in a rough procession, headed by the High Priest, they are borne out of the tent to the accompaniment of more ritual and chanting, and one by one are lowered into the red-hot depths of the pit-oven. A covering of mud-daubed wattle is placed over the mouth, and the community, by now thoroughly exhausted, composes itself, in an atmosphere of savory mutton, for the two hours' wait until the meat is ready for eating. At last the covering is removed, and with a decorum and order that do credit to Samaritan restraint the sizzling flesh is divided among the families, and the ritual of the Passover is at an end.

The traveler turns his back on the glimpse of the Mediterranean, seen distantly through a cleft in the rocky hills, and drops down into the now shadowed valley. Facing him, Ebal, the mountain of cursings, glows red in the rays of the setting sun. Behind him, on Gerizim, the mountain of blessings, all is silent. 'And they shall eat the flesh in that night, roast with fire, and unleavened bread; and with bitter herbs they shall eat it.'

DEMOCRACY — A REALIST VIEW

BY CLAUD MULLINS

I

It is no part of my purpose to decry democracy as a political ideal. My object here is mainly to examine its practical working. I share to the full the prejudice of the Anglo-Saxon against Napoleons, Kaisers, and even Mussolinis, and I accept wholeheartedly the immortal phrase of Abraham Lincoln — as a political ideal. Grumble as we may at the working of the machinery of democracy, — and I am going to grumble a good deal about it here, — practical people have no reason to believe that there is anything wrong with democracy as an ideal. In principle democracy is undoubtedly the best system of government. Until human nature is so perfected that no government is necessary, democracy holds the field as the ideal form of government. Anarchy is, I submit, the ultimate ideal, but it will be centuries before that is possible. Meanwhile democracy is the best that we can hope for.

The best definition is that contained in the New English Dictionary, where democracy is defined as 'that form of government in which the sovereign power resides in the people as a whole.' 'Government of the people, by the people, for the people,' is almost as good a definition, but most of the definitions that have been given omit one or other of the essential ingredients of democracy. Thus Mazzini's 'Progress of all through all under the leadership of the best and wisest' is perfectly

compatible with a benevolent autocracy or with government by samurai. The essence of democracy lies in the possession of sovereignty by all the people in a community, and if the word 'all' were in Lincoln's phrase, as it possibly was in his mind, — though this is doubtful, as Lincoln probably never advocated the enfranchisement of women, — his definition could be accepted without reservation.

It is quite obvious that, accepting this strict definition of democracy, we cannot look in history for many examples of a complete democracy. Communities in which certain social classes, religious sects, subject races of either sex, did not share equally with their fellows the sovereign power may have delighted to call themselves democracies, and no doubt many of them have presented various features of the democratic system, but true democracies they were not. Immense instruction can be derived from the study of such communities, but it is always necessary to remember that they were not more than pseudo-democracies. The field for the study of true democracy in its practical working is extremely limited, and in but a very few cases have we anything but very modern material for our research. The term 'democracy' is so loosely employed that the essential limitation in its definition — 'resides in the people as a whole' — is usually ignored. The danger of this is that those who think about

democracy study the pseudo-democracies of history without realizing that such studies are apt to be misleading. The bed-rock facts are that democracy in its proper meaning is an essentially modern conception and that there are even now comparatively few examples of it.

To take an extreme instance: people often talk and write of the city-states of ancient Greece as democracies. Those states indeed possessed a splendid sense of citizenship and showed many democratic features, but underneath was the fundamentally undemocratic basis of slavery. In its prime Athens was an important slave market, and the State derived a considerable revenue from a tax on the sales. No community in which slavery existed can reasonably be termed a democracy, and comparatively little help in the examination of the workings of a democracy can be derived from studying such communities. This rules out, for instance, the United States before the Thirteenth Amendment of 1865. Similarly, countries which excluded Roman Catholics or Jews from the franchise are beyond our pale of inquiry. Also any country which has a franchise based on a high property-owning or educational qualification and any country in which there are not equal political rights for men and women are strictly outside. In varying degrees, as their conditions approach government by the 'people as a whole,' such communities afford useful experience of the tendencies that democracies show, but they are not very helpful when we want to get experience of how true democracies work.

I am not merely making a debating point. This consideration is vital. A fervor for democracy is spreading so rapidly over the whole globe that practically nobody in power pauses to realize that the world is plunging into

a Great Unknown. Here in England, the home of parliamentary government, people talk as if decades and even centuries of experience lay behind the assertion that 'government by all the people' is the best possible method. The truth is that our franchise reforms of 1832, 1867, and 1884, drastic though they seemed at the time, left us with a system in which the great masses of the people had very little part in the government of the country. Only in 1918, in the height of the wave of post-war sentimentalism which gave the United States prohibition and England democracy, did England really begin to merit the name 'democracy,' and not till the end of 1928 can England strictly claim the title, for only by that time will men and women be on an equal political footing. Sir Henry Maine, the great legal historian, gives us reason to be thankful that, up to 1918, democracy came to us slowly. 'It seems to me quite certain,' he has written, 'that, if for four centuries there had been a very widely extended franchise and a very large electoral body in this country, there would have been no reformation of religion, no change of dynasty, no toleration of dissent, not even an accurate calendar.' We can learn a great deal from our past experiences, but I feel confident that the rash rush to democracy that the British Parliament took in 1918 would never have been made if our legislators had realized that there was so little experience to guide them. We should have progressed toward democracy more slowly and should not now be engaged in completing the edifice without anybody in power querying the wisdom of what we are doing.

Similarly in the United States. Certain states have, probably, been true democracies for some time, but I unhesitatingly assert that the American

nation as a whole cannot yet be regarded as a true democracy. Were it not that Theodore Roosevelt—who, with Alexander Hamilton, has always been my hero of American history—did not hesitate to say that the Declaration of Independence was a document for which he had very little reverence, as it made certain untruths immortal, I should not dare in an American journal to be frankly critical of such a national charter. But how can any realist be otherwise than critical of a document which declared that 'we hold these truths to be self-evident, that all men are created equal, that they are endowed by their Creator with certain unalienable Rights. . . . That to secure these rights, Governments are instituted among Men, deriving their just powers from the consent of the governed,' when in fact nearly ninety years later a constitutional amendment that 'neither slavery nor involuntary servitude . . . shall exist within the United States' failed to obtain the necessary two-thirds majority? We know that Jefferson, like Washington, Franklin, Hamilton, and even Patrick Henry, personally realized at moments that such utterances were in marked contrast with a reality that they would have altered if they could. But even the obvious lesson that political highfalutin is dangerous has not been learned, save by a realist like Roosevelt. Five years after the Thirteenth Amendment was at last accepted came the Fifteenth, declaring that 'the right of the citizens of the United States to vote shall not be denied or abridged by the United States or by any State on account of race, color, or previous condition of servitude.' Seldom have democratic principles been so drastically enacted into law. But what of reality? The study of the state electoral laws in the Southern States is

of great interest to a realist student of democracy.

Lest it be thought that I am criticizing American political policy, which would be an impertinence in an Englishman, I would say frankly that, were I an American, I should enthusiastically defend what has been done—though I should have opposed the Fifteenth Amendment had I been then alive and had the chance. I cite these facts merely to show the necessity for distinguishing between theory and practice when studying democracy.

II

The history of all countries teems with misunderstandings about democracy. In most countries to-day, certainly in both England and America, we hear politicians, and even statesmen, talking platitudes about democracy, without either realizing how very limited is our experience of it or considering whether its full adoption is not likely to upset their fondest beliefs. So it has always been. Could anything show the fervor of democratic belief better than the words of John Adams when defending John Hancock against the charge of smuggling? The Boston merchant, he argued, had never consented to the law which made his act a crime. 'He never voted for it himself and he never voted for any man to make such a law for him.' No doubt Hampden used similar words in his day. But the great men of history who led the battles of political liberty had merely relative ideas of the kind of liberty that they sought. Each wanted one or two steps farther. None even dreamed of a political system in which power rested with the people as a whole. Even to-day such statements are being made wholesale; for instance, by English politicians who have

opposed the enfranchisement of women, by Indian politicians who would fight rather than let any step be taken to emancipate the fifty million 'untouchables' of India, by Sunni Arabs in Irak who never dream of even encouraging the Shiah tribesmen to qualify for the vote, by Americans who would never allow the Fifteenth Amendment to be thoroughly carried out, and by South Africans who support laws for the physical segregation of negroes.

Unfortunately there are so few historians who can be trusted to scrutinize the democratic leaders of the past in the light of true democratic principles. In the most recent, and in many respects the best, history of England, by Dr. G. M. Trevelyan, I read, for instance, that 'English society was then (1773) still aristocratic, while American society was already democratic.' While the author admits that 'the Revolutionists . . . were not "Liberals," for they did not wish to allow liberty of speech or opinion to their opponents, whom they eventually expelled from the country,' yet he asserts that 'they were Democrats, with less than no reverence for any authority not derived directly from the people: they sought . . . to make the poor man count as much as the rich man in politics.' These are dangerous half-truths. Did Washington, Hamilton, Franklin, did even Jefferson ever dream of a system in which all people, regardless of color, sex, education, and so forth, equally shared political power? And, as to the last quotation from Dr. Trevelyan, how many of the leaders of 1776 wanted true political equality even between rich man and poor man? Surely the following words from a distinguished American professor are nearer the truth: 'In 1774 came the climax in the struggle between rich and poor,

East and West, those with a vote and those who were voteless, between privilege and the welfare of the common man. The two classes might work in harmony or might clash on the question of resistance to Great Britain, but they were pretty sure to be in opposition on the issue of individual rights.' (*Causes of the War of Independence*, by C. H. Van Tyne)

I hope that I have established the point that, except in rare and minor instances, true democracies are very modern and very few. I hope I have proved that very few of those in history who have had the name of democrat thrust upon them really deserve it, and that comparatively few of those to-day who talk democracy really mean that they want true democracy here and now. Before passing to an examination of how true democracy works, I would enter one more caveat. The assumption is widespread, especially in England and America, that democracy is spreading gradually over the whole globe. It may be, but even more remarkable is the reaction against it. Russia never was a democracy, and therefore the tyranny of Bolshevism is out of our picture. But in Italy and Spain, though full democracy was never realized, sufficient advance in the democratic direction had been made to make the régimes of Mussolini and of General Primo de Rivera a very marked contrast. Here we have two great nations, one certainly an enlightened first-rank Power, deliberately stopping the progress toward democracy and establishing new forms of government which conflict with most of the generally accepted conceptions of democracy. There is a good deal to be said for the view that Fascism is in reality far more democratic than the system which it superseded, since in its own peculiar way it does result in

government according to the popular will. Fascism may be an undemocratic way of realizing the essentials of democracy. But, however this may be, the fact is that in both Italy and Spain the conventional progress toward democracy was deliberately stopped.

Many movements are afoot in many parts of the world, especially in Egypt and India and, perhaps, in China, which may be interpreted as a growing demand for democracy, — though personally I am very suspicious of the genuineness of the democracy that is being demanded, — but there is no ground for maintaining that progress toward democracy is general. It is certainly within the bounds of possibility that we now living may see, first perhaps the completion of democracy, but then a huge reaction against it. A decade of complete democracy in England, which will, as I have said, only begin in 1929, may produce surprising reactions. And if ever an equal and effective franchise, regardless of color or sex, exists in the United States, the results in the hands of such a practical people as the Americans may be startling.

III

In looking for experience of the practical working of democracy, let us first of all glance briefly at the countries which were slower to adopt even the measure of democracy to which they attained. In Italy and Spain the adoption of parliamentary government with a semidemocratic franchise resulted in stagnation and corruption to such an extent that revolutions were caused in which most of the generally established beliefs of democrats were ignored. Blind believers in democracy would no doubt say that, if only the franchise had been more fully democratic in Italy and

Spain, all would have been well; like a doctor who, if his medicines disagree with the patients, promptly doubles the dose. With such it is hopeless to reason. I am content with the fact that fairly strong doses of democracy proved utterly unsuitable to the peoples of Italy and Spain.

Germany is as good an example of the practical blessings and drawbacks of democracy as any country can give. The Weimar Constitution of 1919 has been described by that distinguished historian, Dr. G. P. Gooch, as 'a consistent democracy' and he adds that 'the commentators who describe it as the most democratic constitution in the world are not exaggerating its character.' Germany now has universal suffrage for men and women over twenty; in fact, over half the population possesses the vote, and there are neither legal nor practical impediments in the way of the vote being used. Such democratic quackeries as proportional representation, the referendum, and the initiative have all been adopted. It would take more than one generation to enable any people to settle down with so democratic a constitution, and yet it is less than sixty years since the Germans became a united people, and up to 1919 they lived under a constitution that lacked every essential of democracy. There is no tradition of democracy, and without that an ultrademocratic constitution is a rash experiment.

In some respects experience since 1919 has been favorable. The country has surmounted unprecedented internal crises and pursued a peaceful policy under most trying circumstances toward her neighbors, but for the latter thanks are largely due to the disarmament clauses in the Treaty of Versailles. It is too early yet to answer the question whether the Germans can make a success of democracy. The

country is not politically happy and yearns for a leader, as was amply illustrated by the pathetic election of the elderly Hindenburg as President. The type of statesman thrown up by Germany's ultrademocratic system is not one that satisfies the German people, always prone to follow a big man. Up to the present, those who would be Napoleons have been kept quiet for fear of those who would be Lenins, and between the two democracy has had a fairly even course. But, as one who knows Germany and the Germans fairly well, I believe that Germany will have to pay for her sudden dash to democracy in 1919. The craving of the people for leadership will not indefinitely be suppressed, and the mediocrities which the democratic system exalts will not long be tolerated when the control of Germany's late enemies finally ceases. The election of Hindenburg was a portent not to be ignored. One can only hope that a compromise will be possible, but I feel sure that in that compromise, if it comes, there will be many departures from the pure democracy of 1919.

In his *Fallodon Papers*, Viscount Grey (Sir Edward Grey) wrote, recalling events when he was first elected to Parliament in 1884, that 'at that time no one questioned that democratic representative government was the best form of government and that, as far as any government could do it, it would satisfy the needs of the community.' Even Viscount Grey, with all his ardent Liberalism and belief in democracy, does not claim that this is so now. The oncoming of democracy has resulted in a serious lowering of the respect in which our institutions of government are held in the country. In order to give the opinion of one who has at least no bias against democracy, let me quote Sir Henry Slessor, K.C., M.P., the Solicitor-General in the last

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Labor ministry, and probably the Attorney-General in the next. In a letter to the *Times* (May 6, 1927) he wrote: 'I believe the English Judiciary to be the only portion of our government which has survived the vulgarity and decadence of modern times. While the Executive and Legislature, both in personnel and achievement, display every sign of deterioration, the Judiciary alone remains worthy of its highest traditions.' It is noteworthy that under our constitution the people have no control whatever over the judiciary. The moral scarcely needs pointing.

I believe that candid Americans would tell the same tale of their country. In a book by a great American historian I read: 'We (in America) have applied universal suffrage to the whole administration of our city corporations and the result in most of our cities has been not merely disheartening, but debasing.' I for one refuse to believe that the vaudeville municipal politics of Chicago are typical of American urban life, but I wonder how many Americans who study their government, either urban or national, would assert that democracy does not debase the esteem in which government is held.

IV

True democracy presupposes two conditions: first, that the vast majority of the people have a genuine opinion upon public affairs; secondly, that electors will use their power for the public benefit. As regards England I feel certain that neither condition is yet fulfilled, and all my reading and contact with Americans here induce me to believe the same of America.

On the first point, though in national elections we often get 70 to 85 per cent of the electors voting, every

species of propaganda and misrepresentation is employed — by all parties in varying degrees — in order to whip up enough enthusiasm to get the voters to the poll. In municipal elections the proportion of electors who vote varies usually between 20 and 50 per cent. In London never have more than 51 per cent voted at an election for the London County Council. In some of the minor municipal authorities the apathy is such that elections have been swayed by unemployed voters who were actually drawing doles from municipal funds. The democratic system ignores the fact that the best citizens are often those who are not interested in public affairs. The man who has a happy home life, who is fond of study and has his hobbies, is far less likely to spend his time in political agitation or even in voting than is the man who is obsessed by some form of revolutionary mania. Democratic elections are of necessity biased against the men and women of conservative mind. Experience in America is, I gather, much the same. I happen to have before me figures relating to the last presidential elections in South Carolina: enfranchised population about 721,000, including 389,000 negroes who are described as 'only nominally citizens' — a strange comment on the Fifteenth Amendment; actual voters in the 1920 election 67,000 and, in 1924, 51,000. I should be surprised to learn that state or municipal elections showed any better results. But even if the electors in the mass have opinions, it can only be the very blind enthusiasts who believe in *vox populi vox dei*. Democracy is no guaranty of wisdom. After all, Lord North undoubtedly represented what public opinion there was in his day.

As to the other condition of democracy, that the electors will vote

according to their conception of the national interest, does experience so far justify us in believing this? When in Queen Victoria's time the middle and professional classes were by degrees given the vote, the State was strengthened, because the newly enfranchised electors did vote according to their view of what was good for the country. But our wholesale enfranchising of every adult is resulting in the slow suffocation of government, simply because class and trade interests are now being placed before the general welfare. Electoral appeals now are nearly always to the pocket and not to the conscience. We have reduced ourselves to a condition in which the mass of the voters is mainly concerned in extorting personal benefits from the public purse and in which those who pay taxes directly have but an insignificant voice at public elections. Our politics are becoming a gigantic conspiracy to make the rich poorer in the fond belief that thus the poor will become richer. All political parties vie with each other in offering bribes to the electors out of public funds. The Conservative (and theoretically antisocialist) Government of 1924 began its career with a huge scheme of free and partly contributory pensions which, at a time of the greatest financial anxiety, added many millions sterling to public expenditure. The shortage of houses for the wage-earning classes caused by the war has been mainly rectified by the provision of houses at uneconomic rents out of public funds, and even the *Times*, in a leading article (October 24, 1927), declared that 'the provision of homes for the working classes in town and country has come to be regarded as one of the social services incumbent on the State.' *L'appétit vient en mangeant*. The demand of the electors is insatiable.

What our electors look for from

politics is well shown in the letter written to his constituents by Sir John Simon, K.C., M.P., when he explained to them his forthcoming absence from England to preside over the Statutory Commission on the future government of India. 'During the time I am away,' he wrote (the *Times*, November 11, 1927), 'I have made arrangements which will enable the many questions as to pensions, compensation, unemployment benefit, and the like . . . to be dealt with efficiently on my behalf.' That is what interests the electors to-day. The last annual conference of the Labor (Socialist) Party was such that one correspondent wrote, 'I have come away from the Labor Party Conference with the impression that their policy is to put all the nation on the dole.' Despite our huge public expenditure for free education, the demand now is for free 'maintenance allowances' so that parents need not provide for their children while at school. The newly enfranchised classes seem to think of nothing but using their power for obtaining personal benefits. Our actual pauper population is about 1,200,000, and this figure takes no account of those who receive free education, uneconomic houses, free old-age pensions and pensions in widowhood, and unemployment benefits toward the cost of which they pay but a fraction. Such is our system of poor relief that, to quote an official report of the Ministry of Health, 'during the past six years numbers of young men, without employment and maintained on Poor Law relief, have married, securing thereby an increase in their income from relief, and have families, each addition to the family bringing its addition to the family income.' Since 1918 paupers are not deprived of their votes.

Can one wonder that it was necessary for a cabinet minister in the House

of Commons (July 5, 1926) to say: 'There was a very serious danger of political corruption. It was common knowledge that elections of Guardians (our Poor Law authorities) were being fought and won upon promises of extended relief, that those who refused to make such promises were accused of intending to stop relief altogether, that people in receipt of relief were being allowed to go about as canvassers, and that in some parts there was open and unabashed corruption'? A special law has recently been passed to supersede 'popularly elected' Guardians who thus abuse their public position, by officials nominated by the Ministry of Health. The record of one of the Boards of Guardians was thus described in a review of an official report in the *Times* (March 9, 1927): 'There are three outstanding facts. The first is their reckless grants of extravagant relief without proper investigation. The second is their remarkable method of packing their own body so as to exclude even a minority of possible critics. The third is their acceptance from their grateful beneficiaries of a *douceur* for themselves.'

To-day our theoretically democratic system of government has many features which render it farcical. I quote the following from a recent review of the Poor Law administration: 'One of the most unsatisfactory features of the extension of out-relief payments is that large numbers of the recipients are electors, and Socialist candidates can obtain their support by promises of more generous treatment than is considered just by . . . Guardians who consider the heavily burdened ratepayers as well as the unemployed. There are districts in East London where the "relief vote" is so strong and is so carefully "nursed" by the Socialists that it is almost hopeless,

while the general public is apathetic, to expect Labor Guardians to be displaced.' Our Charity Organization Society has issued a statement to the press wherein it was said that 'in portions of London . . . the Local Labor Party . . . offers outdoor relief on a lavish scale to all and sundry' and that this policy 'has been very freely adopted since the Act of 1918 removing the pauper disability.' Many other kinds of corruption exist in such areas — and East London is not at all a rare exception. Socialist members of local authorities vote themselves and their friends to Poor Law jobs. They make the promise of high wages or other benefits a platform in their electoral policy. They secure the support of local tradesmen by suggesting to the recipients of public relief where they should spend their relief money. Instances have occurred where Boards of Guardians have summoned meetings of relief recipients before coming to a decision on points of policy. These and kindred methods are being employed in all parts of the country, and the suggestion that is often made that 'public opinion' can put matters right by taking greater part in local elections is idle, because those who pay for the larger share of public expenditure either have no votes in the area where most of it is spent — for example, incorporated companies — or are greatly outnumbered by those in whose interest it is to maintain the present methods.

The United States is not a stranger to political corruption, though so far, thanks to industrial prosperity, there has apparently been little corruption of the sort that haunts us in Great Britain. But the facts I have cited, which are the immediate consequence of an undue rush toward the democratic goal, may be interesting as a warning, for no country can reasonably

expect an indefinite spell of prosperity. When bad times come it will be surprising indeed if the masses do not use their political power much in the same way as has happened with us. Rich America would be a paradise for the Socialists.

V

Nothing better illustrates the danger of enfranchising the masses before their moral and cultural development guarantees good citizenship than the latest proposal of the British Labor Party. That party, be it remembered, is the official opposition in Parliament and has already formed one ministry. For years the Labor Party advocated a capital levy. The folly of such a proposal was at length apparent even to Socialists, so in 1927 the party evolved as an alternative the surtax, a tax of two shillings in the pound upon all incomes over 500 pounds per annum derived from property or investments. Already, be it noted, 'earned' income is taxed at the rate of 20 per cent, and so-called 'unearned' income is taxed at a graduated scale up to about 50 per cent. Apart from this national taxation, we pay local rates on our houses, which in urban areas vary from 50 per cent to 100 per cent on the rent or annual value of the house. The latest proposal is in addition to all existing taxation. The capital-levy idea was put forward as a means for reducing our enormous war debt, and the Labor Party claims that the surtax would have the same result, as it would be paid by the same people who would have paid the capital levy. The original proposal was that the yield of the surtax — estimated at eighty-five millions sterling per annum, though this is probably a gross exaggeration — should be used for the same purpose, but at once the Socialist politicians were up in arms and now demand that

these millions shall be squandered on 'social services' — in other words, in more schemes for doles in one form or another.

The folly of such plans at our present stage can hardly be exaggerated. Even Mr. Philip Snowden, M.P., the Socialist ex-Chancellor of the Exchequer, admits that our huge war expenditure and our debt to America necessitate economies and savings. Only by individual savings can we rebuild our prosperity. Capital to-day is scarce, and therefore expensive, and, as Mr. Snowden says, 'lack of savings meant dearer money and the putting up of local and national taxation.' But the Socialist politician, whose eye is fixed solely on the votes of the masses, cares nothing for these warnings. Before the war we as a nation saved about four hundred millions sterling a year. To-day we are saving less, despite the fall in the value of money. Who is likely to save when his income from investments is to be thus penalized? The immorality of democratic politics under present conditions is clearly shown in the suggested exemption from this proposed tax of those whose investment income does not exceed 500 pounds a year. The reason is simply to avoid offense to the smaller capitalists, who in voting power far exceed those who have more than 500 pounds a year.

The enfranchisement of the masses before their sense of citizenship is adequate — mere education is not enough — results in an utter inability on the part of the electorate to face any big problem. Imperial problems and questions of foreign policy — except when Chinese Bolsheviki mesmerize the Labor Party — usually have with us to be regarded as non-party, for both parties know that they cannot make political capital out of them. And such vast problems as

overpopulation are utterly ignored; they are not good political business. The big problem in England to-day is national economy, but, such is our electorate, every politician knows that votes can best be gained by promising more expenditure. Even Conservative ministers, though they pay lip service to the creed of economy, have utterly failed to effect any adequate reduction in our national expenditure. Our public expenditure on education is now fifty as against nineteen millions sterling a year before the war; health insurance, unemployment insurance, and so forth, cost us thirty-six as against nineteen millions; our Civil Service expenditure is three times what it was before the war. These are the direct results of the extension of the franchise in 1918 — and more millions of voters are to be added by 1929. Surely this Rake's Progress should damp the ardor of those who talk platitudes about democracy.

Democracy under present conditions begets a most injurious sense of dependence on the community. The tale is the same in all countries. In a recent book on *Five Years of Irish Freedom*, the author, an Irishman himself, says that Home Rule has produced this result: the Irishman 'looks to the State for everything and forgets that the State is merely what he makes it.' Wherever democracy goes ahead of a true sense of citizenship, similar results must ensue. Big problems are ignored and politics become a sordid tussle for class benefits. As Dean Inge says in his book on *England*, 'any large and organized body which recognizes no duties to the State as a whole, but only to one class, may make popular government impossible. . . . Our institutions are adapted only to a nation which acknowledges a deep-lying unity and identity of interests beneath all political differences.'

What has been written here is, of

course, in condemnation of the electorate. But the electors are not so much to blame as the politicians. I have no faith in the platitudes of those who say that a nation has the government that it deserves; the same thing is said about a nation's press, a nation's theatre, and so on, and all these statements are at least half untruths, for the public is usually clay in the hands of the advertiser or the commercial magnate. Such sentiments ignore the vast responsibilities of leadership. Similarly I have no faith in the smug doctrine that it is only necessary to give people power in order to educate them to use it properly. 'We must now proceed,' said Robert Lowe in 1867, 'to educate our masters.' Experience since then, either in this country or elsewhere, affords no ground for saying that it is wise to grant power before people know how to use it for the common good.

One of the main troubles with democracy, when it is ahead of the sense of citizenship, is that the amassing of political influence appeals to the inferior types of citizens. Here, at least, England and America share troubles, and probably the trouble is worse in America than here, for here still survives the tradition of disinterested public service that has come down from aristocratic days. In all political parties a large number of candidates are utterly unworthy of the electors. On the Conservative side I could name men with shady financial pasts who are in politics because of what they can get out of public life. On the Labor side I could name men of wealth who are Labor merely because they think that Labor is winning and that, being inside the Labor Party, they stand a better chance of obtaining political posts. These men have usually never worked for a living, or, if they have, have not succeeded; they

have usually married rich wives or have inherited fortunes; they often live lives of personal extravagance. Yet they adopt surtaxes and all the other nostrums of the Socialist creed simply because they are the rule of the game. A democracy has to be very experienced and instructed to be able to measure up the politicians who appeal to it. One of the troubles of democracy, as Viscount Grey recently pointed out in an address at Birmingham, is that democratic governments are always so much busier than governments otherwise constituted that politicians in a democracy have little time to think. Public men to-day are experts in, to use Viscount Grey's words, 'thinking what can be said rather than what should be thought.' Democracy, he says, 'is founded on the assumption that the people will choose men wisely to conduct their affairs.' Can either England or America claim that that assumption is justified by experience and that it will become increasingly so when full democracy is established?

VI

The great need to-day is to realize the enormous limitations of the democratic system, to examine the past achievements of communities which have possessed varying elements of the democratic system, and, above all, to hasten slowly in the light of that experience in taking further steps on the democratic road. Go too fast, as in my view England has done, and the system threatens to destroy itself. There seems no limit to the self-confidence of men and women who happen to get elected — even if only a fraction of their constituents voted for them. We in England are free from laws preventing the teaching of evolution, women from smoking in public, or

people from drinking alcohol. But both British and Americans are traveling the same road, and, unless the public realizes the imperfections and limitations of democracy, reaction against democracy as an ideal may set in, as has happened in Italy and Spain.

There is a tremendous need for more modesty about democracy. The spirit of the authors of the Declaration of Independence or the Fifteenth Amendment is dangerous in the extreme. It is the spirit that sets up democratic government regardless of the absence of a fundamental basis necessary for its realization. In that spirit England has taken the first steps toward democracy in India, when those who know India best know how lacking are the elementary principles requisite for a democracy — as a remarkable American woman (Miss Katherine Mayo, authoress of *Mother India*) has recently had the courage and insight to point out. This is not the place to discuss the appalling social and religious customs of India, so candidly and authoritatively expounded in Miss Mayo's book, but the following from Lord Ronaldshay, ex-Governor of Bengal, is very much to our point: 'In a ward election in an important town seven out of eight candidates withdrew at the polling booth because the other was a man of low caste with whom they declined to compete. In another case the nominated members objected to sitting with elected members who, according to the social custom of the country, should stand in their presence.'

Would it not have been better to wait for the spirit of democracy to arise in India before dumping a pseudo-democratic constitution upon her? And yet Indian politicians are demanding full self-government at once. Lord Ronaldshay tells of one election where, out of 259 electors, ten recorded their votes, and we must

remember that India has one elector for about every forty of the population. By thus forcing democracy we can easily make a Hankow out of India's great cities, but the happiness of the people of India will not thereby be promoted. The same story is being told in Egypt and may yet be told in the Philippines. As to Europe, if ever there is again a Great War, its origin will assuredly lie in one or other of the small nations which the Great Powers, very largely led by President Wilson, so rashly set up in an enthusiasm for abstract theories of democracy and self-determination which has proved unwarranted.

Democracy is a great ideal, but so few in public life find it expedient to say how slowly the approach to it should be. Not long ago an American president said that 'the government of the United States is a device for maintaining in perpetuity the rights of the people, with the ultimate extinction of all privileged classes.' Such hyperbole is always dangerous. As a set-off, I would quote the late Frank I. Cobb, who on December 5, 1920, wrote in his *New York World* that 'the United States is now the one country among the great civilized nations in which the will of the people can never definitely be put into effect and in which it can be successfully overruled whenever a political cabal is organized for that purpose.' Both statements are doubtless exaggerations, but even if I were an American I should prefer the errors of the latter. Those who ignore the proved drawbacks of democracy and who publish sentimental half-truths about it are playing into the hands of those who would sweep away the whole system. Lenin was in a very true sense the creation of Krensky. Mussolini undoubtedly owes his position to the Jeffersons and Patrick Henrys of Italy.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

SPONGES FOR REMEMBRANCE

THE bath sponge of St. Ives is growing old. Hardened and diminished, after the fashion of sponges whose course is almost run, it lies in its nickel basket. Soon it must go; and with it will go how many delightful daily pictures of the sort that shift idly through the vacuous consciousness of the bather! For the sponge of St. Ives has been a sweet remembrancer.

I don't know what better the tourist can do — I mean the tourist proper, who does not run across every few months, nor every year, no, nor every three years; the simple eager tourist, who does not go half languidly to buy clothes, or to see an editor, or to engage in winter sports, but with his nerves of enjoyment agog, and his ingenuous mind taut with greed for storing up impressions until the next time (while a sinister inward whisper asks, *When will the next time be?*) — I don't know what better such a tourist can do than to purchase a bath sponge here and there. For the more obvious souvenirs have their drawbacks. After all, walls cannot be solidly coated with large reminiscent photographs. And by an eternal and inescapable law the mighty company of postcards, so charged with thrills for their collector, will come forth from their drawer less and less often; and in their heyday the tourist, as he knows too well, will not be given strength to refrain from displaying them to friends who are quivering with the dread of them. As for the journal, — if naïveté or hardihood has gone so far, — these trivial fond records will be found to trail away almost

to nothingness toward the end of the trip, and at any moment to present blanks, or confusions past disentangling. Those four last days at Oxford, for instance — who shall resolve them into their elements? And what was the exact phrasing of that hysterically funny encounter with the police in Norwich?

Now the sponge, as a memento, is free of these limitations and disabilities. It does not, like the framed photographs, take up overmuch space; it does not, like the postcards, come forward with diminishing frequency, nor does it obtrude itself upon the caller; and while as an historian it has its lapses and omissions, in this it does not, like the journal, disappoint reasonable expectation, and in what it presents it shows a fine selectivity. And though it is true that sponges are somewhat early mortal, and that the evocations of one sponge must give place to those of its successor, yet this substitution is only for the bath hour; for the principle of repetition will have done its work, and the bather will find that he has not covered up one picture with another, but enlarged his gallery.

The sponge of Inverness, for instance, perished long ago. But not before the fugitive visions that sprang up as one laid hands upon it had become fixed: the sombre avenue of great larches on the Caledonian Canal, and, higher up, the blaze of the gorse — a thousand pardons, the whins — on the sumy banks; the little old men twittering Gaelic in the back of the shop at Thurso; the boxlike coach, plying deliberately between John o' Groat's and Wick, in which the

passengers, as space grew scant, sat with so grave an impersonality and so high a detachment in one another's laps; the strangeness of that evening on Duncansbay Head, with its sense of infinite remoteness and release, with the tens of thousands of sea pinks and primroses, the opal sunset over the Pentland Firth, and the lofty honey-combed cliffs where at twilight multitudes of sea gulls settled to rest, after so wild a crying.

And how many pictures — landscape, portrait, and genre — has the sponge of St. Ives hung on the line of memory! There is the sloping, cobbled street where stands the chemist's shop that purveys sponges; and the dark-faced Celt, with sea-blue, cruel eyes, who, poised afoot in his cart, went thridding deftly, with a far-away look of purpose, among the motors and wagons of that narrow, jolting way. There is the cheerful, pony-built housemaid who from crack of dawn till night ran violently up and down staircases, and who 'Oovered and Bisselled the floors with such good will. There is the little old skipper, with face like a downy owl's, and soft, patient voice, who on that rough day, in a crisis when everything had to be done at once, fell flat in the bottom of his boat — as how should he not, being shod in those shoes affected by the humbler Britons, shoes with soles half the thickness of a brick, and of a brick's flexibility? And there is that other old man, the guide at Treen, who scrambled with so horrifying an agility up the vertical side of the Logan Rock, while at the foot of the long drop to the cove the pale green waters quietly licked the stones.

There is the snowstorm of gulls over the harbor of St. Ives when the fishing boats come in; and the 'proper scamp' — no Cornishman, but an outlander — holding an auction on the

quay. There is the episode of the day when a touring car was internationally shared: the agitated shout from the tonneau, 'Drivah! Stop the car! The blasted thing is on fiah!' and the inimitably soft, respectful rejoinder, 'I think it's dust, sir. We catch at this end first.' There is the sudden transition of Land's End: the shock of the ugly, vulgar hotel, and then the step beyond and out into a world of wild, fantastic headland and dreaming azure sea with a violet bloom laid over it. There is the sunny green down above Gurnard's Head, warm, and sprinkled with the clear ecstasy of skylarks. There is the pair of puffins, sitting shoulder to shoulder, connubial and quiet, close above the turbulence of Hell's Mouth. And there is the wash of velvet air over Cornwall, smelling of multitudinous honey and the sea and mystery.

I think it is time for this sponge to go, Jetta. There's a fresh one on the shelf at the top of the linen closet — please bring that. Bring the great, warm, rich dimness that is the interior of Exeter Cathedral; and the mellow, encompassing tide, swinging down as from interstellar spaces, that is the solemn voice of the Peter bell. Bring that other memorable voice — surely the lightest and softest in all England — belonging to the slim night porter at the Royal Clarence, who, drooping over the desk telephone, at ease though facing fearful odds in the shape of crabbed exchange operator and stubborn Cornish hotel clerk, did so flute, coo, cajole, and seduce that presently he had built up an aggressive alliance for the finding of some lost luggage. Bring Thomas Hooker, looming in effigy, so withdrawn, so æonic, before the window of the dining room where ephemeral tourists 'doe bite their hasty supper.' Bring the Lord Mayor's mace bearer's frost-delicate silver chains in

the Guildhall. To-morrow all Exeter will be in this small bathroom — and a sunny road besides, and little Budleigh Salterton with its rose-red cliffs, and little Newton Poppleford with its thrice-excellent name.

'A WOOD NEAR ATHENS'

AUTUMN in Greece, like spring, is a fleeting and impalpable thing that makes its presence felt on one day and is gone the next and then reappears again, revealing itself in some strange and unexpected manner. The reason is not far to seek. Trees, so far as they are able to thrive on the barren and stony soil of Greece, are for the most part not deciduous. The plane, the poplar, and the oak are almost the only deciduous trees that are to be seen in any numbers — and they are rare enough. The plane is essentially a tree of inhabited areas. The streets of Thebes and the shady sources of the Attic Cephissus or the straggling houses of the deme Marousi are sheltered with old and venerable planes. Poplars, as in the plain near Thermopylæ, or here and there in the Attic 'Middle Land,' are planted in the marshy places in neat rows to drain the earth and hold in the dikes. The few of these trees that grow to any large extent untended and wild are to be found in the remote parts of Peloponnese and Macedonia. There the all too rare groves of Turkish oak and plane give shade that in the hottest of summers contains a coolness such as one meets only near running water.

Apart from these trees, Greece has little to offer but pines and firs of endless variety and shape, green all the year, but particularly so in October and November, when new clusters of green needles give an air of freshness that beguiles one into thinking that spring is beginning. So autumn makes its presence felt only in places where there are

leaves that fall, and in other ways that do not concern the mutations of trees and the rise and fall of their sap. A weakening sun and a faint flavor in the air of vegetal decay; a dry wind from the south blowing across waterless torrent beds; wild fruits of the autumn, like the blood-red arbutus and the purple berry of the myrtle; the chalky-pink oleander and the first gold on the oranges — such are the signs and hints of an autumn that is scarcely otherwise apparent. A Rip van Winkle awakened in Attica in November would be hard put to it to decide the time of year. If he knew nothing of arbutus and oleander and myrtle and did not know that the winter snow should have filled the torrent beds, he would call it spring, his decision strengthened by seeing the purple and yellow crocuses that star the ground in October and November from the stony levels of the plain to the topmost summits of Penteleus, Parnes, and Hymettus.

As though to confound the issue for those who do not know the country, travelers of the eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries illustrated their works with engravings which show Greece to be blessed with a more luxuriant growth of deciduous trees than ever graced a fraction of its lands. The illustrations, too, to *Childe Harold* and the numerous works of the 'Romantic' period, when Greece in revolt drew to its ranks all the poetic forces of Europe, show the hills of Greece to be adorned with a wealth of trees that would transform it in autumn to a riot of autumnal color. One can only imagine that the engravers worked in the wooded lands of Northern Europe on the inadequate sketches given them by their more experienced taskmasters. Other curious errors suggest in similar ways that the London and Paris studios of the early nineteenth century evolved a type of Greek scenery as alien to the real type

as the modern Greek politician is to Pericles. One plate, for instance, in Dodwell's elaborate book, *Views in Greece* (1821), gives a view of the Acropolis from near the Ilissus. The river is shown as a foaming rapid such as one sees in the high lands of the Alps. In reality it is an insignificant stream, canalized to preserve its existence in summer and, even in spate, little larger than a Cornish trout stream. An enchanted land was created in those days that accorded but ill with the realities of Greek scenery and did rank injustice to its subtler grades of color and atmospheres that are finer than those of any other land.

By a curious freak of fate, it is Shakespeare who gives a hint of the real Greek scenery over two centuries before a euphuistic age, with the experience of travelers to correct it, unconsciously distorted Greek scenery for its own romantic ends. Reading *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, I was tempted to search for the 'wood near Athens' of Oberon and Titania, in the hope that, in finding it, I might elaborate on circumstantial evidence a wholly untenable theory that Shakespeare had visited Athens!

The plain of Athens, except in the Acharnian deme, is sown with little else but olives and pines, nearly everywhere too scattered to justify the identification of any wood or grove. At Acharnæ and Deceleia the pines are so continuous as to become a forest, and, in any case, these places are in no sense 'near Athens.' Then by chance I lighted on the very wood itself, barely four miles out of Athens, near the modern village of Chalandri. Here the coldest skeptic could not but admit was the scene of the deeds of Puck and his fellows — a wood of tall shady firs, complete in itself, the trees close together and shutting off the sun — in fact the very home of Oberon and

Titania, with Parnes, the home of the nymphs, showing dimly through the openings of the western end, and Penteleus, the mother of marble palaces, rising steeply to the north. So tall are the tree trunks that there is nothing to hinder the most active of fairy dances, and so soft the carpet of pine needles that there could be no hindrance or discomfort to the sleep of the mortal persons of the play.

'The clamorous owl that nightly hoots and wonders at our quaint spirits' was there at sundown, 'flying between the cold moon and the earth,' like 'Cupid all armed.' Close by, in a ravine near Franko Monastiri, was Oberon's bank of wild thyme itself. Nowhere was there to be found in Shakespeare's account a discordant element that would make me reject this wood as the real scene of the play. Had he only mentioned the tortoises that lumbered across between the tree trunks, the last flickering doubt that still lingered in my mind would have been extinguished. But Titania speaks of 'purple grapes, green figs, and mulberries,' the far-famed fruits of Athens, which grow in all the orchards around the wood, so why should there be any doubt left at all? This was in very truth the wood itself, unknown and unidentified all these centuries, while the musty collators and commentators on the text of Shakespeare had made confusion worse confounded and spent their time searching Warwickshire when all the time they were told 'a wood near Athens.' But textual critics seldom have more range of activity than the snail, which averages five miles in fifteen centuries. Here was amateur archæology with a vengeance, the triumph of topography over textual criticism, the apotheosis of common curiosity! Shakespeare vindicated at last after all the gloom of intervening centuries!

THE CONTRIBUTORS' COLUMN

Robert Keable died on December 24, 1927. An Englishman, he was ordained in the Anglican Church and was in charge of parishes in Yorkshire and then in South Africa. Following the war, where he had served with distinction as chaplain to the South African Forces in France, he resigned his orders, and thereafter divided his time between teaching and writing. His novels, notably *Simon Called Peter* and *The Mother of All Living*, enjoyed wide success. Severe — indeed, as he knew, hopeless — illness sent him to California and to the South Seas in search of health. The present paper was written in Tahiti, just before the end. **James Truslow Adams**, author of a standard work on New England, is an historian of the past and present United States. **Salvador de Madariaga** resigned his post at the League of Nations to become Professor of Spanish Literature at Oxford. He is the author of a recent volume, *The Genius of Spain*, but it is clear that he has the same intimate knowledge of England and France. ¶ In summer **Isabel Hopestill Carter**, of Maine, follows the sea, a calling which has been in her family for eight generations. In winter she teaches school. ¶ The most famous hunter and guide in Indo-China, **F. J. Defosse** was introduced to us by a fellow contributor and huntsman, **Douglas Burden**. By birth a Frenchman, M. Defosse joined a Colonial regiment and saw service in the Orient. When the jungle called, he quit the army and settled down at Gia-Huynh, a grassy clearing in the very heart of the wilds, to devote himself to big game, his guns, and his family. His first contribution, 'Tiger, Tiger,' appeared in the *Atlantic* for November 1926.

* * *

Rosalie Hickler, who makes her first appearance in our pages, is a family poet. In the midst of domestic problems and without slighting the multitudinous claims of a growing family, she still finds time and quiet

for her verses. ¶ One of the five American scientists to be awarded the Nobel Prize, **Dr. Robert A. Millikan**, a physicist of the first rank, is the chairman of the administrative council of California Institute of Technology. His present paper is derived from an address delivered at the semi-centennial celebration of the University of Colorado. ¶ While at Harvard, **Theodore Morrison**, now a member of the *Atlantic's* staff, was one of the last class to study under Dean Briggs. President **Bernard Iddings Bell** of St. Stephen's College knows how to minister to young men's minds. ¶ A friend of Stephen Crane's, **Harvey Wickham** is a traveling essayist who resides in European capitals and preferably within earshot of a good organ.

* * *

Chauncey Lyman Parsons contributes his first story to the *Atlantic* from St. Mark's School, Southborough, where he is an instructor in English. **F. Lyman Windolph** has been practising law for almost twenty years in Lancaster, Pennsylvania, where as a country lawyer he has had to provide every sort of legal service for every sort of client. ¶ Hardly a man now alive knows more about (red) Indians than **Mary Austin**. Anywhere in the Southwest she is at home, but makes her headquarters at Santa Fe, and it was there with her that Willa Cather stayed while writing *Death Comes to the Archbishop*. Lieutenant Commander **Bruce G. Leighton** has been flying airplanes for more than eleven years. A member of the Bureau of Aeronautics at Washington, he has also been closely associated with aeronautical engineering development. ¶ The author of 'The Catholic Church and the Modern Mind' has already been described in earlier issues.

* * *

Writing from Austrian Hospice, Jerusalem, **Owen Tweedy**, late of the British Army, says: 'I have just completed a tour of

the Jewish Colonies. I wanted to see for myself how they were panning out, and my impressions are that they are now firmly anchored, but at a cost out of all economic proportion. However, the aim of Zionism was to settle the colonists, charity gave them the funds, and they have accomplished their object. In doing so they have undoubtedly done much good to Palestine and the relations of the Jews and the Arabs have enormously improved.' Claud Mullins is a prominent barrister in London.

* * *

Lucy Furman's article, 'The Price of Furs,' in the February *Atlantic*, brought forth an immediate response from many sympathetic readers. In such scant space we are able to print but a few of the more representative letters.

IRONWOOD, MICHIGAN

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

The article, 'The Price of Furs,' in the February *Atlantic*, inspires me to write what I know about steel animal traps. Before I start I would like to suggest that a large-size copy of Lucy Furman's story be sent to every fur-wearing woman with the hope that it would produce the results that the *Home Journal's* raid on aigrettes had a few years ago.

Late last fall my husband, a friend, and I took our dog Peter, an unusually smart little Scottish terrier, for a long tramp in a most unsettled country. As we wandered along through the forest we came to a winding, apparently abandoned road through the woods. As the ground was frozen, we decided to follow it. Dog Peter, according to his usual custom exploring everything as he went, kept quite a way ahead of us. After walking about half a mile up this lovely road, all of a sudden we heard the most awful screams and saw that Pete was caught by something. We soon found that one of the deadly traps, cunningly baited, cleverly hidden under the dead leaves, had snapped down on the dog's leg. My husband and the man with us tried in every way to get the trap loosened, but it was clamped so hard in the flesh and the dog was so frantic that they could not do a thing. Finally a woodcutter off in the woods, hearing the noise, came and it took three men to get that great clamp off the dog's leg. The woodcutter's first words, 'What's the use? His leg is gone,' fortunately were not true, but his leg was mangled almost beyond repair. It took months for it to heal.

How any human being can or is allowed to put such instruments of torture anywhere is hard to

understand. The trapper here gets around about once in two weeks, the cutter said, and always finds some poor creature caught in the brutal way our dog was caught. It is time that every county should take drastic steps to abolish this horrible way of punishing our wild animals.

Yours most sincerely,

DIXIE MOORE HAYES

BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

Thank you for publishing such an article as that of Lucy Furman. We women do not need furs. It is vanity — style — which causes this needless, hideous sacrifice.

If they could only see, as I have seen, a little nursing mother fox caught by the leg, her eyes glazing, her blackened tongue protruding swollen from her jaws, her piteous eyes begging for mercy — could they have lifted the little creature from the cruel, crushing mechanism, have carried her to the near-by brook whose babbling must have intensified her long crucifixion, have dropped water into that grateful parched mouth and felt her — that wild little thing — nestle her weary head on a human arm and sleep — could they do this they would never wear fur again. Poor little thing, she lived four days, then gangrene set in and she died, licking the hands which tended her. And I doubt not the babies starved.

Sincerely yours,

E. G. MITCHELL, M.D.

NEW YORK CITY

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

The article on furs is good, but needs illustrating. These items from two mail-order houses are to the point. For 48 cents one can purchase a dozen Holdfast jaws, which 'will prevent animals from gnawing feet off.' Apparently this is a bad habit animals have, and it is undoubtedly thoughtful of the trapper to try to cure it. A Victor trap catches high on the leg, and prevents the animal from 'gnawing or twisting free.' The animal is left with the regret that he cannot even give one leg for his skin.

Yours truly,

JAMES HENDERSON

* * *

That popular life-sentence.

LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

James Norman Hall will welcome two footnotes to his wise and witty article, 'Cacoethes Scribendi,' in the January number. They are in the form of quotations, the first from Molière, whose Alceste, in *The Misanthrope*, declares, 'A gentleman should carefully guard against the

hankering after authorship that is apt to seize us,' and 'When we cannot write better, we should avoid writing altogether, unless, indeed, we are condemned to it under pain of death.'

The second, two hundred and fifty years later, was feelingly expressed by Somerset Maugham in *Of Human Bondage*, a novel of which the twentieth century has yet to produce the equal: 'There is nothing so terrible as the pursuit of art by those who have no talent.'

Sincerely yours,
GERTRUDE W. PAGE

* * *

Seadromes and passenger miles.

WILMINGTON, DELAWARE

Editor, *Atlantic Monthly*

DEAR SIR:—

Now that your readers have had the 'cold light' of reason thrown on aviation's future by the champions of the negative, Lieutenant Commander Bruce G. Leighton and Neon, don't you think a little positive light might be justified, in all fairness to aviation?

With Lieutenant Commander Leighton's article I have very little quarrel. With a background of thirty years in engineering research and development work I would hesitate to be as positive as he is about 'the Limits of Aviation,' and I am sure if he should rewrite his article ten years hence he would find much to change. He has recorded what he thinks of Seadromes in his article referred to, as follows: 'The airplane must have frequent refueling and service stations along its route, just as automobiles must have them. These do not exist at sea; they cannot be provided or maintained except at prohibitive cost, if at all.'

Neon's article, 'The Future of Aerial Transport,' is, to my mind, especially destructive because it deals in so many half truths, twisted to be misleading. Picking on transatlantic flying as his theme, his whole set-up is to show that such a route commercially is an impossibility '*because it must be made in a single flight.*' The entire structure of his argument falls, like a house of cards in a puff of wind, before the demonstrated fact of anchored Seadromes, which has been passed upon and completely endorsed by the highest technical authorities of England, France, and the United States.

Quoting from Neon, 'Reflection shows that in no other form of transport is the propelling power expected to *lift* the vehicle and its load, in addition to propelling it forward.' Permit me to state, reflection shows, on the contrary, that in all forms of surface transportation such as ships on rivers, trains on rails, automobiles on roads, they must all lift their own weight, and their load, to obtain altitude or else ever remain at the dead

level of their origin. The locomotive of the transcontinental limited must have power enough to lift itself and its train over the mountains just as surely as an airplane must have extra power to climb over that necessary for level flight.

Neon further beclouds the issue in stating that 'it is not surprising to find enormous horsepower installed to transport what is relatively an insignificant load.' The railroad locomotive, he intimates, is many times more efficient, 'can run, it is said, at nearly 100 miles per hour and draw "almost any load."'

Turning to a recent annual report of the Pennsylvania Railroad, the standard of efficiency of the railroad world, what do we find? It requires, *per passenger*, several times more power, to travel at one third of the speed, with an investment and maintenance cost in excess of that required by the airplane.

Let's look at the record. After one hundred years of development a modern passenger locomotive averages about 113 miles per day, pulling an average train, about seven cars (five with passengers), containing an average load of 77 passengers. The total train weight approximating 350 tons. Simplifying a little for comparative purposes, the deadly average shows, as a day's work for a 1000-horsepower locomotive and train, costing at least \$250,000, the total of 8700 passenger miles. The 650-horsepower, triple-motored Ford airplane, costing \$50,000, can easily be operated 800 miles per day, giving about 12,000 passenger miles.

In both cases power comes from fuel, for the locomotive something over a pound being used per passenger mile, while in the airplane it is less than a fifth of this, about equating the difference in cost between the delivered price of coal or oil and gasoline.

Fundamentally the airplane is an economical method of transport, if in the service contemplated speed is of major importance, and the route is such that refueling and control stations can be established with the frequency required in each specific case. Certainly it would be foolish to contend that automobiles are impracticable transport vehicles, yet their place in business and society is possible only because of good roads and frequent service stations.

Sincerely yours,

E. R. ARMSTRONG
President, Armstrong Seadrome Development Co.

* * *

The high cost of homes.

THE EDITOR OF THE *Atlantic Monthly*,

I was much interested in Mr. Holden's article in your February number, 'Speculating in Homes,' but I should have been more interested

if it had dealt with the problem as it presents itself to persons of about ten-thousand-dollar incomes.

Taking my own case as an example: —

To build an eight-room house will cost me \$24,000; this is an actual estimate, and, I am told, a very reasonable one. The price of the land and the necessary improvements on it will bring it to \$30,000 at least; according to Mr. Holden, who estimates it at half the value of the house, it should be more than that in an average case, but, assuming that by great good luck \$30,000 covers the whole cost: —

I can hire a perfectly good eight-room house for \$1500 a year; on my \$30,000 house I must pay \$600 a year in taxes and must allow at least \$100 a year for repairs; so I get \$800 a year or a little better than 2 per cent interest on the \$30,000 invested in my house, as against 6 per cent or \$1800 which I may reasonably expect to get if the money is invested in stocks.

According to this, it is wicked extravagance to build at all.

But, on the other hand, building is now going on as never before; many of the houses are six-room houses or even smaller, but, if one may judge by examples given in the evening papers, a goodly number are eight-room houses, many larger; and, whatever the cost of the house, the builder, whether he rents or occupies it, must be content with a 2 per cent profit on his investment.

As far as I can make out from Mr. Holden's article, the owner of the property relies for his profit on the increase in value of the land; perhaps, to hasten this millennium, he is willing to pay people to live on it, which is what renting houses on this basis practically amounts to; but we must all of us have noticed certain suburban developments from which the millennium seems so remote that the 4 per cent lost annually on the investment would make heavy inroads on the ultimate profit, especially considering the perishable nature of houses as property.

As to the genuine home-builder, who, Mr. Holden's tax-assessor to the contrary notwithstanding, does actually exist — *I am one* — he must be willing to sacrifice 10 per cent of his income to live in the house and on the location of his choice; if the eight-room house seems too magnificent for the \$10,000 man, reduce it to 7, 6, or even 5 per cent — the argument still holds good; I do not see how he can justify himself in such an extravagance — *I cannot*, but I should like to, which is one reason why I am writing to you about it.

And I can't believe that a great many of your readers are n't lying awake nights, just as I am, puzzling over this same problem; to say nothing of the many more who are n't your regular readers

who would flock to the news stands to buy an *Atlantic* if it contained such an article as I have endeavored to suggest.

With which I will inscribe myself

Your constant reader,

M. A. A.

* * *

In the interests of coöperative motherhood.

NORWICH TOWN, CONNECTICUT

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

Having thus belatedly just read an article in your issue of last December, called 'The Paradox of Humanism,' by Mr. Joseph Wood Krutch, I am moved to protest at the combined ignorance of both author and proofreader, in allowing such a laughable error to appear in your pages as calling the ant 'he.'

Mr. Krutch seems to have learned somewhat of the characteristics of that amiable insect, but refers to the creature through two long paragraphs with some twenty repetitions of 'he,' 'him,' 'his,' and 'himself.' In some slight casual reference this might be excused on the ground that 'he' is the most frequent usage, but this is an extensive specific description. We are told that 'he makes no demands for himself which will interfere with the prosperity of the colony which he inhabits'; whereas the briefly wedded and then lost male ant never is any part of the colony. We are told that 'his industry and foresight have always been admired,' whereas he shows neither, save as one chosen out of many may evince foresight.

Still more amazing is it to learn that 'he' has even achieved a control over the processes of reproduction which enables him to see to it that just the right number of each type of citizen shall be born,' and again that 'he' has consented 'to remain sexless, while certain specialists are endowed with powers of reproduction.'

In plain fact 'he' never does anything, save that one out of wasted thousands fertilizes the 'queen ant.' The 'sexless' ones are female, and can lay eggs when isolated and reduced to extreme measures. There was more knowledge than this in the ancient Hebrew who said, 'Go to the ant, thou sluggard; consider her ways, and be wise.'

Some years ago there was an interesting article on spiders in the *Atlantic*, written by some man who had a long convalescence in some hospital and amused himself by observing the arch fly-catcher. This gentleman made the same mistake, continually speaking of the spider as 'he.' 'He,' in this species, figures only as the briefest of bridegrooms, and is often subsequently eaten by

his larger bride. His passionate devotion is desperately courageous, but in regard to the habits of spiders he contributes nothing further.

I hope you will wish to print this protest in the interests of coöperative motherhood.

Yours truly,

CHARLOTTE PERKINS GILMAN

* * *

From the other side.

THE SAN MARCOS
CHANDLER, ARIZONA

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

I must express my astonishment at the spirit in which the author of 'Is India Dying?' writes in the February *Atlantic* of Miss Mayo's *Mother India*. I am amazed by his lack of perception of the patent fact that Miss Mayo is doing real missionary work to 'the least of these.'

A book that can elicit from the Hindu Representatives convened in the Central Legislative Assembly of India such statements as reported in the Debate of September, 1927, cannot be disposed of with the facile contempt assumed by your contributor, Mr. Clark.

I quote two passages from the official Record of the Child-Marriage Debate: —

Rai Sahib Harbilas Sarda: 'So long as these evils exist in this country, we will neither have the strength of arms nor the strength of character to win freedom.'

Kumar Ganganand Sinha: 'Every Hindu knows to-day that, taken as a whole, his Race is on the downward path of physical deterioration, attended by intellectual degeneration, and is threatened with virtual extinction. [Child marriage] is sapping the vitals of our Race, and to let this continue is to commit racial suicide. [Of] females between the ages of five and ten, in every 1000, in 1921, 907 were married.'

It seems that your author cares to be aware of only the strong and healthy women of India; of the few athletic boys, and of the Indian princes and Brahmins with whom he tells us he enjoys playing tennis.

The great influence of Miss Mayo's work is not among these, but as a true missionary, among the helpless voiceless millions — with whose needs she appeals to our hearts and consciences.

LOUISE A. WOOD
(MRS. LEONARD WOOD)

Readers please note. Advertisers kindly skip.

LOCK BOX 511, COLUMBUS, OHIO

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

During the past two months, I have enjoyed reading several articles from each of a dozen numbers of the *Atlantic* and now am finishing the May 1927 issue. This statement may prompt you to ask why so many at one time and why not one each month?

Here is the answer, perhaps a little lengthy, but I hope interesting: —

'Fate' or misfortune or something else has me in the Ohio Penitentiary. I have been here for more than twenty-eight months and may be compelled to stay that much longer. Sometimes I am fortunate enough to 'seize' some magazines which are sent to the Institution and I read them with much interest. I find the best reading of all in your good magazine and it is with regret that I am unable to have a copy each month, but financial condition makes that enjoyment impossible.

I wish it were possible for me to interest scores of the men here to read the *Atlantic*, as they would profit much therefrom. Clean, good, strong, entertaining, and yet altogether educational and uplifting to him who wishes worthwhile reading. I feel indebted to you for the splendid articles read in the various issues and also to him who sent his 'old magazines' to the Institution.

Thankfully and sincerely yours,

DAVID P. WISE

* * *

Possession is nine points of the law.

22 December, 1927

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

To add to the examples where possession of the *Atlantic* is credential enough.

Returning back into the United States after an hour or so in Niagara, Canada, I'd lost my ticket for transportation across International Bridge. Turning my pockets inside out brought forth several pages torn from an *Atlantic* for reading at opportune moments.

'You're all right. Go ahead,' said the Customs official. 'I read it myself.'

Respectfully,

BART L'HOMMEDIEU